

# Harry Potter And Forever

## Chapter 1 – Just the Beggining

The-Boy-Who-Lived was sitting in the great hall picking at his Lemon pie just thinking, *I have a godfather. I, Harry Potter, have a godfather. Wow and then I find out he's going in to hiding. Just Ducky.*

"Harry?" his best friend Hermione said, "Harry, are you okay?"

"Huh? Oh yeah, yeah I'm fine," Harry said distractedly.

And from the head table the Headmaster Albus Dumbledore was watching the two young teens. *Ah yes, after dinner is over I will call Miss Granger to my office, and my plan will be in motion. Oh Albus you are a genius,* he thought to himself.

After dinner was over the Great Hall started to empty Harry and Hermione were heading out when Ron came up to them.

"Hey Hermione! Professor Dumbledore wants to talk to you in private."

"Err, okay. Um, Harry, Ron, I'll see you later, then? I'll be back soon," she said. But as soon as she was about to go, Ron held her arm.

"Oh, and he wanted to me to tell you that the password is... um hersheys... herseys..? No hershrees... something like that," Ron said before letting go of Hermione's arm.

"You mean Hershey's? Wow, I think he's going for muggle treats now," with that said Hermione left.

"What's Hershey's?" Ron asked while they were walking to the common rooms.

"Oh it's a muggle chocolate-"

"Chocolate? I should try some of this Hershey's," Ron said.

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Hermione was right in front of the Headmaster's office when she heard him talk. "Come in, Miss Granger."

*Okay, Hermione, you are NOT in trouble, just remember that!*

As she sat down, she noticed something in his hand. *Is that...STARBUCKS?*

"Professor? In your hand, are you drinking Starbucks?"

"Ah yes, I happened to be in muggle London yesterday and I felt a bit tired. I came across a small place called *Starbucks Coffee*, and I thought it was a call from Merlin himself. You know, you should try their Vanilla Coffee. But enough about the types of coffee I drink. I understand that you and Mister Potter are fairly close, am I right?" Dumbledore inquired.

"Yes, we are close, but what does that have to do with me being here?" Hermione asked.

"Ah yes, I would like it if you stayed with Harry this summer, at the Dursley's. Only if you wanted to of course." His eyes twinkled with a mysterious glow she never saw before.

"Oh! I would love that! Wait until I tell Harry-"

"NO! I mean, no, you are not to tell him about you. If you want to stay with Harry you are not to tell him, or Mister Wealsey," he said.

"Ok, I guess," She said.

"Ok Miss Granger all of the details will be on your bedside table in the morning. You may leave now, there is someone waiting for you in the common room." He winked.

She sat there for a minute wondering what that wink had meant. But then she got up and left his office pondering why she could not tell Harry that she was staying with him. *Is it going to be a surprise? Hmm... Maybe he's got something planned. Oh well I've got to get off to bed its-- WOAHA! Its almost ten! I better hurry.* And with that she ran off.

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## Common Room...

Hermione was so tired from running to the common room, she didn't realize that Harry was sleeping on the couch. *He looks so peaceful just lying there... I wish I could just—oh no Granger not again! STOP having those thoughts he's your best friend!* She went up to her dorm and searched for a blanket incase Harry got cold at night.

She went back down stairs and found that Harry wasn't there. *Strange, I knew I saw him here five minutes ago. Oh well, I guess I'll just go upstairs and sleep.* She simply shrugged and headed off to her dorm where a wonderful night's sleep was awaiting her.

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## Dumbledore's office

"Yes Dumbledore you are very smart indeed. In two weeks the mudblood will be with Potter. She'll get pregnant and that'll pull them apart, and then that is when I move in. Why Albus I do believe this is going to be easier than I thought it would be," the Professor said while talking to himself.

He got up and started to pace around his office, occasionally drinking his Starbucks. He went over to a corner in his office where a potion was brewing, Oh Baby potion, as he liked to call it. It was a creation he made while plotting against Harry and Hermione, it was a combined potion of Lust and an overpowering conceiving potion, thus Oh Baby was made.

At exactly 10:56PM he summoned the Potions Professor, Severus Snape.

"Yes Dumbledore? I heard you are...plotting against Potter and his filthy mudblood," Snape said.

"Yes I am. Now can I trust you to do something very crucial in tearing Potter and Granger apart?" he asked.

"You can. What is it that you want me to do?" He asked with interest.

"In this, is a potion that I personally made for them. Pour this into Hermione's pumpkin juice in the morning. Everything is arranged," He said while handing over the bottle.

"How will I pour this without her knowing?" Snape wondered while looking at the metallic blue liquid.

"Find a way." he said like it was the most obvious thing in the world.

And with that Snape left.

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The Next Day...

Hermione woke up ready to face anything that came her way. She looked to her left where she found a letter for her. She opened it and it read,

*Miss Granger,*

*Ah, yes as you may know this regards your stay with Mister Potter this summer. I've already owled your parents and they have said that you are allowed to stay with him. Now you shall be leaving July 1st at 12:00 p.m. by portkey. By your letter you shall see an old ring that is your portkey. Now I'll leave you too it. Have a delightful summer, and I shall see you at the start of your fourth year.*

*Sincerely,*

*Headmaster Dumbledore*

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Snape somehow found a way to pour the potion into Hermione's cup just in the nick of time.

Harry and Hermione sat down next to each other while Ron sat across from them. Ron was piling up on bacon, eggs, toast, and everything in site, Harry was staring at Ron in amazement. "Ron, where do you put *all* that?" Harry asked while staring at his plate.

"I don't know. Weasley metabolism I guess," He said simply before digging in.

Harry and Hermione shared a look before shrugging and started eating.

The rest of breakfast went by quickly. Harry and Ron talked about quidditch, and what they were going to do during the summer. Hermione drank all of her pumpkin juice and started to feel funny. She looked at Harry and had a sudden urge to snog him senseless.

*I wonder if his lips are as soft as they-- WOAHH! STOP RIGHT THERE GRANGER! Since when do you think like that?* She shook her head

"So Hermione what are you going to do over the summer?" Harry asked.

"Err... Nothing. Oh look at the time I got to go, um... pack yes I have to go pack. I'll see you later Ron, Harry!" Just then she accidentally kissed Harry on the cheek. Harry sat there looking dumfounded Ron staring open-mouthed (keep in mind he was still eating) and with that she ran off like there was no tomorrow.

"Whoa, what was *that* for?" Harry asked while touching the place where Hermione had kissed him.

Ron didn't answer just turned red in the face and went on eating.

*Is Ron...jealous?* Harry thought as he saw Ron chewing with vigor.

Little did they know that the Headmaster and their Potions professor was looking at each other with a triumphant look plastered on both of their faces.

## Chapter 2 – Something New

It was the last day of the term and Harry, Ron, and Hermione were all heading to leave Hogwarts. They had an 'eventful' year if you say. Harry found out that someone from Azkaban was out to kill him, that the person that wanted to kill him was his Godfather. He also saved his life and cast a patronus stag which was something only a very powerful wizard could do. Yup one eventful year.

"Wow, can you believe that we're done already?" Ron asked.

"I know it just went by didn't it?" Harry said sarcastically "You know, if you exclude the whole 'I've got a godfather, helping out a hippogriff, going back in time, you know the stuff that made this year exciting," Harry said wearing his trademark lopsided grin.

Hermione ran up to her dorm while Harry was talking and was now coming downstairs with her things.

"Ok! Well that's all of it. You boys ready?" Hermione said, she glanced over at Harry and Ron who were sitting in the common room playing Wizard's chess.

*wow Harry looks hot..gah Granger you're thinking like that again!*

"My things are still up in my room, I'll get it as soon as I whoop Harry's arse," Ron said grinning.

"Har Har, Ron I will win one of these days" Harry said.

"Yeah, the day I marry Loony Lovegood," Ron said rolling his eyes.

"Honestly! Harry be a good boy and go get your things from upstairs," she said while sitting in an arm chair by Harry.

"Aw, cmon 'Mione I might actually have a chance," Harry said pouting.

With the next move Ron made he won. So they got up and left to go get their things.

Harry, Hermione, and Ron were on Hogwarts Express talking when all of a sudden Draco Malfoy came in.

"Look it's Potty and his Mudblood, oh and can't forget his pet Weasel," Draco said while Crabbe and Goyle were laughing like it was the funniest thing in the world.

"Get out Malfoy," Harry and Hermione said.

"What? Did I strike a nerve?" Malfoy said while showing off his trademark Malfoy smirk.

"I..said..get..OUT!" Harry said yelling the last word.

"Fine, wouldn't want to be in here with you anyways." With that Malfoy and his puppets left.

XxX

The trio were at King's Cross looking around the crowd for any signs of their parents.

"RON!! GINNY!! HERE OVER HERE!!" Mrs. Weasley shouted.

She ran up to them and gave Ron and Ginny one of her famous hugs. She saw Harry and Herimone breifly looking at eachother and look away blushing. *Odd, oh well it was bound to happen*, Mrs. Weasley thought. She than gave Harry and Hermione hugs.

"Mrs..Weasley...I...hard...breath...please" Harry barely managed to say.

She loosened her grip on him and let him go.

"Sorry, you truly are too skinny for your own good" Mrs. Weasley said.

"Oh look! It's my parents! I'll see you later Harry!" Hermione said and gave harry a hug and ran off to her parents. (Must have been the effects of the potion.)

Harry grinned *she likes hugging people this year..maybe she'll --woah stop right there Potter don't even THINK ABOUT IT* Harry spotted his

Uncle Vernon and Aunt Petunia in a corner looking like there was a plague going around. Harry walked towards them.

"Boy, what took you so long? Next time tell you girlfriend to leave earlier." Vernon said while slamming Harry's things into the trunk of their new Jaguar. "And, don't get anything on my new seats."

Harry snorted and rolled his eyes. The car ride was loud with Petunia laughing like a hyena and Vernon accusing Harry of moving too much around the seats.

When they arrived Dudley was no where to be found. *I bet he's somewhere hiding eating, probably going to grow another chin or two,* Harry chuckled at his thoughts.

"Go up to your room, don't expect us to help," Vernon said before he went to the kitchen.

*Here goes another great summer in the Dursley house* Harry thought picking up his things and Hedwig and heading upstairs.

XxX

One week and 6 days later...

Only one more day until Hermione was going to Portkey to the Dursley's and she could not help but think why Dumbledore wanted her to spend the summer with him. She quickly got rid of those thoughts and new ones came flying in, what is he going to look like? Will he be any taller? He can't be it's only been a little while, I wonder if his lips are really that soft. I can't wait to hug him again.

With a grin Hermione went to bed with wonderful dreams of Harry.

### **The Next Day -12P.M.-**

"Ok dear you will call us as soon as you reach Harry's home right?"  
Hermione's mother, Stephanie Granger said.  
"Yes dear you should atleast owl us, or call us, or even mail us to let us know," Hermione's dad, Jake, said.



"Mom, dad! I WILL, ok? I'll do all of it if I can get you off of my back!" Hermione said frustrated.

"Ok well I guess this is goodbye, I'll see you during the holidays" Hermione said. She brought out the old beaten up ring out of her pocket and put it on. Nothing. She waited for a few minutes. Still nothing.

"Do you think it was set for midnight?" Stephanie asked, Jake just nodded.

"I don't know I think I will just stay here with the ring on, so when it activates I can just Portkey there. I'll stay home today," Hermione said.

"Alright honey you can stay," her parents said and left.

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Midnight...

Hermione was fast asleep on the couch, still wearing the ring, when all of a sudden she felt like she was being tossed around.

"AAHHH!!!" Hermione screamed.

Hermione landed face first on the Dursley's lawn. Hermione checked the address and saw that she landed directly in front of number 4.

Harry awoke with a startle. He heard someone scream and fall nearby.

"Oh no, don't tell me someone is here," Harry said getting up from his small bed. He surly wasn't expecting to see what he saw. Hermione laying face down in front of his yard (well not his) and getting up he ran down the steps avoiding the two steps that squeaked making sure that his Uncle or Aunt, or worse, Dudley, weren't awoken.

He rushed out of the door and helped Hermione up. "Hermione are you alright? What's wrong? Why are you here? It's midnight!" Harry whispered loudly.

"Huh, oh I don't know right now, my head hurts. Can you get me inside please?" Hermione asked.

Harry led Hermione up the steps, still making sure that they did not wake anyone up. Once they got up to Harry's room he brought Hermione onto his bed. He took an extra pillow from his bed and dropped it on the floor, there he lay staring at the ceiling fingers dug in his hair, ankles crossed just thinking. Why was Hermione here? Should I ask her? I wonder if she is sleeping right now. He was so lost in his thoughts that he didn't notice Hermione staring at him with awe. He looks so peaceful, should I talk to him?

It was a few minutes before any of them talked, Harry just lay there thinking while Hermione lay there staring at him. Harry was the first to speak.

"Mione...I don't mean to be rude, but why are you here?" Harry asked without trying to sound rude.

"Well...it's a long story, how about you er...come up on the bed and I'll tell you about it." Hermione said trying not to sound desperate. She really wanted to be close to Harry and she'd even lie about it to get closer.

"Erm...ok" Harry said getting up. He settled himself on the edge of the bed trying not to touch Hermione.

"Come closer," she said. He scooted a little closer but that was it. She tried not to be disappointed, so instead she moved closer to Harry. Than she proceeded to tell Harry about Dumbledore wanting her to stay at his place this summer. She also told him about the portkey time mixup. He laughed at that part, after she was done she laid back down onto the bed and Harry made a move to get off but Hermione stopped him.

"Harry, no. Don't this bed is big enough for us. Sleep with me tonight, please?" Hermione pleaded. That potion was really taking a tole on her.

"Hermione...I don't know—ok I guess," He said after he saw the look on her face.

He got up on the bed, trying his best not to touch her in anyway. He finally found a comfortable position, Hermione instantly scooted by him and placed her arm on his chest. Harry looked surprised but didn't have the heart to tell Hermione to scoot away.

"Night, 'Mione." Harry said sleepily

"G'night Harry," Hermione said. The potion was effecting her again and she kissed him on the lips. To her surprise he started to kiss back, she licked his lips and asked permission to enter, and he let her. Within a few minutes his shirt and her pants were off. Apparently Harry was enjoying this just as much as her because they only broke apart when their brains were screaming for air. Near 3am they were laying on his bed naked with goofy grins on their faces as they were sleeping.

Oh they were in for something in the morning (later, in the morning.)

XxX

Later in the morning...

Harry awoke with some weight by his side, than he realized that it was Hermione, laying there, naked. *Oh no! Hermione! Why did I do that? Our friendship is ruined! Oh no, oh no what should I do? Oh no, I'm dead.*

He slipped his glasses on and slid out of the bed making sure not to wake Hermione. He slipped on his boxers and pajama pants and looked around for his shirt. When he found it he went down stairs hoping he could get his mind off Hermione for even a minute.

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Harry went downstairs and heard something unusual, a *pop* and a *whoosh* as if someone were using...magic.

"Wow I must be losing my mind," Harry said scratching his head.

There he found Petunia with a wand doing magic. Harry could only stare at her, after he realized that he was staring for about 5min with his mouth hanging open he decided to talk.

"You're a witch?!" Harry almost shouted.

"Um...this isn't what it looks like" Petunia tried sounding as innocent as she could by shoving the wand into her apron.

"No, tell me. Are you a witch?" Harry said in a dangerously clam voice that made Petunia wince.  
"Ok, I am--BUT you can't tell *anyone* I don't want them to know." Petunia said.

"Ok..but then why were you always talking about my mother being a freak?" Harry asked curiously.

"She...she was always better than me...in potions she'd always the potion perfect while I was always missed one ingredient. She always beat me, I was always second place to Lillian Evans."Petunia said.

"Oh..well that not good enough for me but I'll let it go right now, I won't tell anyone if you tell Uncle Vernon to do one thing for me. One thing that I want and he's got to do it no matter what." Harry said in a stern voice.

"Ok...if he doesn't I'll do it, whatever it is, just don't tell anyone about me being a witch." Petunia said, and with that she started to magically cook breakfast.

Harry looked at her and wondering if he should ask her about Hermione right now or not. He decided to put it off for another 10min or so. Until then he just helped his new found witch Aunt Petunia.

After he and Petunia made breakfast he decided to test the waters and tell them about Hermione.

"Aunt Petunia?"

"Yes, Harry?"

"Uh, I've got a..er..friend over. Can she stay for the rest of the summer?"

"A GIRL? Harry, I'm sorry but no. Your uncle would never allow that."

"Too bad. Remember you guys owe me one, so do it or I'll tell everyone." Harry said with a slight smirk playing on his lips.

"Fine...I'll tell him." Petunia said defeated.

XxX

Once everyone (excluding Hermione) were in the dining room when Petunia told him that Hermione was going to stay for the summer. Vernon for his part did exactly what Harry thought he would do. Yell until his face turned blue, Dudley just sat there watching TV like nothing was happening, Harry just smirked in his mind. At around 10AM everything finally settled down and Hermione came downstairs.

She wore a yellow tanktop and fitting jeans. Harry stood there avoiding her.

"Hey," She said getting into the room.

No answer.

"Harry?" she said snapping her fingers in front of his face.

"Huh, oh yea...erm fine I guess. Just a lot on my mind," he said trying not to make it too obvious.

"Oh, you mean about, well, last night?" She asked nervously.

"Yeah, actually about last night. I don't know what happened I mean, one minute you're telling me about how you got here and the next we're naked and having sex? 'Mione we are only 13," Harry said.

"I—I don't really know either, I just had the sudden urge to snog you senseless and than, things just escalated, I'm really sorry. We can just act as if nothing happened." Hermione said in an almost sad voice.

"No, it's okay. I mean it was only once, it's not like were going to do it everyday and get you pregnant at 13," Harry said trying to lighten the mood.

“Hah, yeah I can just imagine the headlines ‘Potter father at 13? What do you think of the boy-who-lived now?’” Hermione said smiling. Harry laughed.

They spent the rest of the day playing games, avoiding the Dursley’s and going on a random walk to the park. They spent the whole day just having fun and enjoying being best friends, forgetting what had happened just the night before.

xXx

Dumbledore’s office...

The headmaster of Hogwarts witchcraft and wizardry sat in his chair, eating a lemon biscuit, looking at a mirror. It was no ordinary mirror, it was a special mirror that when you poured a potion on to it, it would glow every time the potion was at its strongest. On his mirror it would glow when Hermione began to lust after Harry, and it would glow extremely bright when she became pregnant. All a sudden the mirror started to glow with such intense light that Dumbledore had to shield his eyes. After the glow subsided he gave a very evil smile that would give Voldemort a run for his money.

“Perfect. Now all I’ve got to do is wait for them to have a huge fight, she will never talk to him again. He is left alone with Weasley and I’ll kill Potter. Only a few months until I become the strongest and most famous wizard ever.” Albus said smiling that evil smile of his.

## Chapter 3 – Harry's Birthday Surprise

A few weeks passed and Harry and Hermione were having the best summer ever. They spent some time doing homework (Hermione insisted they do it so they wouldn't have to at the last minute.) They went on walks everywhere, they got to know things about each other that they never knew, like Hermione's love for muggle music. She listened to a lot of Hip/Hop and R&B which took Harry by surprise because he always looked at Hermione as the type that liked Rock. Her favorite book (Hogwarts: A History) they learned so many little things about each other. That was until a week ago.

### *Flashback*

*Hermione sat there staring at what it said. 'Pregnant.' She couldn't believe it.*

*She read in a book that once a girl started her period she would have it about every 3weeks or so, give or take a few days. It had been 5weeks since she had hers, she went to the library with Harry and told him that she was going to read some 'girl' things and he agreed instantly to stay behind. When she came back he noticed that her eyes were red and her cheeks were stained with tears. She told him it was nothing and asked him to give him a few pounds. She then ran off to the nearest drug store and bought a pregnancy test. She bought it and put it in a little bag and ran back to the library where Harry was sitting with a worried expression on his face.*

*"Don't worry, lets go back." Hermione said nervously but reassuringly. He nodded and they headed off to number 4.*

*There she ran inside and went into the bathroom and did the test. It said to wait about 5min for the most accurate result. So she waited 5min. "Pregnant." She couldn't believe it. She was going to be a mother, at the age of 13, and Harry was the father.*

### *End Flashback*

It was July and Harry's birthday was right around the corner. She was going through the fridge looking for some pickles and ice-cream.

Harry was on a walk, he offered Hermione to go with him but she politely refused and said that she was feeling a bit sick, which was partially true because she threw up everything she had ever eaten.

Petunia was sitting in the living room watching a soap opera when she noticed that Hermione was rummaging through the fridge. She had grown quite fond of the girl. She might have been a witch but she didn't care, she was nice, caring, smart, and she had a lovely smile (something Petunia always loved in people). She and Hermione even started to talk, she talked to Hermione like the daughter she never had, and she loved it. She got up and went to the kitchen by Hermione.

"Hermione dear, are you alright?" She asked in a voice only a mother would talk in.

"Yeah, um, do you have any pickles and vanilla ice-cream? I've a sudden craving for it," Hermione said as if it were nothing.

"Well..." She studied Hermione, she had gained a few pounds, she had sudden mood swings and several mornings she heard Hermione run to the bathroom to throw up. It didn't take a genius what was going on with Hermione and her 'sudden' cravings. She was pregnant. "Are you pregnant?" She asked in a calm voice.

"Er..." She tried to shield her face with her hair but failed terribly as she started to cry uncontrollably. Petunia pulled her close and Hermione started to sob on her shoulder. "I-I don't k-know what t-to do. H-Harry is going to be so m-mad. W-we're only t-thirteen a-and we have our future. W-what will my parents say? T-t-they'll d-d-disown me." She managed to say between sobs.

"Don't worry sweetie, I'll write to your parents and sort the whole thing out. And Harry would be mad but he would come around. I know he would. It's just apart of his nature. You should eat a little bit and than tell Harry when you're ready." Petunia said. Than she went to the fridge and got a few dil pickles and vanilla ice-cream. Hermione instantly beamed and took them great-fully while plopping onto the couch and started to watch TV. Petunia just stood there amused at how fast her mood changed.



*I hope Harry doesn't get too mad. Poor girl, at such a young age.*  
Petunia thought.

About 10min later about half the carton was gone and most of the pickles were eaten. Hermione said that she was tired and was going to go off to bed early. Petunia just nodded and bid her goodnight. Harry arrived shortly after and told her that he was very sorry about being out that late he was at the library. He went upstairs and slept on the floor near Hermione.

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Next morning...Harry's 14th Birthday

Harry was the first to wake (as usual) he saw that there was a letter to him from Ron and Sirius. He went over and picked up the letter from Ron first, opened it and it read:

*Harry,*

*Hey mate! Happy 14th Birthday, I didn't get you anything really (sorry) because we got you tickets to the QUIDDITCH WORLD CUP! It's going to be Bulgaria vs. Ireland. Hermione is going too! We finally get to see each other again!*

*Happy B-day again,*

*Ron*

*P.S.: The tickets are in the envelope near this one. Cheers!*

He smiled and then picked up the letter from Sirius,

*Harry,*

*I hope you liked the firebolt. I know it won't make up for the last 14 years but still, I'll be there at all of the Hogsmead weekends., Happy Birthday by the way!*

*All love,*

*Sirius*

*P.S.: I don't mean to sound like a whining mother. . . but did you do your homework?*

Harry set the letter down silently laughing. That's the same old Ron and Sirius. He took the envelope from Ron and saw that his tickets were indeed there. He wondered about Hermione though, were her parents going to mail her ticket to her? He shook away that thought as he saw Hermione wake up and run towards the bathroom to throw up. Harry stood there surprised. When she came out a few minutes later she looked better than she did going in.

"Sorry, I..er..was sick," Hermione stammered.

"S'ok, do you want any medicine? I can see if we have anything downstairs," Harry said worried.

"No. Listen Harry, I- we need to talk," Hermione said nervously.

"Okay, what's up?" Harry said.

"Imsortofpregnant" she said hurriedly.

"Wow there Hermione, a little slower than a thousand miles per hour ok?" Harry said teasing,

She took a deep breath and looked into his eyes almost ready for anything he was going to say, "I'm sort of pregnant." She looked away after that.

"WHAT?!" He yelled. She started to cry again and ran downstairs by where Petunia was standing. She cried on her shoulder telling her the story (which was pretty short considering he only said one word). Harry could only stand in the same spot going over and over in his mind what Hermione told him. *I'm sort of pregnant. I'm sort of pregnant.* He couldn't believe it, he was going to be a father at 14. Some birthday, he thought.

He went inside the bathroom and took a cold shower thinking what he should do, should he tell Hermione that he didn't want it because they were too young. That he wanted to keep it? He had no idea what he was going to do.

Harry finally got out of the shower and dressed in faded blue jeans and a green shirt. He headed downstairs and saw Hermione watching TV, while Petunia was making something for Hermione (peanut butter and sour cream on wheat.) Harry sat next to Hermione.

“Hermione, I-I’m sorry for the way I responded. It just took me by surprise. I mean its not everyday when you find out that you’re going to be a father at 14.” He said while looking Hermione in the eye.

“I-I guess, I acted the same way when I found out. Of course I didn’t scream, I cried and cried.” She said.

“So. . . what are we going to do? Keep it, or. . . the other option,” Harry asked.

“I don’t know about you, but I’m keeping it, I’m not going to kill an innocent life.”Hermione said with tear on the verge of falling.

“Mione don’t cry. We can keep it, it just took me by surprise.” He said hugging Hermione.

“What are we going to do about everyone else?” She asked. Harry pulled back and looked her in the eye.

“I-I don’t know. I’m still trying to get over the fact were going to be parents. By the way did you owl your parents?” He asked. She shook her head. “Than lets owl them.” Harry led Hermione up to his room. There he told her about the Quidditch World Cup and the tickets, also if she had any mail that her parents should owl or mail them to her. With that being said she wrote about how she was pregnant and that she was going to keep it. She also told them about the tickets When she gave it to Hedwig she hooted great-fully and soared away.

Harry and Hermione talked for about 4 on what they were going to do once the baby was born, and how they were going to raise it. They were even wondering if Hermione’s parents would approve.

Surprisingly Hedwig arrived within record time (about 5hours) and with it were a few letters. Hermione went up to Hedwig and took the letters, Harry tended to Hedwig after. She opened the one from her parents eagerly. It said,

*Hermione,*

*How could you do this?! We say you can spend a summer with Potter and then you get yourself PREGNANT?! No, no, I'm sorry but you must not keep it. You will have abortion, I'm doing this for your own good, you are a good child I don't believe this is any of your fault. That boy must have done something, I'm only telling you this because I know what is best for you and I love you! Please hear me out. Oh and I also got the mail that you requested. That boy, Ron, he is a fine young man. You have a chance with him. Now I'll leave it at that for now.*

*Love always,*

*Mum*

Tears began falling freely after she read it. Her mom didn't approve. She didn't want her to have the baby. What was she going to do? She had Harry, but was that enough? *Of course it is! You LOVE him!* She thought. Yes. . . *I love him. . . forever* she thought reassuringly.

Harry was looking at Hermione worrying, Her parents probably didn't approve. Was she having second thoughts on the baby? She wouldn't give the baby up. She isn't like that. He knew he loved Hermione, but was that enough? *Of course it is Potter! You'll love her forever!* He smiled at Hermione and gave her a hug.

"C'mon go to sleep. We have a long day tomorrow, were going to the Quidditch World Cup!" he said excitedly. Hermione laughed but nodded, she laid down on the bed while Harry got ready on the floor.

"G'night Mione." Harry said.

"Goodnight," She said.

They both drifted off into a sleep where both of them thought about a little boy and girl.

*Harry and his son were riding on his broom while Hermione and her daughter were watching freighted.*

*Harry swooped down making Hermione even more nervous.*

*“HARRY JAMES POTTER! GET HERE RIGHT NOW!” Hermione yelled.*

*Harry and his son James grinned at each other and walked over to Hermione who was with James’ twin sister Lillian who was a spitting image of her mother except the eyes, those were her father’s. James and Lily ran in the house laughing.*

*“You gotta let our children have some fun ‘Mione” Harry said while poking Hermione in the ribs causing her to laugh.*

*“I do! Didn’t you see James? And Lilly was reading today, I didn’t tell her to, she WANTED to!” Hermione said sounding as innocent as she could.*

*Harry smiled and said ,” Love you,” before kissing her. She smiled and kissed him back. Once they broke apart she smiled and said.*

*“Love you too,” pecking him once more,”forever”*

*“Forever...” he said smiling*

Harry and Hermione woke up with a BOOM! And a CRASH!

“BOY GET DOWN HERE RIGHT NOW! YOU’VE GOT EXPLAINING TO DO!” Vernon shouted.

## Chapter 4 – Goodbye

Last Chapter...

Harry and Hermione woke up with a BOOM! And a CRASH!

“BOY GET DOWN HERE RIGHT NOW! YOU’VE GOT EXPLAINING TO DO!” Vernon shouted.

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Harry shot up and not even thinking twice about Hermione did he run downstairs. There he saw Dudley smirking, Petunia on the verge of tears, and Vernon looking purple as ever.

“What? Is someone hurt?” Harry asked.

Dudley just sat there smiling, Petunia now had gone into the kitchen and started to sob. Vernon on the other hand made a bee line for Harry. Harry stood there not knowing what to do. Why are they mad? Why is Aunt Petunia crying? Why the hell is Dudley smirking?

“WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS?” Vernon blasted, turning even more purple than usual. Then he attempted to punch Harry, but with his seeker reflexes moved away easily.

“Meaning of what exactly?” Harry said with pure confusion sketched on his 14 year old face.

“THAT *GIRL!* DUDLEY TOLD ME THAT YOU GOT HER *KNOCKED UP!*” Vernon shouted still attempting to hit Harry. Harry didn’t answer he just stood there giving Dudley a glare that would make even Voldemort cringe with fear.

“YOU WILL NOT STAY HERE EVER AGAIN! YOU WILL LEAVE! I DON’T CARE WHERE YOU GO, BUT YOU ARE NEVER TO COME HERE AGAIN” Vernon yelled.

"Vernon, I don't think this is fair, it was an accident, they need a place to live. They are after all only 14." Petunia said seemingly just 'popping' out of the kitchen.

"No, dad don't listen to mum, she just likes that whore. Kick him out, he deserves it." Dudley said.

"Vernon dear, please listen to me," Petunia said calmly. "Just keep them here for a while, they are too young to be leaving our home."

Vernon would not listen. He kept on yelling at Harry about how immature he was and how 'his kind' would be so stupid to do that sort of thing. After about 5min of yelling at Harry, he had enough. He just wanted to have a nice summer with Hermione and Ron, possibly see Sirius and Remus.

"ENOUGH!" Harry yelled in Vernon's face. "I'VE HAD ENOUGH! HERMIONE AND I WILL LEAVE! HAPPY? WE ARE GOING TO LEAVE! AFTER TODAY I WILL NO LONGER LIVE HERE!" Harry yelled and marched up the stairs (and breaking one too). There he saw that Hermione was nowhere to be found. He figured that she must be in the shower. He laid on the bed and took off his glasses, just thinking. Where should he go? He had no family, no where for him and Hermione to stay. Her parent's didn't approve of her having a child, and he doubted that they'd let her stay. They couldn't stay at the Burrow, they had enough people living there as it was, they didn't need three more people.

Then all of a sudden he had an idea. Sirius! Sirius would take him in, he loved him and would sacrifice anything to be closer to him. Harry jumped off of the bed and went to his desk and found a piece of parchment, there he wrote about his situation and how he needed a place to stay. After he read and reread it, he called Hedwig over, she took the letter joyfully and took off.

Harry took off his glasses and sighed. He checked his clock and found that it was already 10 am and should probably be eating, and then packing. Hermione walked in the room wearing one of Harry's old shirts and black sweat pants, and dripping wet hair.

“Sorry,” she said while attempting to put her hair up in the towel,” I couldn’t find a shirt that I liked and I thought you wouldn’t find if I borrowed one...” she said.

“Oh. Erm... it’s ok, I don’t mind. Hey remember that the Weasley’s are going to be here today.” he said

“Oh yea, I almost forgot. Hey are you hungry? Because I’m starving!” Hermione said before she made an attempt to leave, Harry caught her wrist and motioned to stay for a little. He let go and told Hermione about the whole situation, she started to get worried and just ran downstairs (narrowly missing the broken step) and ran to Petunia who was just stepping out of the living room.

“Mrs. Dursley, can you tell me where your cereal is? I’m starving!” She said trying to catch her breath. Apparently she didn’t realize how much energy it took just to run down stairs with lighting speed.

“Oh yes dear, what would you like? I’ll make anything you want,” Petunia said, she mumbled something that sounded a lot like ‘since I’ll never be able to see you again’ but apparently Hermione didn’t realize it.

“Oh thank you! I don’t know what I’d do without you and Harry!” Hermione said cheerfully and walked into the kitchen where she went straight for the fridge. Once she found what she wanted (orange juice with coco puffs) she thanked Petunia and left upstairs to pack.

Once Hermione reached Harry’s room she wondered how long exactly she would be there, even if she could fit into any of her old clothes, she quickly resolved that she could just use a few of Harry’s shirts.

There Harry and Hermione spent an hour packing (Hermione begging Harry if she could borrow some of his shirts, where he great-fully said ‘yes’)

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Dumbledore’s office...



Dumbledore was in a meeting with Severus discussing what Harry and Hermione would do.

“Severus, once she found out she was pregnant, her parents said that she was no longer allowed to stay at her home. The Dursley’s, well that was very easy, they already loathe Harry so it’d be easy to kick him out. Now once they are enemies I shall talk to the Granger’s and Dursley’s saying that they are to stay there until they are 17. Ah Severus, and then we shall kill them both. We will worry about the rest later.” Dumbledore said with the usual twinkle in his eyes.

“Yes Dumbledore, that is a very clever plan indeed, I just hope that no one will find out.” Snape said with a sly smile.

“Yes, that is all. You may leave now. I am feeling a bit fatigued from all of this plotting, maybe tomorrow we shall continue.” Albus said.

Snape got up and left Dumbledore to sit in his office plotting against Potter and Granger once more.

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Grimmauld place...

Sirius sat in the living room with long time friend, Remus Lupin, staring at the letter that he had gotten from his god-son Harry. He was so surprised that he hadn’t blinked for nearly 5min.

“I’m going to be a grand god-father? Is that even a real word? Remus what should I do,” Sirius asked Lupin.

“Personally, I think that you should let them in, they’ve no other place to stay, and they are responsible. Owl them back saying that you will let them stay, it’s the least you could do.” Remus said.

“You’re right, I’ve been a horrible god-father these past 14 years. I’ll be right back, I’m going to owl Harry.” he said before heading off.

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4:00 pm, 4 Private Drive...

“C’mon Mione! Didn’t you already have enough?” Harry said trying to get a pickle eating Hermione downstairs. She had taken a liking to pickles, why though, he did not know.

“I’m coming! Wait! We still have an hour!” Hermione said. She had become more moody than the average 6week pregnant woman, she still had to look up why though.

About an hour later Harry and Hermione were downstairs with everything. Harry had everything packed in his trunks, since he would not be coming back to number four ever again. He noticed that there was an owl with a letter tied to its led that was on a tree. Harry went outside and took the letter from the owl and read,

*Harry,*

*I’m going to be a grand god-father! Now, you can stay here as long as you two don’t go around making anymore kids, ok? Now, I’ll be seeing you at the Burrow in a few days as my form. I’ll see you then!*

*Bye pup,*

*Sirius*

Harry folded the parchment and headed back into the house, when he got there he handed the letter to Hermione who laughed ( a lot ). Vernon was nowhere to be found, Dudley was in the kitchen looking for any food that his stubby little fingers could grab, while Petunia was patiently waiting for the Weasley’s.

“So these people, the Weasley’s, are they nice?” Petunia asked.

“Yes, they are they have seven children: Ron, Bill, Percy, Ginny, Fred, George, and Charlie. They are one of the oldest pureblood families, they are one of the nicest families you will ever meet.” As soon as he was done saying that, the fireplace suddenly (almost) blew up.

“Argh! George move—you’re too fat—me? You look exactly like me!—dad George is too fat!”

"That's them," Harry motioned to the fireplace," do you think you could erm..get them out?"

Petunia took out her wand and took of the remaining wood, after the wood was all out a man in shabby worn out robes came out, along him was a boy that had fiery red hair, and along his was a boy who looked exactly like him.

"Well Harry, oh and Hermione, what a pleasure to see you again," Arthur Weasley said cheerfully.

"Aye, we've been wondering where Ickle Ronnekins 'Minnie might be—"Fred said.

"Yes, he's been worrying an awful lot these days—"

"Poor bloke didn't even come here—"

"Oh well—I bet he'd regret it now—"

"Enough boys, now Harry are all of these yours?" Arthur said gesturing to all of the trunks.

"Um, Mr. Weasley actually Harry is not going to be coming back here anymore," Hermione said trying not to be sad, "but don't worry, we've found a place for us to stay." She added cheerfully.

"us?"George asked curiously.

"Er...yea us we'll explain later. Now let's get back" Harry said.

After everyone flooded to the Burrow it was only Harry and Hermione left, "Good bye Mrs. Dursley you've been so kind to me, I'll come see you when ever I can." Hermione said with a tear escaping her.

"Yea, all of these years I thought you were like Uncle Vernon, but than these past weeks have made all of it up, I just want to say...I'll miss you. And I'll visit whenever 'Mione does." Harry said.

"Oh..give me a hug, I can't stand having to see you leave! When the baby is born please send me pictures!" Petunia said while embracing

them. They nodded and with one final goodbye they went to the burrow.

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Burrow...

“RON!” George yelled at the top of his lungs.

Ron came running from the kitchen with a biscuit in his left hand. “What is she here?”

George laughed. “Yes, she’s should be here in a minute, oh here this, she was there with Harry!” at the expression on Ron’s face George started to laugh so hard that he had to clutch his stomach.

Ron left upstairs muttering to himself.

When Harry and Hermione arrived, Mr. Weasley had an expression that they needed to explain what was going on between those two. They motioned for Mr. Weasley to follow them into the livingroom where they explained everything to him (leaving out her being pregnant). Arthur sat there dumbfounded, after a minute or so he finally came back to normal, there he asked permission to tell Molly where they nodded. He left and that left Harry and Hermione alone.

“So...do you know if it’s a boy or girl?” Harry asked.

“No not yet, I mean I want to , but I don’t think that we’ll be able to get away long enough to go to a healer and find out the sex of the baby,” Hermione said while gazing down at her still flat stomach.

“Mione,” she looked up and looked at him wanting him to continue. “Do you think we’re too young? I mean I..I I love you, but what about our careers?” harry said.

“Y-you I-I-love me?”

He took a deep breath thinking if he actually did love her, she was always there for her, she helped him out so many times, she was smart, caring, loving, and pretty. Of corse he loved her.

"Yes I do...I know I'm only fourteen but I feel like this is right you know? I guess what I'm trying to say is, yes I do, a lot." Harry said.

Hermione smiled,"aww Harry! I love you too! When I first found out I was pregnant I thought you were going to leave me, I was devastated, but than you accepted it, and I love that, I love you."

Harry smiled too, "so 'Mione, will you be my girlfriend?" he asked.

Hermione just responded with slowly brining her lips to his in a soft, gentle kiss. When they pulled back they touched foreheads and sighed in content.

"You know, I've liked you since 2nd year," Harry said quietly.

"Really? So have I," she said.

"C'mon they'll be wondering where we are, and I bet you want more pickles." Harry said teasingly.

"Do you think they have pickles? Because I want pickles," Hermione said while getting up and heading off to the kitchen.

"Women...what's it with them and pickles?" Harry wondered. He got up and went upstairs where he found Ron writing down something.

"Hey mate, " Harry said cheerfully "ready for Bulgaria vs. Ireland?"

"Hi," Ron said dully, "yea, were gonna leave tomorrow morning, listen I'm gonna go down to dinner. Bye" and he left the room and went down stairs.

"That was odd, whatever I'm hungry" Harry said to himself and walked downstairs.

Dinner was pleasant with Fred and George joking around, Mrs. Weasley telling Harry that he needs to eat more, Ginny being her shy self, Harry and Hermione sharing a few glances here and there, and Ron occasionally glaring at Harry when he wasn't looking.

After dinner was over they were to go to sleep, seeing as they were leaving early morning the next day.

Harry was sleeping when he had the same dream, with the little girl and boy playing around. He slept peacefully the whole night, didn't even wake up from Ron's snoring.

The next morning (early morning) Harry was awoken by a bright Hermione staring at him, "Rise and shine sleepy head," she said. He noticed that she was –once again–wearing one of Harry's shirts, except this time she somehow made it to fit her. You could make out a little bump forming. Odd, she's only been pregnant a short while, why is she already starting to show? Harry thought.

"Ok, ok I'm up, go wake up Ron," Harry said pretending to be up.

"Ok," she said cheerfully

"RON! RISE AND SHINE" Hermione sang in the highest (off) pitched voice she could.

Ron jumped and screamed in a high pitch voice and said, "Hermione! What the bloody hell was that for?" he asked.

"I dunno, I thought it'd be fun," she said cheerfully and trotted downstairs, towards the kitchen.

"What's her problem?" Ron asked Harry as he was getting his clothes.

"Er...nothing," Harry said trying to avoid the subject. "So why are we up so early?" He asked changing the subject.

"Dad said that we need to go on some walk or something, I dunno," Ron said. He also mumbled something along the lines of, 'too busy watching 'Minnie.'

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Harry, Hermione, and the Weasley's were walking down a path for about 10min when all of a sudden they stopped watching a man leap out of a tree followed by a handsome young man.

"Hello, Arthur! Amos Diggory, I presume you've met my son, Cedric? Cedric come here, meet the Weasley's, and blimey! Is that Harry Potter?" He said while heading for Harry. He held out his hand and Harry shook it skeptically.

"Well, let's go! Portkey will activate in about 10min," Amos said, they all walked until they reached a hill with a ruddy boot near the top.

"Well, everyone grab on! We'll be there shortly," Arthur said. Everyone grabbed and all of a sudden they felt a tug and the next thing they knew, they were on the floor, Hermione somehow landed on top of Harry (not injuring the baby), and Ginny landed on Fred.

"Er, sorry." Hermione said while blushing furiously.

"No problem," Harry said getting up. Ron saw this and had a sudden urge to beat Harry to a pulp. He quickly ignored that thought convincing himself that he was just being stupid. They saw a place with hundreds of tents, and people waving flags of Bulgaria and Ireland.

"Hurry up children our tent is right here," Arthur said. They reached a tent by a tree. They all climbed in where they saw the tent was much bigger on the inside than out.

Harry stood at the entrance looking amazed," I love magic," Harry said, still gazing around the tent. Hermione was in the kitchen yet again looking for pickles. Ron was staring at Hermione while she bent down, Harry looked simply furious *If only he knew she was pregnant, that's wipe the smile right off his face* Harry thought cruelly. Ginny was staring intently at Harry while he was not paying attention. Fred and George were busy doing their own things to realize that they were being called to stop.

"Stop! Time to have breakfast I'm sure you're very hungry," Arthur said while attempting to light a match and not succeeding. Once Arthur finally lit the match he made eggs, and sausage. They all ate and talked about who they were going to support. Ron of course said that he was going to cheer for Victor Krum, the Bulgarian seeker, Hermione had still been eating pickles, sometimes having eggs and pickles. Harry just silently laughed at Hermione. George and Fred

were flicking bits of eggs at Ron who started yelling at them. Ginny was just being quiet.

When it was finally time for the match to start they all headed for their seats when all of a sudden they heard a voice call them.

“Hey Potty, I see you’re with *those* people. Pity could’ve been with the rich folks when you had the chance.” Draco said with his trademark smirk.

“Shut it Malfoy, I’m trying to enjoy this day and you are ruining it.” Harry said walking towards his seat. Once he, Hermione, and the Weasley’s went to their seats, they noticed that the Malfoy’s were still right near them. Draco was seated right behind Harry and seemed to be looking at Hermione with interest.

“I see Granger’s gained some weight, you pregnant? Who did it, Weasley, or Potter.” Draco asked Hermione. Harry’s head snapped around so fast it was a wonder how he didn’t break his neck. Hermione looked surprised and glanced at Hermione who was wearing a scared expression. Ron was looking at some beautiful blond women dancing around. Finally Hermione spoke.

“N-no why would I be p-p-pr-pregnant?” Hermione said trying to be calm when actually she just ended up stuttering.

“You’ve got a bump, I suggest you lose weight then. Not nice with a tight shirt like that, mudblood just don’t know when to stop eating,” he said pointing at her (Harry’s shrunken) shirt. Hermione looked down and noticed that it was a little tight. Harry smiled and clearly gave her a look that said ‘you don’t look bad in that’

Ron was eyeing Hermione, and he noticed too that she had a bit of a bump. *Blimey! I think she IS having a baby! Oh bloody hell! Harry must be the father, I’m going to kill Potter! Wait no, don’t think like that, he’s your bestfriend, who just took your girl.* While Ron was having his internal fight, Harry held Hermione’s hand to reassure her.

Bulgaria had lost (170-160 Ireland) Krum ended up catching the snitch, but the Irish still won. Harry and Hermione were talking



amongst themselves and Ginny, Ron, Fred and George were having their own private chat.

“So, when are we going to tell them everything?” Hermione said glancing back at the Weasley’s and then her stomach.

“I don’t know actually, I really want to, but it seems as though Ron has taken a bit of a fancy to you.” Harry said.

“Well, I’m sorry but I don’t return his feelings. Someone else already took my heart,” Hermione said with a faint smile on her lips.

“Oh really? Miss Granger are you cheating on me? Because I do not know of this ‘someone’ that you are talking about,” Harry said. He was trying to look serious but was failing miserably, he just ended up grinning like a mad man.

Meanwhile the Weasley’s were discussing Malfoy and Hermione.

“You know, Malfoy was right, sort of at least. Hermione has seemed to have a slight bump.” Ginny said. Everyone nodded in agreement.

“Yes, and she has been having mood swings—“ Said Fred.

“And been craving weird things like pickles—“ said George

“Hey! There is nothing wrong with pickles!” Ginny yelled, Harry and Hermione turned around and looked shocked. Ginny blushed and just told them it was nothing.

“Great, you know. I think I’m going to talk to them when we get back to the burrow, you know clear things up a little. You guys should be there too,” Ron suggested. They nodded and headed back to the tents where Harry and Hermione were no where to be seen. They shrugged it off, not noticing Harry and Hermione happily walk out of a room with goofy grins on their faces while holding hands.

They were all enjoying themselves, forgetting about the talk Harry and Hermione were going to have with the Weasley’s, about Malfoy, not even Voldemort could ruin this night. Apparently they thought too soon.

“Guys! Get out of here! We’re under attack!” Arthur yelled

## Chapter 5 – Prophet Strikes Again

They were all enjoying themselves, forgetting about the talk Harry and Hermione were going to have with the Weasley's, about Malfoy, not even Voldermort could ruin this night. Apparently they thought too soon.

“Guys! Get out of here! We're under attack!” Arthur yelled.

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All of the children scrambled to get a few of their things while Arthur kept on yelling at them to get a move on.

Everything around them was burning, the tents, the flags, there were even a few people burning frantically running around to help the fire go away. Arthur, Ginny, Fred and George were all in one group while Ron, Harry, and Hermione were in another. Currently they were having a hard time staying together.

“Harry! Harry! Hold on!” Hermione yelled trying to grip Harry's arm to keep him from flowing into the herd of people running.

Hermione felt a pain in her stomach and clutched it, Harry had apparently noticed this because he led Ron and Hermione to the woods where he told them that they would be safe. Harry saw people with black robes and skull masks approaching everyone and setting tents and people ablaze. Ron looked utterly horrified while Hermione was still clutching her stomach. Suddenly Draco was thrown on top of Hermione and accidentally punched Hermione in her stomach.

As he was getting up he started to yell, “JUST YOU HEAR! MY FATHER WILL HEAR ABOUT THIS! THE DARK LORD WILL PUNISH YOU ALL” He then noticed that he had fallen upon Hermione and she was crying.

“Watch it mudblood, might hurt your child,” Draco smirked and sat near Harry. Ron sat there glaring daggers at Draco because Harry had said nothing. As if reading his mind Harry had told him firmly ‘no something is wrong with ‘Mione.’

Whispering in Hermione's ear he said, "Hermione, are you ok? Is the baby ok?"

She didn't answer she just sobbed and barely nodded, Harry took her in his arms and started to stroke her back. Draco seemed amused and annoying because he had started to poke Harry with random twigs but he didn't seem to notice.

"HARRY! HARRY OVER HERE!" Harry heard someone yelling out for him. Then he saw that Ginny was in between Fred and George trying to motion for them to come. But than right behind them a tent was lit on fire and the death eaters started to throw a few people into the tent. Harry looked horrified while Draco was laughing with pure enjoyment, Hermione was still crying and Ron still sat there glaring daggers at Draco.

It was very dark by the time all of the tents were burnt down, and there were no more people. Harry, Ron, Hermione, and Draco were still in the woods when they saw something fly up into the sky,

"The dark mark," Draco whispered astonished.

"What?" Harry asked, Hermione had fallen asleep on Harry's lap ( her hand was still clutching her stomach,) now Ron had stopped glaring daggers at Draco and started glaring at Harry.

"The dark mark, he's back." Draco said with what it seemed like, a slight, smile, creeping upon his lips.

Harry stared at Draco as if he had some deadly plague inside of him. Hermione started to stir and woke up looking confused, she asked why Malfoy was there and they (except Draco) explained. After about 3 minutes they all, including Draco, got up and started looking for their families. Draco found his father behind a burnt tent, waiting for him with his death eater mask on. He quickly smirked at Harry and left to his father. Harry, Ron, and Hermione had been looking when all of a sudden they heard '*pops*' coming from all directions, they were all ready to fire the stupefy when a voice called out,

“STOP–STOP! THAT’S–MY–SON!” Arthur yelled, Ginny, Fred, and George were closely by. Arthur stepped in front of the three teens and spread his arms.

“Don’t touch these children they are innocent!” He yelled, the three of them just stand there with pure confusion sketched upon their faces.

“Move Arthur,” Mr. Crouch said, “who did it? Who conjured the dark mark?” he said in a calm yet deadly voice.

“No one! I don’t even know how to do it!” Ron said stupidly, Harry and Hermione just rolled their eyes.

“I-I heard a voice, it was coming from over there,” Harry said pointing to the direction behind him.

“You heard him, go there!” Crouch said, and they walked away. Harry was looking around for his wand when suddenly it hit him, it wasn’t there.

“My wand is gone you guys!” Harry whispered loudly, Hermione looked terrified while Ron wasn’t paying the least bit of attention, actually he was heading towards the other Weasley’s.

“THIS? THIS IS WHAT CONJURED THE DARK MARK? A–A *HOUSE ELF*?” Mr. Crouch yelled while holding Harry’s wand and a the house-elf.

“You mind to tell me that this elf conjured the Dark Mark, a mere house elf.” he held up the wand and Harry recognized the wand at once.

“Hey–that’s mine!” Harry said while getting his wand back.

“So it is you who conjured the dark mark?” he asked, Harry’s eyes were now as big as saucers and Hermione looked on the verge of tears, Ron took this opportunity to go over to Hermione and put his arms around her.

“I didn’t do it! I just dropped it!” Harry said, “why the bloody hell would I want to conjure the Dark Mark?!” Harry almost yelled.

“Er—sorry, we’ll carry this on later, it was a long night, I think a little sleep will do us all wonders.” Mr Crouch said. They all nodded and Mr. Weasley took them back to the Burrow.

“Molly, Molly dear were here,” Arthur said. Harry and Ron went straight to Ron’s room, Ginny and Hermione went to Ginny’s.

When they were all upstairs they went to their rooms, Harry took off his shoes and plopped onto his bed while Ron was softly glaring at him.

“Why are you glaring at me?” Harry asked lazily while staring at his feet.

“W-what do you mean?” Ron stuttered, while pulling his pajamas on and laying down on the bed.

“You’ve been glaring at me and Malfoy, well him I can’t complain with, but why me?” he asked, still not having any eye contact.

Ron muttered something that Harry couldn’t fully understand. “Come again?” Harry asked.

“Is ‘Minnie really pregnant?” Ron asked looking at Harry.

“Er— ye-no. listen can we talk about this tomorrow? I’m really tired.

“Whatever,” Ron mumbled and went to sleep.

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The next day...

“HARRY! RONALD! WAKE UP! BREAKFAST IS READY!” Mrs. Weasley yelled.

Harry and Ron groaned and lazily got up, Ron put on a shirt and headed downstairs. Harry didn’t even bother changing last night because he was so tired. He went downstairs to sit at the table. There was so much food, sausage, toast, pumpkin juice, orange juice, bacon, eggs, waffles, and oddly enough, pickles. Enough to feed the

whole Weasley family and not need any seconds. Almost everyone was talking about the events of last night. When breakfast was over Ginny and Ron pulled Harry and Hermione aside.

"Ok, its later. Tell me," Ginny and Ron said at the exact same time. Harry and Hermione looked at each other sadly and Hermione nodded, telling Harry it was ok.

"Ok, guys what do you know?" Harry asked them. They told them about everything Draco had said and about the odd cravings Hermione had been having, even about the slight bump Hermione has. Harry and Hermione were not surprised, no surprised would not be strong enough for their expressions.

"So?" Ron asked.

"Its gonna come out sooner or later, Ron and Ginny should be the first's to know though," Hermione said.

Harry nodded.

"Ok guys, well the answer to your question is," he took a deep breath and Hermione took his hand squeezed it, "yes, she is. She came over randomly one night saying that Dumbledore told her to stay with me, and the portkey got mixed up, and she starting going on about me on the floor, and than...it just happened. One night, now were living with Sirius, well, will be, and Hermione's parents aren't to thrilled about this either. Oh and please don't tell anyone. OH MY GOD! I JUST REALIZED SOMETHING!" Harry said, he took Hermione and dragged her out to the yard.

"Do you think this was Dumbledore's plan?" he asked. Hermione looked confused so he kept going, "do you think that all of this, you getting pregnant and all this? Do you think Dumbledore planned all this?" Harry asked.

Hermione seemed to be lost in thought, but than said, "I don't know, its possible, I mean he wouldn't want me to go to your place without a reason, and the portkey 'accident' couldn't be an accident! I mean its Dumbledore we are talking about!" Hermione said.

“Yes I know! But the question is, why? Why is he doing this?” Harry asked.

“I don’t know but there is a reason behind all of this, I just hope nothing bad happens to our child.” Hermione said.

“Hey do you think we could go to a healer today?” Harry asked slightly smiling.

“Why?” She asked.

“I want to know if it’s a boy or girl, cuz I don’t wanna call it ‘the baby’ or ‘it’.”

“True.”

“Let’s go today!”

“What?”

“Yea! Today we can tell the Weasley’s to drop us off there for a private reason.”

“Ok. Let’s go.” Hermione said and they walked in and asked Mr. Weasley for a ride to St. Mungo’s. He was hesitant at first but than agreed.

Together they went into the Pregnancies room and waited for the healer to call their name.

“Granger, Hermione and Potter, Harry?” the healer asked. All of a sudden everyone around them were whispering things such as ‘they’re going to be parents?’, ‘She is so lucky’ , ‘too young if you ask me’ , and other things they couldn’t make out.

“Right here, were coming. C’mom Mione, were gonna find out.” he said smiling and held out his hand. Hermione took it gratefully. They were greeted by a women no older than twenty-eight and she had waist length hair with light brown high-lights, she also had pale blue eyes.



"Hello," she said cheerfully, "I am Priya Bhatte," she said extending her hand. They shook her hand and she motioned for them to sit on the chairs. "So how can I help you two? You look awfully young to become parents." she said.

"Um, right. We want to know what sex the baby is going to be, and all of the other things you do," Harry said.

She smiled and said "sure Miss Granger, please come in here with me and I'll tell you everything, Mr. Potter you're welcome also."

Harry and Hermione nodded and they went into a room full of weird looking machines. Ms. Bhatte motioned for Hermione to lay on the bed, when she did she told Hermione to drink a potion.

"Ok in about 10seconds you will find out what sex the baby is." she said smiling. Suddenly her stomach glowed a bright purple. And then faded again. "Hmm, that's odd. Oh, wait" she handed her another potion and told Hermione to drink it, then her stomach started to glow a bright half pink half blue 2 on it. "Oh my! It seems as though you are having twins!" Harry's head shot up, his eyes so big they would give Dobby a run for his money.

"T-t-tw-twins? As in two babies?" Harry asked.

"Yes, one boy, one girl, they are also due about October." she said.

"WHAT!?" they both shouted, that early? No that was too early they just did it in July.

"Yes, I'm afraid so. It seems as though there is a potion in Miss Granger, I don't know which one yet, but there is, I'm going to do research on it when you leave. But it seems as though you will not be having it in 9 months." Hermione and Harry looked at one another knowing what they were thinking. Dumbledore. Hermione looked away and smiled at Ms. Bhatte and got up.

"Oh, miss granger I suggest you come see me until the children are born, just to make sure everything is fine." she said as they were about to leave.

“Sure, so their going to be born October? Wow, just, wow” Hermione said.

“Good bye Miss Granger, Mister Potter!” Ms. Bhatte said smiling. Harry and Hermione said their goodbyes and left. As soon as they left St. Mungo’s they were surrounded by a herd of people. Some were taking photos of Harry and Hermione, others were asking questions.

“Potter your going to be a father?”

“When is the baby due?”

“Why chose to be a father so young?”

“If your parents were alive how would they react?”

Harry and Hermione just went back inside St. Mungo’s and waited for Mr. Weasley to pick them up. Finally when Mr. Weasley came the crowd was no better, they started asking him questions too.

“How does it feel like knowing your son’s best friends are going to be parents?”

“Did you know the-boy-who-lived was going to be a father?”

“Are you happy for him?”

“STOP! STOP ALL OF THIS RUBBISH! AND LEAVE” Arthur yelled. He walked in and saw Harry and Hermione ready to leave. They apparated to the Burrow and they just went upstairs and didn’t come down. They only came down when it was dinner time. Than they didn’t even talk, after they just went upstairs.

Once Harry and Hermione were in Ron’s room they started to talk.

“Ok so Dumbledore has something to do with me being pregnant,” Hermione started, “but why would he want that to happen?”

“I honestly don’t know, but let’s get off him right now, let’s talk about something else.” Harry said, she smiled and held his hand.

"You know, we're going to have two kids, and I thought one was enough, but I think it'll be nice, I'm willing to take a challenge" Hermione said

"Since when are you NOT ready to take a challenge?" Harry said playfully.

"Well, this is different. I mean this is a baby were talking about, wait no TWO babies, that's going to be hard. Its not like a test where you study and answer questions." Hermione said.

"Yea, you gotta feed it, play with it, sleep with it, there is a lot of things to do." harry said, "hey how did all of those people know you were pregnant anyways?"

"Well, we were in the pregnancy room, and you were there with me, plus being Harry Potter might've helped them pass it on," Hermione said.

"True, I just hope it won't be in the *prophet* tomorrow." Harry said.

"Oh god I hope not."

"You know what I haven't done in a while?"

"What?"

"This" He said smiling and he leaned in kissing her gently on the lips. He backed away slightly but than kissed her again this time more passionately, they kept on kissing until their brains started screaming for oxygen. They caught their breaths and started to kiss again, Harry grazing her back while Hermione's hands were in his hair. They were kissing until they heard someone open the door. It was Ron.

"Can you do that somewhere else please? Some of us want to go to sleep." He said rudely. Harry glared at him and Hermione said she was tired herself and left. Harry took off his pants and put his pajama pants on, when he lay on the bed Ron asked him where he was.

"St. Mungo's didn't your dad tell you?" Harry said.

"Right, G'night" he said simply and went off to bed leaving Harry to stare at the ceiling until sleep finally took him.

"Hey Hermione?" Ginny asked while laying on her bed watching Hermione's stomach,

"Yes Ginny?" Hermione asked clearly not noticing Ginny stare at her stomach.

"When did you two..er..have...you know"

"Oh, um, about a month ago, why?" she asked suspiciously.

"N-no reason, so Hermione, how is he? I mean he's only 14 an all but how is he?" Ginny asked sitting up and fully interest in what Hermione's answer would be.

"It is none of your business what Harry is like in bed," Hermione saw the look of pure determination on Ginny's face, "ugh fine, um, it hurt. That's all I'm going to tell you. Goodnight." Hermione said and went to sleep.

Ginny just looked at her with surprise. *It hurt? Wow that good eh?* She said and went off to bed too.

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Grimmauld Place...

"Do you know what the hell I'm supposed to do?" Sirius asked looking at his friend, Remus Lupin.

"No, my friend. I don't. But I suggest that If you're going to be adding 3 more people here that you clean up this place, a lot" Remus said gesturing to the house.

"Yea, I guess you're right. HEY! We could make a room for the baby too! Let's get cleaning," Sirius said happily. He really was happy for Harry and Hermione no matter what their age.

“Sure, you are going to be a grand god-father after all,” Remus said while helping Sirius clean the house.

They just spend the whole night cleaning and happily discussing about the child that was arriving sooner than they thought.

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The Next Morning...

Mr. Weasley was drinking his cup of coffee as usual, he took a big gulp of it and started to read the daily prophet. Bad move. He ended up spitting the coffee everywhere and yelled for Molly to come look at what he had. Molly ran out and looked at why Arthur was so pale. Than she saw the front page

### **POTTER AND GRANGER TO BE PARENTS**

Harry Potter, 14, also known as the-boy-who-lived, was seen with suspected girlfriend Hermione Granger, 13, coming out of a pregnancy room with each other. We have had the honor to ask a few of his close friends, one best friend of Harry Potter, Draco Malfoy had something to say about this. “Yea he’s always with Granger, I mean you could just tell they were in for it. Plus I saw them at the Quidditch World Cup, she looked to have a bump,” another friend of Hermione , Pansy Parkinson, said this “I didn’t expect this to not happen, I had my money on second year, caught them once too, in first year, going at it, I told them to stop but they just hexed me.” Look for exclusive interviews with these two fine young children on page 4 and 5. Article by Rita Skeeter.

Molly looked horrified, she quietly went back into the kitchen and started to make breakfast. Arthur kept on reading. Wondering if any of this was true. To his shock it was. There it was he saw Harry with his arm around Hermione’s shoulder and she had a shirt that was clearly showing the slight bump she had.

The children arrived downstairs ready for breakfast when the twins picked up the Daily Prophet and their eyes almost popped out. “Hermione you’re pregnant?!” they said in unison.

“Er...” Hermione looked to Harry for support and he spoke up.

“Er..yea she is...look we were going to tell you soon but we couldn't find the right time to,” Harry said in a tone that clearly said ‘im sorry’.

“It's ok, but one question Harry,” Fred asked, Harry nodded and motioned for him to continue.

“Did you two really do it when you were 1st years?!” He asked amazed.

Harry laughed and shook his head,”no I thought you'd know everything, well, almost everything, Malfoy and Parkinson say is a lie.”

“True,” said Fred and they enjoyed their breakfast. They spent the whole day going shopping for school and Harry and Hermione buying new clothes (the list said everyone was to bring dress robes)

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Dumbledore's office..

Rita Skeeter was sitting in Albus' office with a broad smile upon her face. Dumbledore was currently reading the Daily Prophet's front page word for word. When he put it down he had a smile on his old face.

“Wonderful Miss. Skeeter, I believe I am to pay you 40 galleons,” he said as he went to the back of the office and brought not 40 but 60 galleons, “I'll give you 20 more if you keep doing front pages on Potter and Granger” he said smiling.

She smiled back,”oh that could be arranged, you are so kind, well I will be leaving now, good day” with that and she left him.

He sat back down and read and re-read the prophet again, he was really happy. Soon school would start and he would be able to kill them. There he spent the night thinking of countless ways to kill them.

## Chapter 6 – Home at Last

August 5TH

Today was the day that Harry and Hermione would be leaving to go to Sirius', Hermione was not so keen on leaving though, she wanted to stay with Mrs Weasley and learn how to be a mother of a child, twins non the less.

It was morning and all ( all but two ) were eating their breakfast, upstairs Harry and Hermione were packing.

"Can you believe it? We're going to go see Sirius!" Harry said dumping some boxers in his trunk.

"I know, it seems like only yesterday we were on the hippogriff, saving him," Hermione said with a dreamy expression. She already finished packing her trunk and she was now organizing Harry's trunk, she was folding Harry's boxers while Harry was rambling on about Sirius and what they were going to do. After 10 or so minutes the pair excused themselves to breakfast downstairs.

"Mrs Weasley, mmm this food is great!" Hermione praised while helping herself to seconds. This pregnancy was really changing the way she acted, she was more perky and seemed to have the appetite of a bear, she also had frequent mood swings (some of which were not good ones.)

"You're welcome dear," Molly said.

Breakfast was fairly pleasant, Molly and Hermione talking about the babies, Ginny giving evil glares at Hermione when she wasn't looking, Ron the same with Harry, and Fred and George, just being Fred and George. Once they were all done with breakfast, Harry brought down their trunks, Mrs Weasley shrunk them for easy traveling.

Harry walked up to Ron and said, "Hey bye, see you at school," Harry said with a smile. Ron didn't seem to acknowledge this and just ignored Harry and went over to Hermione where he gave her a long

hug. "Wonder what's wrong with him," Harry said to no one in particular. Apparently Ginny was listening and walked up to him.

"I dunno, I mean, he fancies Hermione," Ginny said like it was very obvious.

"Really? How come I never knew this?" asked Harry

"I guess it was because he wanted to ask Hermione before you could, I mean he knew that you fancied Hermione, and I guess he just wanted to get to her before you. But I guess that wont be happening now, will it?" Ginny asked.

"No, I guess not. Still doesn't give him the reason to ignore me. Whatever look I got to go, I'll see you at school, bye" Harry said without even giving her a friendly hug.

"Ok, Harry, Hermione, are you two ready?" asked Arthur. They both nodded and said their final goodbyes to the Weasley's. Arthur activated the portkey, which was a rubber duck.

"Ok on Three...One...Two...Three" the three held on to the duck and felt the familiar tug, before they knew it they landed on the ground (more gracefully this time)

"Let's go children, not to far now" Arthur said walking out of the alley. Harry lazily slung his arm around Hermione and she looked at him smiling. They reached a house and saw that Arthur was in front of it standing.

"C'mon the faster the better," Arthur said pulling Hermione and Harry. He rung the bell and heard someone unlock the door. It was Sirius. Harry instantly let go of Hermione and hugged his god-father (in a manly way of corse) Hermione stood there admiring both of them.

"Isn't that sweet, he isn't like that when I'm around. Why? Don't you like me? I t-thought you l-loved me!" Hermione said who just had a mood swing, she started to sob on Arthur's shoulder. Sirius was giving her a look that said everything, how do you stay with her? Harry chuckled and went to Hermione.



"No, Hermione it's nothing like that. I just thought...it'd be bad for the babies, I don't want to hurt them, that's all. If you weren't pregnant I would jump to you every time you entered the room," Harry said sincerely.

"Harry, you are so sweet. Lets go in, I don't like it out here," Hermione said. Arthur bid his farewell and left. The three of them walked in and saw a very nice, clean house. Hermione went over to the couch and laid herself on it. Harry sat on an armchair near Hermione and looked at the house in awe.

"This house is...clean, I never thought of you as a clean person," Harry said grinning.

"Well, I thought that you lot might want something more than spider webs and mountains upon mountains of dust. Oh where are your trunks?" Sirius asked. Harry took out his and Hermione's trunks from his pockets and handed them to Sirius where he enlarged them. "I'll just put this up in your room. I'll be right back," he said dashing up to their rooms.

"Harry?"

"Yes, Hermione?"

"I'm tired, where's my room?" Hermione asked getting up.

"I don't really know, lets go find Sirius." Harry said, also getting up. Together they waited for Sirius to get downstairs and show them to their rooms.

"Oh sorry kids, your room is right here. Thought you might wanna share a room since you're well..you know, and Harry might want to keep you, er, company" Sirius said grinning. He showed them to their room. Inside was a pale blue room with a baby crib near a window and a changing table on the other side. There was a rocking chair on the bottom left corner right where there was a bookshelf with little games and toys for babies. There was also a dresser, with little wolves running along the sides. It would be perfect for Harry and Hermione's son. But what about their daughter?

“Er, sorry wrong room here.” Sirius said embarrassed.

“Don’t worry about it. Now, that’s going to be our son’s room, what about our daughter?” Harry asked gesturing to the room.

“What do you mean daughter? I thought you were just having one, don’t you think you’re too young to be having one more after your son?” Sirius asked clearly confused.

Hermione laughed while patting her stomach delicately. “No Sirius we are not going to have another one for a while after these two are born,” Hermione said, after she saw the expression on Sirius’ face she added, “oh didn’t you know? We’re having twins, a boy and a girl.”

“Well if you would’ve told me that earlier I would’ve cleaned up a room for her,” Sirius said leading to their right room. It was a rather large room with a huge bed off to the far upper left corner. There were two desks for studying, and book shelves filled with a variety of subjects, The walls were painted red and black, there were two dressers, each next to each other. There was also a bathroom with a shower, bath, and hot tub, and two sinks, one for Hermione and one for Harry. Harry loved this room instantly and gave his god-father another short hug before jumping on the bed.

“Thank you Sirius!” Harry said laying on his new bed. “ I love it, I cant believe I get to live here!” Hermione came up and gave Sirius a hug too.

“Well, I’ll be downstairs need anything, call Kretcher, the house elf.” he said leaving the room.

“This room is rather nice, a bit dark and simple, but nice.” Hermione said while lying down beside Harry. They stayed in that position for a long time, they didn’t need to say words because it was nice and calm, not like at the Burrow where there was always something to do.

“What should we name our children?” Harry asked after a long time.

“ I don’t really know, I mean I know I want to name them James and Lily, but their middle names I’m not so sure of.” Hermione said, she noticed that Harry’s eyes were glistening and he kissed her cheek.

“Thank you, you didn’t even know them and you want to name our children after them, that’s very sweet of you.” he said.

She smiled and kissed him gently on the lips. They stayed that way for a little while longer until they needed air and reluctantly pulled away. They both signed of content, finally Harry broke the silence.

“Do you think that you should owl your parents? I mean that you’re living here now?” Harry asked, Hermione knew that she would have to sooner or later, so she just nodded and got up. She went over to the desk, took out some parchment and a quill and started writing to her parents. After she was done reading and re-reading it she handed it to Harry to make sure that it was okay.

Harry read it and read out loud:

*Mum and Dad,*

*I am at Harry’s , er, home. I’ll be staying there until Harry and I are old enough to purchase our own home. I really wish that you would accept this, Harry’s aunt, who hated him until this summer, now loves us like her long lost children. She even asked for the babies pictures when they were born!*

*I will be coming home with Harry to tell you something’s that I have to tell you in person, and I’ll be getting all of my things. I’ll be coming tomorrow, around the morning. Be home.*

*See you then,*

*Hermione*

“Ok, a bit short, but I bet you’ll tell them off tomorrow,” Harry said rolling the parchment up and tying it to Hedwig, she hooted gratefully, and as if already knowing where to go, she left.

Hermione got up from the desk and started to unpack her trunk, she took out all of her books and started filling them up on the already full shelves, she took out her clothes and started putting them in the dressers. Harry went to his trunk and also started unpacking, together they made some minor changes to the room and enjoyed having each other's company.

Dinner came around and Harry, Hermione, and Sirius were all in the living room eating turkey, mashed potatoes and gravy. Currently they were talking about the twins.

"So kiddos, what are you going to name them? Unless...they're going to go nameless," Sirius said, Harry chuckled while Hermione looked horrified.

"Nameless? That would never happen! I was thinking of James and Lily. You see Harry decided to name our daughter, and I'm going to name our son," Hermione said smiling at Harry.

"Yeah, I was thinking of Lily Harmony or something, has a nice ring to it doesn't it? Lillian Harmony Potter," Harry said thinking out loud. Sirius chuckled, Harry looked up at him.

"Let's see you do better than," he said.

"Lillian Harmony? Since when were you the one for girls names?" Sirius said clearly amused.

"What? I find nothing wrong with the name Lillian Harmony, do you 'Mione?" Harry said giving Hermione the puppy dog face.

"What? Lillian Harmony? Oh I love that name, I was thinking of James Harry, or James Conlan for our son actually," Hermione said, Sirius bursted out laughing and almost choked on his turkey.

"What? Y-y-you d-don't like it? I l-love the name!" Hermione said on the verge of tears, Harry brought her into a hug and started saying comforting words to her while giving Sirius a deathly glare.

"Uh, I'll just, um, leave, now, bye" Sirius said running into the kitchen.

“Mione, don’t listen to Sirius, I happen to love the name James Harry or James Conlan, it’d work perfectly.” Harry said rocking Hermione back and forth.

“I’m sorry, I overreacted, I’m just going to go upstairs and get some rest.” Hermione said getting up.

Once she was upstairs, Harry walked into the kitchen where Sirius jumped off of the counter and then sat back up.

“Why did you start laughing?” Harry said clearly frustrated.

“Sorry, didn’t know that she’d start the water works.” Sirius said truly.

“It’s ok, she’s going to be over emotional for the next couple of months,” Harry said.

“Couple of months? Sorry Harry, but I thought that women are pregnant for 9 months.” Sirius said confused.

“Oh yea, I didn’t tell you did I? Well Mione’s only gonna be pregnant till about October, some time during then she’s gonna give birth.” Harry said, looking at the expression on Sirius’ face he told him everything, from the night that she came over, up until they found out that it was probably Dumbledore’s doing. Sirius was outraged when Harry was done explaining everything.

“WHAT?! THAT – BASTARD!–“

“Shh! Hermione will jinx my arse to the next millennium if she catches someone yelling when she’s sleeping.” Harry said.

“Sorry,” Sirius said, “ok, so Dumbledore slipped some sort of potion in Hermione’s drink, and you two...you know and then she got pregnant. And now she’s gonna have twins in October? Wow,” he said.

“Yeah, so now we’ve got to keep an eye on him, I just want to know what he wants,” Harry said. “Well, I’m going to get ready for tomorrow. Oh hey, can you clean up tomorrow because we’re going to go to Hermione’s parents and get all of her things.” He said.

“Ok, I’ll look like I’m going to the Yule ball all over again,” Sirius said remembering the good old days.

“The what ball? Never mind I don’t wanna know, good night Sirius,” Harry said leaving the kitchen.

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The Next Morning...

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Harry was just getting out of the shower, wearing nothing but his towel. He walked out of the bathroom and saw that Hermione was still sleeping, he walked over to her and gently put his hand on her stomach and started rubbing it. He then kissed Hermione gently on the lips.

“Wake up Hermione, we have a big day today,” he said rubbing her stomach.

“Mmm...don’t stop...feels good,” Hermione said waking up. She stretched and sat up, she noticed that Harry’s hair was dripping wet and he was wearing nothing but a towel wrapped around his waist.

“Er...you might want to put on some clothes, “ Hermione said blushing. He looked down and saw that he was indeed wearing nothing but a towel. He blushed and grabbed a Brown button up shirt, with a dark jean and went back into the bathroom to change. When he came out he saw Hermione waiting for him with her clothes wrapped up in a towel.

“Meeting my parents making you anxious?” Hermione said chuckling, she kissed Harry on his cheek and went into the bathroom.

Harry didn’t think he looked too dressed up, it was just a Brown shirt and jeans after all. He decided to see how Sirius was doing so he went out and went to Sirius’ room. When he went in, he was amazed at the room. There were shades of red through out the room. Sirius was not in his bed so Harry presumed he was in the bathroom. He had a king-sized bed off to the lower right part of the room. He had

random letters sprawled over his room. His dresser was empty and he had some clothes laying everywhere. *Holy bajeesus Sirius is messy*, Harry thought.

Sirius walked out wearing black jeans and a sapphire blue shirt. Harry noticed he had shaven and trimmed his hair a bit, it was no longer the shoulder length mop, it was now almost like Harry's but a bit more tame.

"I see you're trying to pull off my hair style," Harry said grinning.

"Sure, I really want hair springing up from every angle possible. I don't think so," Sirius said. He combed his hair a little bit, he even attempted to flatten Harry's hair a little but no use. "So, Hermione ready yet?" Sirius said getting out of the room.

"Er, I dunno. I gotta go check on her, I'll meet you in the kitchen when we're ready," Harry said going towards their room. Inside he saw that Hermione was, yet again, wearing one of Harry's shirts.

"Are you ever going to wear your own shirts?" Harry asked.

"Not until I buy some maternity clothes," Hermione said fixing her shirt. She was wearing a blue green shirt with khaki shorts, and blue flip-flops.

"Are you ready?" Harry asked walking up to Hermione, he rest his chin on her shoulder while she was fixing her hair.

"Almost, just need to fix my hair. You should try a comb once in a while," Hermione said turning around and running her fingers through his hair.

"I did, this is when it looks good. Let's go 'Mione," Harry said taking Hermione's hand and leading her downstairs.

They walked downstairs and saw Sirius putting breakfast on the table, there were eggs, sausage, toast, and orange juice. They all ate breakfast in silence, and after eating Harry brought down a few empty trunks. Sirius shrunk them and put them in the pocket of his jeans.

“Ready?” Sirius asked. They nodded, “Arright, let’s go” Harry, Hermione, and Sirius stepped into the fireplace and Hermione threw the ashes into the fire to Hermione’s house. They arrived at the Granger residence. The living room had comfy peach couches and a coffee table centered in the middle of the room. There was a flat screen TV on top of the fireplace and pictures of Hermione were on the walls.

“MUM? DAD?” Hermione yelled. Not more than a minute later were they greeted with a women with brown hair a bit lighter than Hermione’s and the same chocolate brown eyes that Hermione had. Next to her was a man also with Brown hair but he had blue eyes and was glaring daggers at Harry.

“Er, Mr. Mrs. Granger, I’m Harry, Harry Potter.” Harry said trying not to be nervous, but he was failing miserably at it.

“Hermione Jane Granger! Get here right now, you are not to go near that, that, *boy*.” Hermione’s mother, Stephanie said.

“NO! I will NOT go with you!” Hermione said and threw herself in Harry’s arms. Harry held her close while Sirius attempted to talk to her parents.

“Where’s Hermione’s room? I need to get her things for her.” Sirius said calmly.

“Who the hell are you?! I will not tell you where my daughter sleeps, she will leave that boy and stay with us. I don’t care if she refuses she WILL stay!” Hermione’s father, Jake said.

“I don’t think you heard me. Where. Is. Hermione’s. Room.” Sirius said through gritted teeth.

“Upstairs, second door to the left,” Hermione said still in Harry’s arms. Harry let her go and the three of them went upstairs, ignoring the glares from the Granger parents.

Sirius, Harry and Hermione went upstairs and went into Hermione’s room. It had lavender walls and various shades of lavender on her bed. She also had tons of pictures of her and Harry from the years.



She went to her dresser and Sirius took out one of the trunks and enlarged it. She took out all of her clothes and threw them into the trunk. She started filling various possessions into the trunks. After all the trunks were full Sirius shrunk them and put them back in his pocket.

"Let's go, there's nothing else here." Harry said leading them downstairs yet again.

When they went downstairs they saw what they least expected, the Granger's with the police. One police man had a gun aiming at Harry and another at Sirius.

"What the hell is this for?!" Harry yelled. That wasn't a good idea because one policeman shot his gun and barely missed his head.

"I suggest you hand over the girl young man, I don't want to hurt you," The policeman said. Harry looked at Sirius who was wearing a smirk that would make Malfoy envy him.

"Harry, when I say go you two run, I'll take care of these people." Sirius said barely moving his lips, and his voice barely audible. Harry gave the slightest nod and told Hermione. She too nodded and waited for Sirius to say when to run.

"Boy, did you hear me? I don't think you know who you are dealing with here, I am a policeman, that means I can arrest you if you don't listen to me." the cop said.

"GO!" Sirius screamed, and Hermione and Harry ran up the stairs at lighting speed. The two police man started to shoot but Sirius had his wand and stunned them. He went downstairs not looking happy at all. He took the guns and pocketed them, he also woke them up and revised their memories so they wouldn't know why they were here. They were so dizzy so they just left the house without any questions. Mr and Mrs Granger were staring at Sirius as if he just grew another head. Sirius glared at them until they flinched.

"HARRY! HERMIONE! ITS SAFE TO COME DOWN HERE!" Sirius yelled, they came down and sat on the couch. Finally Hermione broke the silence.

“WHY DID YOU CALL THE COPS?! DID YOU THINK HARRY WAS GOING TO KILL YOU OR SOMETHING?! HE’S GOING TO BE A FATHER! NOT A MURDERER! AND FOR YOUR INFORMATION I’M JUST AS RESPONSIBLE AS HE IS! SO DON’T TAKE THIS ALL OUT ON HIM!!” Hermione yelled. She fell back on Harry’s lap.

“Mione, love, this isn’t good for the babies. You know that,” Harry said comforting.

“Sorry, Sirius I’m exhausted, please tell them,” Hermione said, patting her stomach. Sirius then told them that they were expecting twins, a boy and a girl. Also that they were due in about two months. He also told them that they were staying at his place. Sirius did not give his name or where he was staying at because in the wizarding world he was still a convicted murderer. When he was all done they got up and headed for the fire. Mr Granger held on to Harry’s arm.

“What,” Harry said bitterly.

“You’re a bastard you know that? Hurt her, and you’ll die.” Jake said.

Harry was already mad, but what Mr Granger just said made him even angrier, “pff. You can’t lay a finger on me. I can kill your sorry arse right here and know one would know.” he said. He snapped his arm away from Mr Granger and stepped into the emerald flames where they flooed back to Grimmauld Place. Hermione already exhausted from yelling, fell into Harry’s arms.

“Cmon, I bet you two are tired from today, we can talk tomorrow.” Sirius said. Harry nodded and was about to leave when Sirius said something else.

“Oh yea, we’re going to go shopping tomorrow. You need some clothes that fit properly and I bet Hermione won’t be able to wear your clothes for ever.” Sirius said. Harry nodded again and went upstairs.

When they were back Harry lay Hermione on their bed, he tucked her in and kissed her forehead. “Goodnight love,” he said.

“Harry, did Sirius say that we were going shopping tomorrow?” Hermione asked slowly falling into sleep. Harry was taking off his clothes.

“Yeah, he said you can’t wear my clothes forever. I guess he noticed,” Harry said, he was in nothing but his blue boxers and slipped in bed with Hermione. He slumped his arm around her bump and cuddled next to her.

“Ok, I need new clothes anyways. Goodnight Harry,” she said falling asleep instantly.

“G’night,” he said smiling.

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The Burrow...

XxXxXxXxXxXxX

Ginny was sprawled on Ron’s bed with Fred and George. Fred and George were on the edge leaning against the wall legs crossed at the ankles while Ginny had her face in Ron’s pillow screaming. Ron was in the bathroom changing into his pajamas. When he came out he was surprised that his twin brothers and little sister were in his room.

“What are you guys doing here?” Ron asked.

“Little brother—“ Fred said.

“We’re only here because—“ George said

“Baby sis threatened to hex us—“

“If we didn’t,” George said looking at Ginny who now had her back against the wall.

“Stupid whore, SHE STOLE MY MAN! WE WERE IN LOVE! AND SHE TOOK HIM FROM ME!” Ginny yelled outraged.

“Ginny! Calm down!” Fred and George said.

"Fred, George. How about you two go. Let me talk to sis alone. " he said. Fred and George left the room in silence.

"Gin, listen. I hate this as much as you do. I love 'Minnie but that bitch Potter took her." Ron said clearly mad at the situation.

"Yeah, we gotta do something. I wish I could kill her kids, but than Harry would *Avada Kedavra* my arse like I was you-know-who himself." Ginny said.

"Yeah, same here. I don't know, maybe," Ron started, "maybe we should just accept this."

"No! He's MINE! I want him," Ginny said. Ron just looked at her with astonishment.

"I don't know, I'm going to leave it alone right now. When those two are mad, especially at the same time, and at me. You really wish that you were dead instead of facing the wrath's of the Potters and Grangers. Believe me, I know what It feels like," Ron said.

"Whatever, you wimp. Give up. See if I care. I'll get him. I will. I know what I will. " Ginny said bitterly.

"Whatever Gin, I'm tired. Go," Ron said. When she left he started talking to himself.

"Should I be mad at them."

"Do I really love her?"

"Am I just jealous?"

"Dammit Weasley get your feelings straight."

"Yeah, yeah, I need to do something."

He kept talking to himself until about 2am when he finally slept. He had dreams about him and Hermione playing at the Burrow with their two boys, Rupert and Jeff.

## Chapter 7 – Sirius Shopping

Harry was having a pleasant dream about Him, Hermione, their children, and Sirius, when he awoke with clothes being thrown on top of him. He took off the shirt from his face and got up to see Hermione trying on random shirts of his and taking them off and throwing them at random spots in the room.

"Mione, what the bloody hell do you think you're doing? I was trying to sleep," Harry said tiredly. Hermione turned around and gave him the 'I'm sorry' look and went back to her things.

"Sorry Harry, but remember we're going shopping today? And it's already 10am." Hermione said finally settling on a black shirt with faded blue jeans.

"It's ok, so it's really 10? Wow, I need to get an alarm," Harry said getting up. He got a green shirt with black jeans and went into the shower.

Hermione went downstairs to see if Sirius was there, and as if on cue he came out of the kitchen carrying breakfast.

"Good morning Hermione, Kretcher fixed breakfast so it shouldn't be too bad," Sirius smiled and set the plates down on the table.

"Looks delicious, so where are we going today?" Hermione asked while eating some of her eggs.

"Well, I thought that we'd go muggle today, since I can't be seen around in the wizarding world right now," Sirius said.

"Oh, ok. So are we going to take a taxi, or something?" Hermione asked. Sirius just simply shrugged his shoulders and went back to his breakfast. A few minutes later Harry came downstairs wearing clean clothes and his hair was still slightly wet.

"Smells good." Harry said as he started to eat. "So where are we going today?"

“Well, I thought we could go muggle,” Sirius explained, “I’m known through out the wizarding world, so I thought we could go to a muggle mall or something.”

“Sounds good,” said Harry and Hermione as they finished their breakfast. They both got up and cleaned their dishes while Sirius was putting his shoes on. Harry and Hermione put their shoes on and they went outside. They called a taxi and went to the nearest mall.

When they got there they saw a huge building, with about 2-3 floors, the driver said that it was called ‘Ross Mall’. When they arrived inside they saw stores for everything. They saw a Macy’s, a Sears, a Dick’s, and other little stores. Hermione made a beeline to a store called ‘babyGAP’.

“Thought she might go there,” Harry commented as he followed Hermione into the store. Hermione instantly fell in love with the place and was looking through clothes for their children, Harry noticed one baby suit in particular, it was a green pajama with stags over it.

“It’s like a mix of mum and dad,” Harry told Sirius.

“Wow, your right.” Sirius said, “it’s like your mum’s eyes and your dad’s animagus form.”

“What are you two looking at?” Hermione asked with a bundle of clothes in her hands, she saw Harry looking at the green bootie PJ’s.

“Let’s get that one,” she said attempting to point at the pajamas Harry was looking at.

“Perfect,” Sirius said for him.

“Hermione, lay off the clothes,” Harry said. “Our children won’t need these many clothes. Besides they are going to grow out of them.”

“Yes, but I like them. Sirius, aren’t these adorable?” she said handing Sirius pink booties.

“Er...” Sirius said attempting not to laugh.

“Harry! You like them don’t you?” Hermione asked. Harry looked at her and nodded.

In total they spent at least \$200 on baby clothes. Hermione insisted that they buy clothes until they were one. Hermione bought Lily’s clothes while Harry bought James. She bought her daughter a Velour polka-dot one piece, sweaters in atleast 5 different colors, 3 hats, a scarf, and 2 dresses. Harry bought James little hoodies and jeans, along with pajamas and little baby shirts. They also both bought socks and diapers.

Harry and Hermione went to the maternity section of the store and Sirius said that this was for the two of them and he’d meet them at the food court. Harry wanted to leave too but Hermione forced him to stay.

Currently she was trying on a shirt that was sapphire blue and the sleeves were till her elbows. She also wore white pants to match.

“How do I look Harry?” Hermione asked a very bored Harry.

“Great...” he said dully.

“Ugh, if your just going to sit around doing nothing can you atleast call someone to help me? I can’t find anything I’m so short!” Hermione said. She didn’t have anything to complain about, she was healthy and 5' 4", but the women looked to be taller ( and older ) and more pregnant.

“Ok!” Harry said and dashed away looking for someone. He saw a lady that was working there and walked up to her. “Um, excuse me miss?”

The women turned around and she had beautiful blond hair with hazel eyes. She looked to be about 18, “hello, wow you look young, anyways how may I help you??” she asked politely

“Heh, thanks I am really young,” harry said. “It’s my girlfriend. She’s complaining she’s too short for everything.”

“Really? How tall is she?” the women asked.

"About 5' 4", I think it's because she's still got to grow so she thinks she's really short," he said.

"She can't be that young. She must be atleast 16." she said stupidly. Harry just looked away and started rubbing the back of his neck.

"Harry James Potter! I've been looking for you *everywhere*. And where were you? Hitting on someone at least four years older than you!!" Hermione yelled.

"I was no flirting!" Harry said, trying to keep calm.

"So this is your girlfriend? When you said you were young, you meant it." The women said.

"I am 13. Thank you very much! I will not have you hitting on someone who is four years younger than you!" Hermione said through gritted teeth.

"How do you know how old I am? How do you know that I'm not just 14 but really tall?" the women asked. Harry was staring at these two women in pure astonishment. Both of them clearly wanted him, and Hermione already had him so why was she going to fight this women?

"Mione, stop. This isn't good for the babies. Let's just, go to a different store where the things are smaller." Harry said trying to stop the fight.

"No, I want to leave this mall. Lets go to the one near my home." Hermione said stalking away from the store.

"Sorry, she's not always this moody." Harry said before dashing out with Hermione.

They headed over to the food court where they found Sirius eating a hamburger from McDonald's.

"Can we go? I want to go to another mall, I don't like it here," Hermione said sitting down and taking a few of his french fries. Harry sat next to her and didn't look all that well.



"They were sort of fighting over me." Harry said looking at Sirius. Sirius was grinning trying not to laugh, but he nodded. Once he was done with his food the three of them left the mall. They called a taxi and went to the mall that Hermione wanted to go to. It was Hermione's favorite mall called 'The London Mall' her parents used to take her there to shop when she was younger.

"Ok, Harry you and Sirius stay behind this time and I'll get my things. You two shop for other things if you want. I'll see you here in about two hours." Hermione said, they nodded and went off to the stores that they wished to go to. Sirius and Harry went to a store called Journey's to buy Sirius and Harry some new shoes.

"Aren't these shoes a bit...odd?" Sirius asked.

Harry shrugged and looked at some of the shoes. 'I'm just looking around, plus I'm open to new things.'

"True," Sirius said. They spent a few minutes looking at shoes and bought nothing. As they went to another store Sirius decided that Harry needed new clothes so he took them to a store called Macy's.

"Ok pup. You're going to need new shoes," Sirius said motioning to Harry's beat up trainers. "I think we could go to a different store for shoes, but for now lets get us some clothes." Harry rolled his eyes but agreed.

About an hour and half went by and Sirius bought Harry 4 pairs of jeans, one faded blue, one normal blue, another dark blue, and one black. The only difference was that Harry didn't need a belt for these since they all actually fit. Harry also got a few new shirts. A few dress shirts, a few casual shirts, and one hoodie that Sirius thought he looked like a hooldlam in. They went to a store called foot locker and got Harry new Adidas and they went to another store to get his school shoes.

They sat at the food court waiting to see what Hermione was going to bring and too Harry's astonishment she came only having two bags.

"That's it? I thought you'd bring atleast four bags." Sirius said teasing Hermione.

Hermione smiled and shook her head. She sat by Harry and set her things by his, "no, this is enough for two months. I just bought a few button up shirts. A few shirts, and other things you don't need to know about. So are we ready to leave?"

"Yes, lets go." Sirius said getting the bags. Once they were out of the mall and in the taxi again Sirius spoke up, "you know I was thinking we could work on Lily's room today. What do you guys think?"

Harry and Hermione both shared a look and shrugged. "Sure, the sooner the better I guess, oh that reminds me. I've got to owl Dumbledore." Harry said.

"Why?" Hermione said darkly.

"Don't worry. It's just to see if we can have our own room, you know since there in two in you." Harry said. Hermione looked over at Sirius who was deep in thought.

"Uh, Sirius? Are you there?" Harry asked snapping his fingers in front of Sirius' face.

"Huh, oh yea. Sorry pup. Just lost in my thoughts." Sirius started. "What if. What if Dumbledore said that you couldn't have your own sleeping rooms? What if—"

"He can't do that!" Harry said almost yelling.

"Yes he can! Don't you see. You guys said that he WANTED this to happen. He has complete power over the school! Unless someone is there with you guys I don't think that he'll let you." Sirius stated.

"He's right Harry," Hermione said in a whisper.

"No, he can't do that! I won't let him!" Harry said.

"Just owl him today and see if you two can talk to him once school starts," Sirius said attempting to calm Harry down. They both nodded and sat in the taxi in silence. When they reached Grimmauld place they paid the driver and went inside. Hermione went to go put their

things up into their room while Sirius went to his bedroom to go change.

"Don't forget, today we're doing Lil's room," Sirius said. Harry went up to his room and found some comfortable sweat pants and t-shirt and went downstairs. Hermione came shortly after wearing a long sleeved t-shirt with sweat pants. Sirius was the last to come down. He was wearing worn out khaki pants and a white shirt with blue paint stains over it.

"Well, lets go." Sirius said. He led them up to the room across from Harry and Hermione's and saw that it was empty.

"What color do you want the room to be?" he asked the two teens. Harry shrugged while Hermione went to inspect the room.

"I think that my daughter would like," Hermione paused, "yellow and peach." Harry smiled and put his arm around Hermione.

"Yellow and Peach would look lovely," Harry said kissing her on her temple. Sirius conjured up some paint cans and the three of them started to work. Once they were done painting they started to add the necessities, as in a crib, changing table, dresser etc.

At around 9 pm they were all done with the room and now looking at it with pride. Two of the walls were pale yellow while the other two were peach, with teddy bears as bordering. There was the window right above the peach crib and the dresser was right by the crib. The changing table was off to the bottom corner with the rocking chair. There was a bookshelf with picture books, and toys. It was pretty simple but they loved it.

"Our children are going to love it here," Harry said. The other two didn't talk, just nodded. "So are we going to look at my daughters room all night or are we going to eat?"

"C'mon I'm starving." Hermione said as she went out of the room. Harry and Sirius followed her mumbling some thing like 'women'.

Dinner was quite, they ate Beef with mashed potatoes and gravy. Once they were done they bid goodnight.

"Don't forget to start packing, Hogwarts starts in only a few days." Sirius reminded them before they went up.

"I figured out what our son's name is going to be," Hermione said cheerfully.

"Really? What is it going to be?" Harry asked with interest.

"James Harry Potter," Hermione smiled, "I was thinking of Harry James Potter Jr. But then I decided against it. So I just switched your names around."

"Perfect," Harry said putting his hand on her now noticeable bump. "You know, a lot of people are going to be talking on the train. I just hope you're okay with it,"

"Don't worry Harry," Hermione said putting her hand on top of Harry's, "I can handle it, I'm a big girl," she smiled and gently kissed Harry.

"I wonder what other surprises Dumbledore has in mind." Harry said as he and Hermione were changing into their pajamas.

"I'm not sure, but we should be on the look out." Hermione said as she got into bed, Harry soon followed her and he put his hand on her bump.

"Yeah, yeah look out...good night 'Mione," Harry said. As soon as he said that he fell asleep. She didn't answer because she too fell asleep.

The next day Harry owed the Headmaster that he and Hermione needed to talk to him. The last of the few days of their summer were hectic, Harry and Hermione packing most of the time and Sirius helping them out in whatever they needed

### **...September 1st...**

Harry and Hermione were gathering their trunks and making sure that they didn't forget anything important, like their children's clothes. They were currently downstairs eating breakfast with Sirius.

"I'm gonna miss you pup," Sirius said actually sad. "I've had the best time with you two. I'll see you two at Hogsmead weekends, and any other time I can."

Hermione started having tears gliding down her cheeks and Harry's eyes were glistening with unshed tears.

"We're going to miss you too," Hermione said, "I wish we could see you more often. I promise we'll visit every Christmas break." she started to sob and Harry comforted her.

They brought their trunks downstairs and made sure again that they didn't forget anything. They hugged Sirius and said good bye. They called for a cab and were on their way to King's Cross. Once they were there they made their way to platform 9 3/4. On the other side they saw a mob of red heads, the Weasley's. Hermione and Harry tried to make their way to the Weasley's without drawing too much attention to themselves. Boy were they wrong.

The photographers and journalists from The Daily Prophet started running to them asking them questions.

"Mister Potter how is it like being famous and a father-to-be?"

"What would your parents say?"

"When is the baby due?"

The reporters kept on going until Hermione couldn't take it anymore, she clung on to Harry's arm silently asking him to tell them to leave. Harry took the sign and began to yell, "ENOUGH! WHY DO YOU KEEP HOUNDING ME WITH QUESTIONS!? MOVE OR I'LL HEX YOU ALL!" Harry yelled loud enough for most of the Hogwarts students to hear them. The reporters instantly moved not asking them questions but still taking pictures, Harry gave them a deathly glare and went towards the train. Once he made his way to the Weasley's, Molly instantly went to Harry and Hermione and embraced them in a hug.

"Oh it's so good to see you two again!" Molly said letting go of them.

"It's nice seeing you too Mrs Weasley," Hermione said politely, Harry nodded.

"Oh Hermione dear, you're starting to show!" Molly said with pure happiness. Hermione smiled and nodded while putting her hand gently on her stomach. They didn't notice the glares that were given from Ginny and Ron, so she walked up to them and gave them each a hug.

"Hey Ron!" Hermione said joyfully, "Hey Ginny!"

"Hey, excited about fourth year? How are you going to handle a baby and homework?" Ginny asked with a fake smile plastered across her face.

"Oh, I think I can pull it off, besides I've got Harry to help me. Well we better get our compartments before the train leaves with out us. Wouldn't want a repeat of second year now would we Ron?" Hermione said getting on to the train. Harry found them all a compartment and they all sat down.

"So," Harry started, "what did you guys do after we left?"

Ron and Ginny shrugged and kept silent. Harry glanced at Hermione who also just shrugged, Harry decided to give it another shot to talk to them.

"So, Hermione and I are having twins," Harry said. Again they shrugged and looked out of the window. Harry gave up and decided to take a little nap. Hermione gave up trying to make them talk so she just asked them straight.

"Why won't you talk? Usually you two won't stop talking, and now you won't talk at all." Hermione said.

Ron smiled and said, "Minnie, I just didn't know what to talk to you two about. I mean your pregnant." he said pointing to her stomach.

"Yea your pregnant, that takes all the fun out of 'girl talk', I mean all you would do is talk about Harry," Ginny said, "not that I mind." she mumbled. "It's just that we don't really know how to talk to you now."

"Whatever, look I'll be right back." Hermione said getting up from her seat. She left and went to the loo where she ran into Draco.

"Ah, showing now are you Granger?" Malfoy said smirking.

"Yeah, so. What do you want." Hermione said trying to get away from Malfoy.

"Nothing, but I heard something from someone, and it involves you and Potter," he said still smirking. "Just thought I'd let you know."

"Whatever, look I'm not having too good a day, can you go?" Hermione asked. She really had to go to the bathroom and Draco was not helping.

"Thought you might want to know. Whatever, your loss." he made an attempt to leave but Hermione held his arm.

"What do I want to know?" she asked him eying him suspiciously.

He smirked and told her to meet him later tonight with Harry. She agreed only because she thought that this could have something to do with Dumbledore. Once she returned into the compartment she noticed Harry, Ron were already in their robes, and Ginny was nowhere to be seen. She saw the worried expression on Harry's face and smiled at him.

"It was nothing, just talked." she said to Harry, she went up to him and whispered in his ear. "Don't yell, but I think Malfoy might have some information on Dumbledore. He said meet him later tonight," she backed away and saw he was trying not to be mad, but he still nodded.

"Where did Ginny go?" Hermione said conversationally.

"I think she went to the other third years, I dunno 'Min," Ron said smiling.

"Don't call me 'Min," Hermione said. Ron glared at her briefly and went back to getting his things.

"We're going to be there soon, might want to change." Harry said to Hermione. She nodded and took her trunk down, she got her clothes and left. Once she left Ron spoke up.

"What's your problem?" Ron asked. Harry looked at him confused but recovered quickly.

"What are you talking about? I'm fine, its you and Ginny that have some sort of problem." Harry said.

"You knew I liked her. Why did you do it? I thought you were my mate." Ron said. Harry knew better than to answer because if he did Ron would start throwing a tantrum, and that was the last thing he needed right now. Hermione came back with her school robes and sat by Harry. Once the train stopped Harry took down his and Hermione's trunks. They went out and saw the familiar castle.

"First years come 'ere," said someone Harry recognized easily. It was the massive form of Hagrid. The trio went up to them and said their hellos before going on to the boats that lead to Hogwarts. It was dark, with misty fog everywhere. There were stars everywhere and gave the atmosphere a glow that made it more magical.

They made it in the building where Peeves hit Ron with a water balloon.

"PEEVES!" Ron yelled, Peeves just laughed and went away for other victims to soak. "Argh, one of these days I'll get him!" Harry rolled his eyes and Hermione chuckled. They found the Gryffindor table and sat by each other while Dumbledore smiled at all of the students. The sorting began and once that was all done the Headmaster stood up once again.

"Now, I'm positive that all of you are hungry," he paused to look at Ron. He continued, "let the feast, begin." once he was done saying that trays of food appeared in front of everyone. At once they began to pile food on their plates. Dinner was pleasant with Harry and Hermione occasionally talking and Ron talking in hushed voices to Ginny. When they were all done Dumbledore stood up.



“As ever, I would like to remind you all that the forest on the grounds is out-of-bounds to students, as is the village of Hogsmead to all below third year.

“It is also my painful duty to remind you that the inner-house Quidditch Cup will not take place this year.”

“What?” Harry gasped. He looked around at Fred and George, his fellow members of the Quidditch team. They were mouthing soundlessly at Dumbledore, apparently to appalled to speak. Dumbledore went on, “This is due to an even that will be starting in October, and continuing throughout the school year, taking up much of the teachers’ time and energy— but I am sure you will all enjoy immensely. I have the great pleasure in announcing what this year at Hogwarts —“

But then thunder was heard as someone came through the Great Hall. A man with a long black cloak and leaning on a staff came in. He had messy black-grey hair, scars all over his old face and began to walk up to the teachers’ table. All of the students were too stunned to talk. However Dumbledore went on talking.

“Ah yes, this is our new Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher, Professor Moody,” Dumbledore said. Dumbledore went on with his speech.

“As I was saying,” Dumbledore said smiling. “We will be hosting an event that hasn’t been held for over a century, the Triwizard Tournament, here at Hogwarts.” He went on with the history of the Triwizard Tournament and why they discontinued it. All of the students were listening to every word that Dumbledore had to say. He told them about the schools that were also going to compete, about the age limits ( Fred and George made a big scene about that ) and also about the winnings ( 1,000 galleons )

“They will be arriving in October, and staying with us for the year. Now I think I’ve said enough. Off to bed, classes tomorrow. Good night,” Dumbledore added. All of the children started to leave, Harry and Hermione stayed back and told Ron that they’d be there soon. They walked up to the teachers’ table and went up to Dumbledore.

“Uh, Professor sir?” Harry asked nervously. Dumbledore instantly knew what they wanted and so he smiled and his eyes were twinkling.

“Yes, Harry? Oh, hello Hermione?” Dumbledore said sweetly. Harry shuddered.

“Uh, we need to talk to you and Professor McGonagall?” Hermione said. McGonagall looked at Hermione and noticed that she had a bump and had a sort of, glow to her. She knew what they wanted too.

“You’re pregnant, aren’t you? And you wish to have a room to yourselves and for the baby, is that it?” She asked Hermione. Hermione looked at her shocked, as did Harry. Dumbledore just chuckled to himself.

“Y-y-yes, “ Hermione whispered. Harry was looking anywhere but the professors. Dumbledore suddenly turned serious and spoke in a calm voice.

“I’m sorry, but you can not have a room to yourselves.” Dumbledore said. McGonagall looked at Dumbledore like he was mad. Harry and Hermione had similar faces.

“B-but I thought that you would. Please? We need to. Professor McGonagall, please?” Harry managed to say. Hermione now was almost on the verge of tears.

“Albus, let them have a room. They need one, where will their child go?” Minerva said.

“I’m sorry, but I won’t allow it. Good night you two, if you need anything else I’ll be in my office.” Dumbledore said leaving. Harry was starting to get mad and Hermione was on the verge of tears, McGonagall thought of a solution to help them.

“I’m sorry children, I don’t know what happened. But you two could still have a room for you and your child.” the professor said. Harry visibly relaxed and Hermione looked lot calmer.

“Actually professor, we’re having twins,” Harry said.

“Oh, well then. You will have your room within a few weeks. I’m sorry, it would be sooner but I need to keep it a secret.” she said.

“A few weeks?! The babies will be born in a few weeks!” Harry shouted.

“Harry, Harry calm down. We can wait a few weeks. The babies wont be born until October.” Hermione said trying to calm Harry down.

“A few weeks Ms Granger? But you are barely showing. There must be a mistake.” Minerva said. They both shook their heads and proceeded to tell them that there was a potion in Hermione’s system and it some how speeded up her pregnancy and that she’d be giving birth near the end of October. McGonagall was surprised but still agreed to do the room for them. She suggested for them to see Poppy once a week until the babies were born and that she’d talk to the professors so they’d know what was going on.

Once Harry and Hermione left, Hermione remembered that they had to see Draco.

“We have to see Malfoy remember!” she said dragging him outside.

“Yeah, but we don’t know where we’re going to meet him at,” Harry said walking around looking for any signs of human activity. They saw someone in the shadows and found that it was Draco waiting for them, they cautiously walked up to him until they got there.

“Didn’t think you two would show up,” he said. Harry and Hermione simply shrugged.

“What do you want?” Hermione asked.

“I thought you two just might want some valuable information.” Draco said seriously, “I’ve been an arse, but no one messes with you but me.”

“Sounds like you’ve got a soft spot for us, Malfoy.” Harry said grinning.

“Potter, from the years I’ve known you. You’re right, no one, and I mean no one messes with you guys but me.” Draco said calmly. Hermione smiled at him.

“So do we have to call you Draco now or something?” Harry asked. Draco shrugged.

“I’m just telling you something, your choice if you want to or not...Harry,” Draco said ‘Harry’ barely above a whisper.

“So what did you want to tell us?” Hermione asked.

## Chapter 8 – Triwizard Tournament

### Last Chapter...

**“I’m just telling you something, your choice if you want to or not...Harry,” Draco said ‘Harry’ barely above a whisper.**

**“So what did you want to tell us?” Hermione asked.**

XxXXxx

“I was here a few days earlier, with Snape.” Draco started, “And I heard him talking to Dumbledore, and I think he might play a role in you being pregnant,” He looked at them to see if they were paying attention.

“Go on, we’re paying attention.” Harry said.

“Yes, well,” Draco said. “He was talking about a potion, I’m not sure which. But he was talking about you two. He’s got a plan, and it’s not for good either. He’s planning something. I’m not sure what, but he is. And I think it might even be deadly,” Once those words came out of his mouth Hermione gasped.

“Deadly?” Hermione said barely above a whisper, “Why, why would he do that?” Harry took her in his arms and rubbed her back.

“Mal-Draco, do you think you could give us some more information?” Harry asked hopefully.

He nodded and added, “don’t think this means were best friends, like you and Weasley.”

“No, but how about starting off slow?” Hermione suddenly asked. Draco eyed them both carefully for a minute before nodding.

“But, not a word to anyone. At least not right now.” Draco said.

“Silent agreement?” Harry asked, Draco looked at him for another moment, but nodded.

"It's late, not even a day into school and we're going to get in trouble. Better get going," Harry said. The three headed off back to the castle, and to their respected dorms.

Harry woke up with three blurry heads looking down at him. He had no idea why they were looking at him, but he knew whatever they had to say was not good. He got his glasses by his bedside table and put them on. That's when he saw in focus, Neville, Seamus, and Dean, all staring at him.

"What do you want?" Harry asked frustrated. They were staring at him for Merlin know's how long, and still weren't talking. Harry look his wand and pointed it at them, "I'm giving you one chance, why are you staring?"

"Where were you last night?" Dean finally said, Neville and Seamus were looking at him intently. Ron was no where in sight.

"Somewhere," Harry said, "Where's Ron?"

"Breakfast," The three of them said at once. Harry reluctantly got up from bed and got clean, he went downstairs where he found Hermione sitting on the couch, patiently waiting for him.

"Hey love," Harry said as he gently kissed her.

"Hey, Harry." Hermione said, she winced in pain and put her hand on her stomach. "I think the twins are saying hello too." Hermione winced in pain again.

"They're kicking already?" Harry asked amazed. "In that case, hello kiddies. I'm your daddy." Harry said joyfully.

"Harry, people are staring." Hermione whispered. Harry backed away from Hermione. They both went into the Great Hall to eat breakfast. They saw Draco pass by and the three of them nodded at each other. They went to the Gryffindor table and saw that Ron was already almost done with his food and getting ready to leave.

"What's wrong with him?" Hermione asked Harry as they started filling up their plates.

"I dunno," Harry started, "he wasn't there this morning when I woke up."

Once they were done they headed off to their first class of the day, Defense Against the Dark Arts. Harry and Hermione sat next to each other and waited for their teacher to arrive.

"Ah, fourth year. McGonagal talked to me about something." Professor Moody said. Everyone ignored him, he kept going. "Anyone, tell me about the unforgivable curses?"

Hermione's hand shot up, as usual.

"Yes, Miss Granger." Moody growled. Hermione explained why they were called the unforgivable's and what would happen if one were to use them.

"Yes, yes very good. 10 points to Gryffindor." Moody said. "Someone tell me what one of the Unforgivable's are."

Neville's hand hesitantly went up, "Yes, Mister Longbottom" Moody said, his magical eye swirling around looking at the class.

"One is," Neville started, "the Cruciatus curse"

"Ah yes, you would know about that wouldn't you," Moody grumbled. He took a swing of from his flask and went to a jar holding a spider.

"See class, the Cruciatus curse," he demonstrated on the class. He whipped out his wand and cast '*Crucio*' the spider instantly started squirming and looked to be in a lot of pain. After another few seconds he let it go. "Do you know any other?" Ron's hand went up, "Mister Weasley."

"It's something like, Imperius curse." Ron said, as he slumped back into his seat by Neville. Moody smiled a sinister smile and went back up to the spider. He took out his wand and cast the spell, in an instant with his wand, the spider went was bouncing around the students. Everyone thought it was funny but Moody.

"You think it's funny, don't you?" Moody growled, "how'd you like it if I did it to you?" Instantly everyone stopped laughing, "Total Control, that's what it is. Anyways, someone tell me the third Unforgivable."

Hermione's hand went up, "Yes Miss Granger," Moody was watching her with his normal eye, and his magical eye was scanning her stomach. "Interesting," he mumbled.

"The *Avada Kedavra* Professor sir," Hermione said.

"Ah, yes, the *Avada Kedavra*, the Killing curse." Moody continued, "Only one person is known to have survived it, and he is sitting right here in this classroom." Moody said looking at Harry.

Moody went up to his desk where the spider was laying, "Everyone, look." he growled. He pointed his wand at the spider and cast the words, "*Avada Kedavra*," a green light came from his wand, and the spider lay motionless. Dead. That was when Harry realized, that was the curse Lord Voldemort used on his parent's that night.

"Class is over, remember kids. CONSTANT VIGILANCE!" Moody roared.

"That was interesting," Hermione said. She took Harry's hand and walked down to their other class. She noticed that people were eyeing her and started to point and whisper. "Harry,"

"Hmm," Harry said not paying attention to anyone. Then he noticed that everyone was staring and pointing. "Oh, they were about to find out sooner or later 'Mione." Harry gave her hand a reassuring squeeze.

Classes passed by quickly, Ron sleeping during classes, Hermione having mood swings, and Harry having to calm her down. They were about to go to dinner when McGonagall called them into their office.

"Potter, Granger. I need to know a few details, are you having a male or female?" McGonagall started, "Or two of one?"

"We are having a boy and a girl," Hermione said. The older witch nodded and proceeded to write down a few things down. She



continued to ask them questions such as what color would they like the rooms to be, etc.

“Ok, you two may leave,” Minerva said.

Harry and Hermione left their office and went to the Great Hall. When they went through, they saw everyone looking at Hermione with the utmost interest. Harry took her hand and they went to the Gryffindor table. When they sat down girls started whispering furiously, and no sooner did Parvati Patil come up to Hermione.

“So its true!” Parvati squealed. “You *are* pregnant! Wait until the girls get a load of this!” She said before leaving Hermione.

“Oh. My. God.” Lavender said, who was sitting across from Hermione and Harry. “Aren’t you a little, young?” She asked while staring at Harry with a dreamy look on her face.

“No, I don’t,” Hermione said sternly, “I’m perfectly responsible for children. Now If you don’t mind. Harry and I are trying to eat dinner.” Lavender glared at her and started to whisper to Parvati.

Dumbledore stood up from where he was sitting to get everyone’s attention. “Tomorrow, Beauxbatons and Drumstrang schools will be arriving at Hogwarts,” he said. “That is all, you may go back to your dinner.”

“Where do you think they’re going to stay?” Harry asked Hermione as they made their way to the Gryffindor common rooms.

“I’m not very sure actually,” She started. “They might stay with the other houses. I don’t know.” She saw that some of the students were whispering about them, but they ignored that. A first year girl with blond hair and brown eyes came up to them.

“Are you going to be a mommy?” The little girl asked. “And are you going to be a daddy?”

Harry smiled at her before nodding his head. “Yes, we are. Who told you?” Harry asked.

"Everyone is talking about it," the girl said before taking off.

"Well, looks like everyone know's now Harry." Hermione sighed, "I'm going to bed now, I'll see you tomorrow," she said. She kissed him on the cheek and went to the fourth year dorm. Harry did the same. When he got up there he saw everyone grinning at him.

"Why are you grinning?" Harry asked.

"Well, you got her *knocked up*," Dean said. Harry just rolled his eyes, put on his pajamas and went to sleep.

"People really need to stop gossiping," Harry mumbled before sleeping.

The next morning Harry woke up fully energized, he got up from bed at took the days clothes. He showered, brushed his teeth and went down to see Hermione waiting for him. They smiled at each other and headed off for breakfast.

"What do you think we're going to do in DADA today?" Harry asked while he helped himself to sausage, bacon and eggs. Hermione was eating double, sausage, eggs, bacon, toast, and lots of fruit.

"I don't really know," Hermione said as she started on her eggs. "Probably more of the Unforgivable curses." Harry nodded and they ate their breakfast despite the constant talking amongst their friends.

Harry and Hermione met Draco in a corner by the bathroom, before DADA started. "Did you find anything else out?" Hermione asked hopefully.

"No," Draco said glumly. "The only thing I found out what that you two are expecting twins, a boy and girl. Also that McGonagall is making rooms for you guys."

"Yeah, she is." Hermione said. "Oh, we've best be getting to class, it starts in about 5min." they nodded and left to their class.

“Today, I’ll be casting the *Imperious* on you — you lot remember what it is?” Moody said. The class told them what it was, he seemed pretty impressed. “Ok, now Thomas, get up here.” He roared.

Dean went up to the middle of the classroom, “*Imperio*,” Moody said. Dean started to prance around singing lullabies to all of the Slytherins. Next was Lavender, she started to crawl and act like an infant. Then was Parvati, she started doing advanced Bharatanatyam dances.

“Potter,” Moody growled. “You next.”

Harry was excited, so he went up to the middle of the room with a sort of, strut. Moody cast the spell upon him, Harry felt a distant sound telling him in the back of his mind to jump.

*Jump on the desk . . .*

But then another distant voice asked, why?

*Jump. On. The. Desk.*

But I don’t want to, the other voice said.

Harry was fighting his body, to jump or not to jump.

***JUMP ON THE DESK!***

Harry fought with all his might, until he both jumped and stayed. Thus, crashing headfirst into the desk.

“Now *that’s* more like it!” Moody praised, “he *fought* – and almost beat it!”

“Yeah, thanks.” Harry said attempting to get up. “I think I’ll just sit over here.”

“Oh no you don’t Potter,” Moody growled. “You almost beat it. You’re going to do it until you *do* beat it. Won’t be long.”

“Argh, my legs hurt.” Harry said to Ron and Hermione. He had to do two more times until he finally beat it, Ron was having a lot of difficulty beating it. Hermione wasn’t allowed to try it.

"Yeah, well. At least you beat it. I had to skip around the room singing '*I feel pretty*' in front of everyone!" Ron said.

"Well," Hermione snapped. "Perhaps you should've fought it!"

"I did Hermione!" Ron yelled. "Sorry if I'm not the-boy-who-lived here!"

"Hey, hey. Leave me out of this." Harry said.

"Harry's nothing to do with this!" Hermione yelled.

"Yeah he does!" Ron spat back. "Always comparing me to him! Always need perfection don't you?!"

"What? I'm not perfect." Harry snapped. They were fighting on the bottom of the steps and it was a miracle that no one asked for the Professors.

"YES YOU ARE!" Ron Yelled. "YOU'RE HARRY BLOODY POTTER! THE-BOY-WHO-LIVED. YOU'RE RICH, YOU'RE POWERFUL, YOU'VE GOT HERMIONE, HELL EVEN THE GIRLS LOVE THOSE GEEKY GLASSES AND YOUR EYES!" He yelled. "AND WHAT AM I? THE BLOODY SIDEKICK! NUMBER TWO! THE BACKUP! WELL YOU KNOW WHAT!? I'M SICK OF IT!" He punched Harry in the jaw and fell to the floor. He got back up seconds later and attacked Ron with punches to his jaw, and stomach.

"YOU BLOODY IDIOT!" Harry said in between punches. "I'M NOT BLOODY PERFECT! I DON'T WANT THE MONEY, I CAN'T HELP IT IF I'M POWERFUL, I CAN'T HELP IT IF GIRLS LIKE MY EYES OR GLASSES!"

"ENOUGH!" Professor Snape yelled. He cast a body binding spell on Ron and Harry. "What is the meaning of this rubbish! Detention for a week and twenty points off of Gryffindor!" He let go of the body bind and they got up.

"Sorry sir," they both said in unison. Ron was bleeding from his lip and nose, while Harry just got away with a torn robe, and broken glasses.

"Go to Poppy, Weasley," Snape said bitterly. He nodded and headed to the Hospital wing.

"Oh Harry!" Hermione cried once everyone cleared up and they were heading outside. "He was awful! I would never compare you two! You know that don't you?" Hermione said on the verge of tears.

"Yes 'Mione, I know that you'd never do that." Harry said grabbing her hand. She instantly became happy again.

"Here, let me fix your glasses and robe," Hermione said. She said the spells and his glasses and robe were repaired. Together they went to the bridge where the other students were. They saw a huge carriage, the size of a house, zooming towards Hogwarts being pulled by winged horses.

"Look!" Neville exclaimed. "that woman is huge!" he was pointing to a large woman that was very tall. She had short black hair, and black eyes. There were beautiful women emerging from the huge carriage after her, they wore silky blue dresses and a blue hat that was tilted. Not more than 5 minutes later did someone else shout out.

"Look!" Someone yelled out, "look at the lake!"

A ship was emerging from the lake, it looked as if it were in a wreck, the ship was black with torn sails. It looked more like a haunted pirate ship than a school ship. The lights were dim on the ship, as the ship began to glide onto the edge of the lake. There were students emerging wearing, black fur coats and a slight scowl imprinted upon their faces.

Harry noticed the bushy eyebrows and the crooked nose on one of the students; Victor Krum. *Imagine the look on Ron's face when he finds out that Krum is here.* Harry thought to himself.

"Isn't that Victor Krum?" Hermione asked Harry.

"Yup," Harry said simply, as they disappeared into the crowd of students. They made their way into the Great Hall where all the students were talking about the students, and the hot topic right now. Victor Krum.

"Silence students," Dumbledore said over the chatting students. "We've two schools, Beauxbatons and Drumstrang. I'd like to welcome the headmaster of Beauxbatons school; Madam Maxime."

The same large woman stood up, she was at least 7 feet tall and had short black hair. She had black eyes and a toothy smile. "Thank you for ze wonderful welcoming. I really appreciate it." She said as she sat back down.

"Now, students. I'd like you to meet The headmaster of Drumstrang, Karkaroff," Dumbledore said, a man with a fur hat, a goatee and had a slight scowl on his face, stood up. He didn't say anything, just sat back down after a few moments. "The tournament will officially be opened after the feast, we shall see who the three champions are on Halloween night," Dumbledore said.

Harry and Hermione went to the room where the Goblet of Fire was, it was a sparkling blue - metallic color, with the word W I Z A R D printed on it. It had blue flames burning on it, everyone that was at least 17 were putting their names in it, then walked in Cedric Diggory.

"Go Diggory!" Girls shouted. The boys were giving them their "manly" praises. Then Victor Krum came in, the room suddenly went silent.

He put in his name and glanced at Hermione who was reading a book. He smirked at Harry and left. Then the room went loud and everyone started shouting again as the twins, Fred and George came in.

"Yes, yes. We've done it—" Fred shouted over the students.

"We've outsmarted Dumbledore—" George said.

"Ready Fred?" said George

"Ready George." Fred said.

"Bottoms up!" they said as they crossed their arms and drank the potion. The students cheered as they jumped over the age line, they put their names in. The students went wild, and a few moments later,

the twins were thrown out of the age circle and started to rapidly grow white bearded with matching white hair.

“You said!–“

“You said!–“

They started to throw punches at each other while everyone was roaring with laughter. Dumbledore came in within 5 minutes and broke up the little fight.

“Mr. Weasley, Mr. Weasley,” Dumbledore said. “I suggest you go to the hospital wing, unless of course that is, if you fancy white beards with white hair.” Dumbledore said smiling. Fred and George broke apart and went to the hospital wing. “Ok children, anyone who is under 17, please leave,” he instructed. Everyone mumbled something about it not being fair, but they eventually left.

“Where do you think Ron is?” Hermione asked as they left.

“I don’t really know,” Harry said. He grabbed her hand and they headed off to the common rooms, “you know your birthday is in a few days. Do you know what you want?” He asked as they sat on the couch.

“Nothing, you’re giving me children. That’s enough.” Hermione said as she snuggled closer to Harry. He started stroking her hair.

“Well, your going to be 14, that’s important. Isn’t it?” Harry said. Hermione smiled at him and kissed him.

“Not really,” Hermione said as she got up. “I’ve got a great boyfriend, I’m going to be a mother, what else could I ask for?”

“I don’t know,” Harry smiled as he too got up, “look, I’m going to sleep. I’ll see you tomorrow.”

“Ok, good night Harry,” Hermione said as she kissed him.

“Goodnight my love,” Harry said as he kissed her forehead, “and good night kids, don’t give mum too much trouble ok?” Harry smiled as he kissed her stomach.

They went up to their dorms with a pleasant sleep awaiting them.



## Chapter 9 – Hermione's Birthday

Today was a very special day for Hermione, it was her birthday. She was sleeping in Harry's pajama pants, and her maternity night shirt, she was on her side laying down rubbing her stomach.

*Hermione's dream...*

*"James, Lilly!" Hermione yelled, she was in her 7th year of Hogwarts and Head girl.*

*Little Lily and James came running in with birthday hats and a plate of chocolate cake.*

*"Mommy! We three!" Lily said. She ran back outside and started eating her cake.*

*"Yeah mommy! We three!" James exclaimed as Harry came in the room with a 'Happy Birthday' hat on.*

*"Yeah mommy! Their three!" Harry said in a child-ish voice. Hermione laughed and went chased after her children. She came back after a few minutes with Lily in her hands and James hot on her trail.*

*"I love our family," Harry said as he hugged Hermione and Lily, he picked up James.*

*"I do too," Hermione said as she relaxed in her family's arms.*

*"Mommy," James and Lily said, "we love you."*

*"We love you too, kids," Harry said.*

*"Forever," Hermione said.*

*"Forever," Harry, James, and Lily echoed.*

Hermione woke up smiling, *I'm going to have a wonderful family*, she thought happily. She got up and gathered her clothes, she heard

slight snoring from the other girls in her dorm room. They started giving her space and treated her like Hermione after a few days.

She took a nice long shower, just thinking about how her children are going to look. Will James look like Harry? What about Lily? She had an un-believable amount of questions unanswered. She got out of the shower 30min later ( she was big, and it took longer to dry herself off ) and went downstairs. What she saw brought tears to her eyes; there sat Harry with a simple velvet red box with a red bow and a white rose by a card.

“Happy Birthday,” Harry said as he hugged her. Hermione smiled and kissed him. Once they broke apart she went to the velvet box and opened it. There she saw a beautiful ring, it was a pretty big pink diamond, the rarest of the diamonds. On the side of the beautiful were two little sparkling emeralds, each giving its own beauty. Hermione gazed at Harry with such love, the diamond was so rare it must have cost him a lot.

“Thank you,” Hermione said getting teary eyed. Harry smiled and kissed her forehead.

“You didn’t open your card.” Harry said motioning to the unopened card.

She went over to the table where the card lay. She took it out and saw that it had beautiful roses on the cover that said ‘Happy Birthday’ on it. She opened it and inside it read:

*Dear Hermione,*

*Roses are red,*

*Violets are blue,*

*Nothing in this world,*

*Could compare to you,*

*Love,*

### *Harry, James, and Lily*

She closed the letter and gently put it back on the table. No words could explain her happiness, love, fulfillment, all from a simple birthday card. She didn't realize that half of Gryffindor was now staring at her, and she didn't care at all. She just wanted to spend time with the one she loved. Harry.

"Harry," Hermione said softly touching his cheek, "Thank you. You've no idea what this means to me. It's the best birthday I've ever had. Thank you for the rose, the wonderful ring, and the card. It was so beautiful."

"Hermione," Harry started, "I love you, don't forget that. You are going to have the best birthday you could ask for. You just see." Harry said as he held her hand. "I promise."

Hermione smiled and Harry put the ring on the ring finger of the right hand, she didn't want to put it on her left because technically it wasn't an engagement ring. She went upstairs and conjured a vase and put the rose in it. She put the card right by her bedside table where the vase and rose were. She went downstairs where she found Harry talking to Dean Thomas, she walked up to them and greeted Dean.

"Hello, Hermione," Dean greeted. "Happy Birthday, by the way. You're what, fourteen now?"

"Yes, I am fourteen now," Hermione said, "thank you by the way." She said as the three of them walked to breakfast. Dean went over to Seamus while Harry and Hermione sat near the end of the table. They saw that Draco was looking at them but then quickly looked away talking to his other Slytherin friends.

The morning owls came flying in, there was the familiar snowy owl, Hedwig. She dove right in front of Harry and stuck out her leg. Harry took the letter and pet her affectionately. He opened the roll of parchment and saw that it contained no more than two sentences.

*Meet me before Divination today. Don't be late.*

*-Draco*

Harry passed the parchment to Hermione who glanced at it, then looked to the Slytherin table where they saw Draco looking at the two of them. Harry nodded at Draco who nodded also.

Harry and Hermione finished their breakfast, and were leaving the Great Hall when they saw two red-heads heading towards them. Harry's hand went to his pocket where his wand was and was about to take it out when he heard Ginny talk.

"Oh, don't worry Harry," Ginny said in a sickeningly sweet voice, "we're not here to hurt you. No no, we're here to just talk."

"Yeah, talk." Ron said looking at Hermione, she shuddered. "Happy Birthday, 'Mione,"

"Don't call me that," Hermione said.

"Why not 'Mione?" Ron said in a calm voice. "Harry calls you that, you never seem to get mad at him."

"Ron, why are you here." Harry said, his temper getting the better of him. He didn't care if most of the school was staring at the four of them. He just wanted to get Hermione and leave.

"She's my friend too, I deserve to talk to her. You don't own her," Ron said.

"I don't know if I can be your friend anymore," Hermione said as she stood next to Harry, "after what you did to Harry, I don't know if I can be friends with someone like that."

Ron's eyes started to get wider in surprise. He didn't realize that what he had done to Harry would take a toll on her as well. This was going to be harder than he thought.

"B-but I thought that, that," Ron started lamely. He couldn't finish because he couldn't find the right words to say to her. Ginny took Ron aside and they left to the Gryffindor table as if nothing had just happened.

Harry started swearing in parseltounge. *"How dare he. He comes up to us and starts making a scene? Who does he think he is. And Ginny, how is she involved in this? She's fancied me for the longest time. Those—"* He didn't finish that because he had just realized that every eye ( including Moody's magical eye ) had been staring at him. He looked around and saw that some people were looking at him with amazement, some with confusion, and some with horror. He saw that Hermione was now sitting now, staring at him while at the same time drawing little circles on her stomach.

"Sorry," Harry said lamely. He walked out of the Great Hall and headed towards the lake to relax. He went over to the lake only to find that someone was already there. From the looks of it, it looked like a girl, no more than 18, was sitting on a rock by the rock. She had long flowing blond hair, she had defined cheek bones and startling hazel eyes. She seemed to be drawing something, but Harry did not know what. He decided to leave her be, so he went off to the opposite direction where he ran in to none other than Cho Chang.

"Oh, erm. Hello," Cho said nervously. She had black eyes and black hair that seemed to stop a few inches short from her waist. She had a nervous smile that made Harry wonder why she was there.

"Hi," He said eyeing her carefully.

"I'll just – er leave now. Bye Harry, nice talking to you." Cho said as she went off towards the lake.

He was walking around the grounds when he saw the all to familiar crooked nose and bushy eyebrows. Harry tried to avoid Krum but it was no use, he started walking up to him.

"Hi," Victor said holding out his hand. He was trying to smile but when he did, it just ended up looking forced. Harry had a hunch as to why he was talking to him. Hermione.

"Hello," Harry said awkwardly, he shook his hand, Krum's hand was rough, and he skook Harry's hand tightly, almost as if he wanted Harry to squirm a little.

"I'm Victor Krum," He said. "I want to know who that wonderful girl is, the one you were talking to in the morning," Krum said eyeing him.

"She's Hermione, she's my *girlfriend*," Harry said emphasizing the word 'girlfriend'. He didn't have a good feeling about this Victor Krum. He thought that he might do something to Hermione.

"Oh, well," Krum said slightly glaring at Harry, "whatever, bye Harry Potter," Krum said walking away and towards the girl on the rock.

Guy's kinda wacko, Harry chuckled to himself. He was brought back to reality when he saw the too familiar brown bushy-haired girl, now almost as big as two people, walk up to him.

"Hi Harry," Hermione said. Harry smiled and took her hand.

"Hey, how are the kids?" Harry asked as he placed his other hand on her stomach.

"They're moving a lot, I think we've got a couple of seekers here." Hermione said. Harry smiled and started to rub her stomach.

"Yup," Harry said smiling, "My kids are naturals," He said, he then felt something kick. He beamed at Hermione. "Hermione! Look, they know who I am! They kicked!" Hermione smiled.

"Of course they know," Hermione said. "You are their father after all. They should know." Hermione winced as they kicked again, and again, and again.

"I think they're throwing you a party," Hermione said. Harry laughed and they went back to the castle where they saw Draco under a tree, alone. Harry and Hermione looked at each other and agreed to walk over to him.

"Mind if we join?" Harry asked. Hermione didn't wait for an answer, she just sat down.

"Er, sure. Granger you need your rest. You're huge." Draco said looking at Hermione.

"Thanks for the news flash," Hermione said sarcastically. Draco was about to say something but Harry cut in.

"So, did you find out anything?" Harry asked.

"Yeah," Draco started. "He was in a 'meeting' yesterday with Snape. He said something about how you two are somehow stronger when together than being apart. I heard him say that he was going to do almost whatever it took to get you two apart. He made this potion, it was like a lust potion or something."

"Yeah, I remember I started to feel funny on the last day of school, like I wanted to snog Harry's brains out." Hermione said with a slight blush creeping into her cheeks.

"Anyways, than they started talking about some lady called Rita Skeeter and how she reported something about you two. I wasn't really paying attention to that part. Oh and something about the Headmistress of Beauxbatons and Hagrid, or something."

"Thanks a lot Draco, this means a lot." Harry said sincerely.

"Don't go all sappy on me now Potter," Draco said trying to be serious, but he couldn't help smirking. He looked over at Hermione and saw the ring on her finger. He looked at Harry, than at Hermione, than back at the ring. His eyes widened when he realized what type of diamond was on her finger.

"T-that's a pink diamond. That's very rare. Not to mention expensive as hell. How the hell did you afford that thing? It's huge!" Draco said. Harry just smiled and replied in a clam voice.

"Well, I'm basically set for life. See I'm rich, I just don't show it off. And the price, well ok it was a lot. But Hermione is worth it. It is her birthday after all, I think she deserved something special." Harry said as he pecked Hermione on the lips.

"B-but that thing is huge. My family can't even afford it, atleast not one that big. You must've emptied half of your vault for it." Draco said staring at the ring. Hermione payed no attention since she had laid

down and started humming a tuneless song while caressing her stomach.

"Actually, the weirdest thing happened." Harry started. He saw the look of confusion etched on Draco's face, so he started from the beginning. "Here's what happened." Harry said as he recalled the memory.

*"Are you sure that you've got to go today?" Harry asked, today was Hogsmead weekend and Hermione had a checkup with Poppy. Harry wasn't happy because he wanted to spend the day with her.*

*"Yes Harry," Hermione said for the umpteenth time. Harry accepted that she wasn't going with him. So he had a better plan. He'd get Hermione her present.*

*As Harry went in to a jewelry store called 'From the Heart' he saw more jewelry than he ever had in his life. There were so many choices, there were ruby rings, emerald rings, marriage rings, promise rings. But what fascinated him was a beautiful ring, it was a diamond, not any diamond but a pink one. It was huge, and by the looks of it he knew it was going to cost a fortune, but he didn't care. He just wanted to get Hermione the ring. By the pink diamond were two little emeralds by it. He thought it was perfect for Hermione, so he went up to a worker.*

*"Excuse me sir," Harry asked politely, "how much exactly is that ring, right over there?" Harry said motioning to the ring.*

*"Woah kid," the man said. "You don't know what that is don't you?"*

*"Er, its pink diamond, with emeralds?" Harry asked confused.*

*"Yeah, but do you know what it's the rarest diamond? Sorry kid, its way outta your league. And you should be shopping for men's rings. Or in your case little kiddies rings."*

*"Listen, I'm not a kid. This isn't for me, it's for my girlfriend. And don't worry about the price, I bet I can afford it." Harry said getting angrier.*



*"Blimey! Your Harry Potter," The man said looking at the legendary scar. Harry rolled his eyes and asked once again.*

*"How much is the bloody ring?" Harry asked.*

*"Here, let me write it down." Said the man, he wrote the number down and showed it to Harry, his eyes almost popped out at seeing the price.*

*"Wow, you weren't kidding," Harry said taking the parchment. "But no worries, I'm sure I can afford this, let me get it and I'll be right back." he said as he ran out of the store, he spotted a bank near by and asked if they were allowed to take money that was in Gringotts.*

*"Why yes, you're allowed to take money out of your vault from Gringotts, I'd just need a few details about you." Harry nodded and the man continued. "First, what is your name, vault number, and do you have your key?"*

*"Harry James Potter, vault 623, and yes I've my key." Harry said as he pulled out his key. The man nodded and started to write something's down.*

*"Yes . . . yes, I see you've quiet a lot of money on you." The man said, "how much would you like taken out?"*

*"This much," Harry said as he showed him the parchment. The man's eyes looked as if they were about to pop out.*

*"Y-yes Mister P-potter." The man said stuttering. "My we are the big spender aren't we?" he said laughing.*

*"Its not for me. Can you give me the money? Or do I have to go to the vault," Harry asked.*

*"I'll get someone, one moment Mister Potter," the man said.*

*Harry went up to his vault and opened it, it seemed as if it had expanded, it now had books, pictures, a few articles of clothing, a snitch, and a few trunks ( Harry suspected that they were full of things. )*

*"Ok, how am I supposed to take all of the money out, and carry it. I don't suppose you've a sack that I could put the money in." Harry asked the women.*

*"Oh certainly," the women said starting at the vault. "Here is a little sack, it can hold as many galleons as you need." she handed the little bag to him. It seemed no bigger than the palm of his hand.*

*"Oh, ok. Thanks," Harry said. He collected the amount for the ring. When he was done he saw that almost half of the vault was gone. 'Mione you better love this ring, Harry thought. Harry was about to close the vault when he saw to his amazement, the vault started to refill itself, until it was almost twice as full as it was before Harry emptied it.*

*"Uh," Harry said confused, "what was that about?"*

*"Hmm," the woman said thinking. "It seems as though you've so much money that you didn't have enough space to hold it all. So I'm guessing that after you took the money out, it refilled itself."*

*"I'm that rich eh?" Harry said talking to himself.*

*Back at the jewelry store he went to the worker, "here, I've the money."*

*"Hah, in that little thing? I don't think so kiddo. You might be the boy-who-lived but you're still going to pay the full price."*

*"Nice to know someone doesn't care who I am," Harry muttered to himself. "All of the money is in there, trust me. Don't empty it out here, you'll have a mountain of galleons here. I suggest you go in the backroom or something and do it."*

Harry looked over at Draco who was looking at him with amazement, and then over at Hermione who had fallen asleep.

*"Damn Potter," Draco said, "your filthy rich,"*

"Yeah, well. I don't want to brag about it." Harry said. Hermione began to stir and she finally got up. He glanced at her watch and nearly shouted.

"Class! We're 10minutes late for potions, we're going to get it." Hermione said as she tried to get up. Unfortunately for her, her stomach just wouldn't let her get up. "Damn this bigness," Hermione said frustrated.

"Here," Harry said as he offered his hand. She took it great-fully and the three of them went to Potions class. As they entered everyone stared at them. Harry and Hermione went to their seats and Draco went to his.

"Twenty points off of Gryffindor for tardiness," Snape said glaring at the pair of them. He apparently had not paid any attention that Draco had walked in with them. "Turn to page three hundred ninety-four."

"Here goes a long, long day," Harry said.

"Ok, here's the other part of your birthday," Harry said as he led Hermione off by the lake. Harry planned a picnic for just the two of them, so they were going to skip dinner in the Great Hall.

"Here we are," Harry said.

Hermione gasped, she saw a beautiful red picnic blanket spread across the floor, with a picnic basket filled with dinner. Hermione turned around looking at her. She smiled at him and kissed him with all of her love.

"It's beautiful," Hermione said as they sat down. Harry began to take the food out of the basket inside it was mashed potatoes, turkey slices, vegetables, and to Hermione's delight, pickles.

"Thank you," Hermione said kissing him, he smiled into the kiss and ran his tongue over her upper lip asking for permission. She great-fully let him in, her hands were tangled in his hair and one of his hands started traveling to her shirt, the other was lost in her hair. He slid his hand up her shirt and started to travel. Hermione smiled into

the kiss, her hand started to travel to his shirt too. After a long snogging session, the finally broke apart.

"Wow," was all Hermione could say, her shirt was messed up and her hair was bushier than ever. Harry's glasses were lop-sided, his shirt wrinkled and messed up, his hair seemed worse than it ever did. Hemione loved it.

"Yeah, wow," was all Harry said. He kissed her again and they went back to their activites, dinner long forgotten.

"MISTER POTTER, MISS GRANGER!" Professor Moody roared. Hermione and Harry both broke apart and started to fix themselves. They noticed that it was almost 9pm and they needed to get to the common rooms, Moody walked over to them and inspected them. "Snogging a pregnant woman isn't going to get you anywhere Mister Potter," He said rudely. He walked away and left Harry and Hermione to clean up and they went to their common rooms.

"Thanks Harry, this was the best Birthday ever," Hermione said kissing Harry once again.

"No problem 'Mione, you deserve every bit of it." Harry said smiling.

"I'll never forget this," Hermione said. Just then the twins kicked again. "I don't think the twins will forget either."

"Hey kids, don't give mum a hard time arrright? I'll be waiting for you, come out soon. But not too soon," Harry said touching her stomach. "I really can't wait till we see them,"

"I can't either, then again, I can. I'm not up to giving birth, but for these two, I think I'll manage," Hermione said, she put her hand on Harry's.

"Ok, well. I'm going upstairs, I'll see you tomorrow, Love you," Harry said kissing her once more, "you too kiddies, love you guys," Harry said kissing her stomach twice.

"Goodnight Harry," Hermione said also going up the stairs.

## Chapter 10 – The Birth

It had been weeks since Hermione's birthday, and she got slightly bigger. The twins were due any day now, and the champions were also going to be called in a few short days. Harry and Hermione were spending their time doing homework, walking around the grounds, in the library studying, or just laying down on the common room couch.

Ron and Ginny hadn't done so much as even talk to them, they just simply ignored them. Harry and Draco slowly got closer together, before long they even started to call each other constantly by their first names, and Draco never calling Hermione a mudblood anymore.

Dumbledore wasn't any better either, he kept a very close eye on them. Harry and Hermione were always cautious as to make sure he did nothing to jeopardize them, or their children. He called them into his office one day, saying that it was very 'important',

### **Flashback...**

*"Mr. Potter, Miss Granger, may I see you in my office?" Dumbledore said, "it's very important."*

*"Yes Professor," they said. They made their way through the Great Hall (Hermione occasionally bumping into someone). They went up and saw the gargoyle, they didn't know what the password was so they had no way of getting in.*

*"Do you know the password?" Hermione asked.*

*"Nope," Harry said. "It's a type of candy, I know it, he always has a type of candy as his password."*

*"That may be true Harry, but it'd take us forever to figure it out. Do you know how many types of candies there are?" Hermione said in her I-know-what-I'm-talking-about voice.*

*"Ah, Mister Potter, Miss Granger, I thought perhaps you had gotten lost. It is quite a big castle after all." Dumbledore said, eyes twinkling away.*

*Bastard better have a good reason as to why we're here, Harry thought cruelly. Dumbledore blinked, but didn't change the look on his face.*

*"Well, let us go in. I've a few things to tell you." He said gesturing to the gargoyle. He said the password, 'chocolate frogs', and they went in.*

*"Sit down," Dumbledore said. They sat down and Dumbledore offered them some chocolate, but Harry politely said no, Hermione said it wasn't good for the babies.*

*"Well, yes. Now, I hear that Minerva is making a personal room for the four of you. Am I correct?" Dumbledore asked.*

*"You're right, she just said that what you did was unfair, so she volunteered to make one for us. It's nearly done." Hermione said not thinking. She instantly realized what she said and looked at the floor.*

*"Yes, I'm sorry you two, but I cannot allow you two to have a separate room for you two. It would not be fair to the other students." Dumbledore said.*

*"But no one else is having kids!" Harry said shouting.*

*"Harry, please, don't shout." Dumbledore said, eyes locked on Harry's. "I can not allow it, it would be favoritism, and no one would like that—"*

*"That's not true!" Harry said agitated. Why wouldn't Dumbledore just let them have their room? It was all they wanted, it wasn't like they were going to have any more children. "Most of the students accept it! They know that we're getting our own room. And you know what? They don't care!" Harry was so mad he was ready to pull out his wand and start throwing all of the hexes he knew.*

*"Harry, understand—"*

*"No! You understand you old fraud! I know what you did to Hermione! You put some potion into Hermione's drink when she wasn't looking! You got her lusting over me! You made me get her pregnant! You're making us parents at fourteen fucking years old!" Harry yelled, things started to shatter since he was so mad.*

*"Harry, love, please stop." Hermione said trying to calm Harry down. She was failing miserably because objects in the headmaster's office were still shattering.*

*"Mister Potter, I demand that you clam down this instant." Dumbledore said losing his patience.*

*"Hermione, ask Professor McGonagall when the rooms will be done." Harry said calming down a bit, he was still pissed at the headmaster, objects still flying and shattering, but he calmed down a little.*

*"Potter, you may leave," Dumbledore said gesturing to the door, "oh, and you've detention and 30 points off of Gryffindor for destroying objects in my office."*

*"Whatever," Harry mumbled.*

### **End Flashback...**

"Harry," Hermione snapped her fingers in front of his face. Harry was thinking about his future, he was thinking perhaps being a professional Quidditch player, and then there was of course, Hermione and his children.

"Harry!" Hermione said slapping him slightly on the cheek.

"Wha— oh I'm sorry Mione, I was thinking," Harry said.

"Well, snap out of it! I think my water just broke!" Hermione said losing her temper.

"Oh, fix it," Harry said not knowing why Hermione had to tell him that 'her water broke.'

"No you baboon! The babies are coming!" Hermione said. Harry jumped to his feet and check his watch. He saw that it was almost 10:30 P.M.

"Oh! Let's get to the hospital wing!" Harry said taking Hermione's hand. They were heading there when Hermione gave a slight scream. Harry looked alarmed, but she said they were just contractions. Once they got there they saw Madam Pomfrey.

"MADAM POMFREY!" Harry shouted.

"Potter? What have you done this time? Broken bones? Broken nose? Missing any bones?" Pomfrey said.

"No! The babies are coming!" Harry said. To prove his point Hermione screamed again.

"Oh my, come here Miss Granger." Poppy instructed. She lead Hermione on to a bed, where she lay down. She went into her office to get the things for the babies births.

"This is all your fault Potter!" Hermione shouted. The babies were coming very soon.

"What?" Harry said confused. Hermione screamed again.

Madam Pomfrey came back with a few potions and scissors. "Miss Granger, drink this. It will numb some of the pain." She handed Hermione the potion, and Hermione drank it great-fully.

"Oh, it seems that the twins are coming soon. You'll be able to push soon." Pomfrey said. Harry was sitting by Hermione's bedside and holding her hand. A few minutes passed by and Madam Pomfrey said she was ready to push.

"Ok, give me a great push on the count of three," Poppy instructed. "One, two, three."

Hermione screamed when she pushed, she gripped Harry's hand so tightly that he thought it might go numb.



"I see the head! Another one Miss Granger," Poppy said. Yet again Hermione screamed, this time even louder. Harry was almost certain that someone had heard the screaming.

"Harry, I hate you!" Hermione screamed while pushing.

"I love you too," Harry said smiling.

"Ok, one more push and the first baby will be out!" Poppy said.

Hermione gave one more agonizing scream, but it was quickly silenced by another scream.

"Congratulations," Poppy said, "Baby boy Potter is here at last," she said as she cleaned up James. She came back after a few minutes handing Harry the beautiful baby.

He was sleeping soundly in his father's arms. He looked so much like Harry, the same unruly jet black hair, the same facial features, Harry was even almost positive that he had emerald green eyes just like him.

"Perfect," Harry said simply. Hermione screamed yet again, this time not as loud. The baby started crying as well.

"Well, I see that your daughter wants to make an entrance now." Poppy said. Harry was trying to calm James down, but it was no use. As long as Hermione kept screaming, James kept crying.

"Ok Miss Granger, you know what to do." Poppy said. Hermione started to push and scream. After a few minutes Madam Pomfrey shouted, "I see the head!" Harry looked at Hermione with astonishment, how she could handle this, he did not know.

"Potter! Are you just going to sit there or are you going to be a man and hold my hand?" Hermione said. Harry looked confused, but held her hand, while trying to hold James in the other. About ten minutes of screaming, another cry was heard. This time from their daughter.

“Congratulations, you are now the proud parents of a healthy baby boy and girl. Let me just get her cleaned up,” she said while getting up and cleaning up little Lily.

“Wow,” was all Harry could say. Hermione sighed in content.

“Finally,” Hermione said receiving Lily, she was an image of Hermione, she had slightly curly brown hair, beautiful features, she opened her eyes and saw two emerald orbs gazing upon her mother. Hermione smiled and kissed her daughter’s forehead.

“How does she look?” Harry asked Hermione, she smiled and motioned for him to join her on the bed. Harry looked at his daughter and saw a little Hermione looking at him. She was just like her, except the eyes. “Beautiful, she looks just like her mother.” Harry said admiring his daughter.

“How’s our other little baby?” Hermione asked looking at James, “a little Harry I see,” she said smiling. “He’s like you in every way, he’s got the same little mop of hair, same features, oh and look, even the same eyes,” Hermione said looking at her son lovingly.

“Yeah, we’ve our own little Harry and Hermione, only the names are different.” Harry commented. Madam Pomfrey came back with a few potions and two pieces of paper.

“Here Miss Granger,” She said giving Hermione a potion, “you will need your rest. You’ll be here for a few days, the babies will be here too.”

“But I’ve classes!” Hermione said.

“You’ve just given birth, I think your professors will let you miss class for a few days,” She said impatiently.

Hermione sighed but nodded. She handed Lily to Madam Pomfrey, who conjured a little crib for James and Lily, and put them in there.

“Drink it up, you need your rest.” She said, Hermione drank the potion and almost instantly went to sleep.

“Oh, what are you naming your children?” Madam Pomfrey asked Harry.

“Lillian Harmony Potter, and James Harry Potter,” Harry said at once. Madam Pomfrey started to write elegantly on the paper and five minutes later she finished.

“Here are your children’s birth certificates,” She said handing Harry the papers, they read:

*Lillian Harmony Potter*

*Sex: Female*

*Weight - Length: 7.2 lb, 20 in.*

*Birth place: Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry, England*

*Birth Time: 11:34 p.m*

*Birth Date: October 27, 2006*

Harry smiled and looked at James’ birth certificate.

*James Harry Potter*

*Sex: Male*

*Weight - length: 7 lb, 20.5 in.*

*Birth Place: Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry, England*

*Birth Time: 11: 29 P.M.*

*Birth Date: October 27, 2006*

“Thanks,” Harry said sincerely. He went over to his two children and looked at them lovingly, “perfect,” was all he said before walking over to Hermione.

“Goodnight love,” Harry said kissing his sleeping girlfriend, he proceeded once again to his children and kissed their foreheads before walking back to the Gryffindor tower.

While walking there he saw students walking about the halls. He thought it was strange since it was nearing midnight, so he decided to investigate. There he saw Ginny and Ron walking behind the stairs.

“She gave birth tonight,” Ginny said.

“What do we do now?” Ron asked.

“I don’t know. Wait, I do, I’m getting Harry. He deserves a better woman, he doesn’t need that stupid mudblood. He needs a woman.” Ginny said.

“Don’t call her a mudblood, she’s very sexy, well not now since she gained like 30 lbs for Potter’s stupid kids.” Ron said darkly. Ginny chuckled.

“I’m going to get Harry, no matter what. You just watch,” Ginny said.

“Just don’t do anything to his kids, he’ll blow you up, literally,” Ron said remembering what Harry had done just last year.

*Those fifthly bastards!* Harry thought. He ran up to the Gryffindor tower and went up to his dorm. He took off his clothes and put on his pajamas. He quietly went to bed where a well deserved sleep was waiting him.

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Harry was getting ready to go downstairs for breakfast when he saw Ron. He ignored him and went out to the Great Hall. When he entered everyone went silent. Harry looked at everyone, and then sat down.

“Oh my god! Is it true?” A third year asked as soon as he sat down, “is it true that you’re a dad now?”

“Er, yeah.” Harry said trying to avoid the subject. He had no idea that the word spread so fast, but then he remembered last night, Ginny and Ron, plus Hermione’s screaming might’ve had something to do with it too.

“Harry congrats!” Lavender Brown said.

“Thanks,” Harry said trying to ignore everyone, they all wanted to know what they looked like, if they were loud, who was born first, etc.

Dumbledore saw that Harry was being hounded with questions, so he took this opportunity to make Harry even more embarrassed. He stood up from the staff table, “Yes, yes children. I’m all too aware that Mister Potter and Miss Granger here have just been blessed with parenthood. But that does not give the right to agonize the poor boy with questions, he is, after all, only fourteen,” Dumbledore said emphasizing the words, ‘parenthood’, ‘boy’, and ‘fourteen’. “That is all, you may go back to what you were doing.” He said as he sat back down, eyes twinkling away.

*What the hell what that for?! I don’t need anymore attention than I already have,* Harry thought. He left his untouched breakfast and went to the Hospital wing to check up on Hermione and the babies.

“How are they?” Harry asked Hermione, she woke up not to long ago.

“Perfect little angels,” Hermione said.

“Dumbledore announced that we’re parents,” Harry said, Hermione gasped.

“What? Why! No, no, it will be in the *Prophet* soon!” Hermione said outraged. “Wait, how did he know?”

“Word spreads fast, I was being asked questions about James and Lily as soon as I entered the Great Hall,” Harry said, “and I really don’t hope this is in the *Prophet*.”

“Hello, Harry, Granger,” Draco said.

“Hey Draco. I guess you heard about the kids,” Harry said. Draco nodded and went to the two cribs.

“Looks just like you two. Couldn’t you two be more creative?” Draco said smirking.

“What do you mean, creative?” Hermione asked confused.

“I mean, they look just like you guys. You could’ve mixed it up. But I guess not, whatever, not my kids,” Draco said.

“I think they’re perfect,” Harry and Hermione said.

“Of course you do, you’re their parents. Not that I’m complaining they aren’t that bad for two day old babies,” Draco said.

“So, why are you here?” Harry asked.

“I wanted to see Madam Pomfrey, I’ve got a date with her today. Why do you think I’m here Granger?” Draco said sarcastically.

“Oh, the babies,” Hermione said embarrassed.

“Yes,” Draco said simply.

“Well, let’s head out. We’ve DADA in 5min,” Harry said slinging his backpack over his shoulder, Draco did the same.

“See you after class Hermione,” Harry said kissing her forehead. “You two kiddos,” Harry said kissing his children’s foreheads.

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“Potter, Malfoy. You’re 5min late, get to your seats.” Moody growled, there was only once table left, Ron was sitting with Dean, Seamus with Lavender, Neville with Parvati, so Harry and Draco had to sit next to each other.

“Today we’ll be dueling each other,” Moody said. “We’ll have a few students from Drumstrang assist some of us that, need, help,” Moody said looking at Neville. “You will only be able to use *Stupefy* and *Imperio*” Moody looked around. He saw the expressions on their

faces. "I know it is illegal, but you need to be prepared, you lot certainly weren't last time. SO NOW YOU WILL BE!" Moody shouted the last few words.

"Great," Harry and Draco muttered.

"Get together with your partners; Brown with Patil, Finnigan with Thomas, Potter and Malfoy," He said announcing the pairs. Harry and Draco groaned.

"We're always paired together," Draco said walking up to their assigned Drumstrang student.

"Yeah, they must really think we hate each other that much," Harry said. He noticed who the Drumstrang student was at once, Victor Krum, the man that wanted to talk about Hermione.

*Dammit, Harry thought. This is going to be a long day.*

"Harry Potter," Krum said bitterly, "And Draco Malfoy," He said with much more politeness. He started to explain what spells they could use and couldn't, Harry had a few questions but Krum just ignored him.

"Um, what are you going to do?" Draco asked, it was the same exact question that Harry did.

"Oh, why I will be supervising the whole duel." Krum said.

"POTTER! MALFOY!" Moody roared, the class quieted instantly to listen, as if he was going to yell at the two of them. "You two will start the duel," He growled, "go on!"

Harry and Draco rolled their eyes, but when on to the platform. Their they bowed to each other and went to opposite ends.

"On the count of three...one...two...three!" Moody shouted.

"*Stupefy!*" Harry shouted.

"*Protego!*" Draco should back. "*Imperio!*" Draco shouted again, the spell hit Harry straight in the chest.

"Dammit," Harry muttered, he wasn't willing to throw off the whole curse, so he just went along with whatever Draco said.

*Speak Parstletounge...*

Harry thought, *Wow this is easy.* "You know, this is very boring once you've over come it." Harry spoke in parstletounge.

"POTTER! FIGHT IT!!" Moody roared.

Harry rolled his eyes and waited for his next 'command'.

*Say you love Ronald Weasley...*

Harry looked bewildered at Draco, he was really asking too much now.

"You're kidding, right?" Harry said smirking.

*Say. You. Love. Ronald. Weasley.*

"Can we get on with this?" Harry asked starting to get bored. No later than two seconds later did he strike Draco with a '*Stupefy*', Draco didn't suspect it so he froze on the spot.

"GOOD POTTER!" Moody yelled once he unfroze Draco. Krum walked out of the classroom with a scowl. "SEE? HE CAUGHT HIM WHEN HE LEAST EXPECTED IT!" He shouted, "Class dismissed, REMEMBER CONSTANT VIGILANCE!"

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"Mister Potter," McGonagall said walking up to him. Harry had just finished the days classes and was heading off to see Hermione and his children, "do you have the time? I have to see you in my office, it's regarding the rooms."

Harry nodded, "sure, I was just going to see Hermione, James, and Lily-" Harry started but was cut off by McGonagall talking.



"-oh! They were born already? Many Congratulations, I'm sorry, I didn't receive the word. I was at a very important meeting." McGonagall said. "Anyways, continue,"

"Yeah, they were born yesterday," Harry said smiling. "So um, what about the rooms?" Harry said as he sat in McGonagall's office. She offered him a biscuit, but he politely said no.

"Yes, about the rooms. They will be an extension to the Gryffindor common room." She started, she saw the look of slight confusion on his face, she smiled. "No, you will not sleep in the common room," she said, Harry visibly relaxed. "You will be getting, almost, your own common room. It will have a door leading to your rooms, you will have a password, you choose what they are, and only you two can see them, the babies too of course, but they don't know a lot right now." She said slightly smiling. She really was happy for the two of them, and wanted to help them in anyway that Dumbledore couldn't.

"Wow, Ok, cool. Thanks for letting us know." Harry said. "I think she should be out around Halloween or so, not to sure though."

"Yes, well. You better get going now, I presume Miss Granger and the two new Potter's will be awaiting you," She said. "Good day, Harry" She said as Harry got up and headed towards the door.

"Bye," He said as he left.

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"Hey Hermione," Harry said putting a pile of books on her hospital bed-side table, "I've brought you your homework. I thought you might want it." He said, he kissed her gently and then kissed Lily, who was currently sleeping in her mother's arms.

"Hey Harry," Hermione said smiling, she handed Lily to Harry and went to the crib to get James.

"Hey Lil," Harry said gently. Lily woke up when she was being transferred from Hermione to Harry. She was looking at Harry, "daddy's here."

"So is mommy!" Hermione said teasing, "come here," she said motioning to Harry, he got up from his seat and sat in bed next to Hermione.

"Hard to imagine," Harry said gazing at his children, "parents, and at only fourteen too," Harry said looking at Hermione. "I never, ever, thought that I would have a child when I'm just one myself."

"Oh Harry," Hermione started, "I know its hard to believe, but its life, things are going to happen. I just want you to know, I'll be right here with you." She said sincerely. Harry just smiled and kissed her.

"Oh, McGonagall said that we'll have our rooms in a few days," Harry said.

"Nice, I can't wait to get out," Hermione said. "I don't know how you spent so much time here."

Harry grinned and said, "It's not all that bad, at least you didn't have your bones re-grown."

"True," Hermione said.

They sat in peace for a few minutes, in peace, no noise, no one asking silly questions. Just peace. After a few more minutes Harry got up and put a sleeping Lily in her pink crib.

"I'm going to sleep love," Harry said, "I'll see you tomorrow," he kissed her and lingered a few moments before pulling back.

"Good night," Hermione said smiling.

## Chapter 11 – Just Another Day

In Moaning Myrtle's bathroom, sat two teens, no older than thirteen and fourteen. They were putting in some ingredients: three wolves' hair, a teaspoon of human sweat, etc.

"So, the potion will be complete within two days," Ginny said looking through the book, making sure that she didn't leave anything out. Ron was currently lying down, looking towards the entrance of The Chamber of Secrets.

"Cool," Ron said, not paying any attention to his little sister. "I can't wait 'till I get my 'Minnie." He said with a dreamy look on his face. "'Mione. What kind of nickname is that?" He said with pure disgust etched in his facial features. "I don't know how Potter could think of a worse nickname, now Minnie, yeah, that is better." Smiling, he added, "Yeah, my Minnie."

"Oh, shut up already!" Ginny said frustrated. She shut her book and glanced at her watch, it read 8:00 am. "We better get going soon; classes start in about 10min." She said getting up, she put the cauldron near by the corner so no one could see it.

"Oh, in here again are you two?" Moaning Myrtle said, she was hiding in her stall. "You know, if I had a body, I would go tell on you." She said glancing down at the cauldron and again at the two.

"Shut up," Ginny spat.

"Yeah," Ron echoed.

They left the bathroom, not noticing the grey eyes staring at them.

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Meanwhile...In Dumbledore's office....

"Yes, Miss Skeeter," Dumbledore said. "I am giving you permission to take a few snaps of Mister Potter and his family. I think that it shall do them some good, they need to get out and have some fun."

"I think that Potter and Granger had a lot of fun before they had children." Skeeter said, she winked at Dumbledore and went into her leather purple purse. "Barbs, get in here!" She summoned for her photographer, once he entered he gave a slight bow to Dumbledore and sat down next to Skeeter.

"Yes ma'am. You called?" Barbs said in his American accent. He currently moved from New York to England about three months ago. He was a squib, but knew a lot about the wizarding world, since his mother was a witch.

"Yes," Skeeter said, she was writing on her parchment with electric blue ink. "Take pictures of the Potter's, Albus here will show you where they are." She said motioning to Dumbledore, "I've some students to interview." She said putting her purple purse on her shoulder, she bid Dumbledore fare well, and left the office.

"Licorice snaps?" Dumbledore asked, Barbs shook his head. "Very well then, back to business," he brought his half moon spectacles further up his crooked nose. "Right about now, they should be in the Hospital Wing, you see, Miss Granger just gave birth, and she is not allowed to leave for another two days."

Barbs nodded, "yes, I've heard rumors, but I didn't know they were true. Now England will know that the-boy-who-lived is a father." Dumbledore chuckled and got up from his seat. He led Barbs from his seat to the Hospital Wing.

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Meanwhile...

"C'mon Hermione! Please? I really want to see what you're doing!" Harry said. He was currently trying to see what she was doing with James. She was breastfeeding, but Harry was so clueless that he didn't know what she was doing.

"No! Read some parenting books, maybe then you'd know that I'm breastfeeding!" Hermione said clearly amused.

Harry seemed confused, but then his eyes opened in realization. "Oh," he said embarrassed. "Can I see?" He said trying not to drop Lily, but still trying to look towards James. She laughed and moved so that she was not facing him, "aw c'mon Hermione," Harry said joking.

"Nope," Hermione said over her shoulder, she was trying her best not to laugh, but was failing. She looked down and saw that James was giving her a look, and at the same time eating. She smiled and finally gave in, "fine, but only because James gave me a look."

Harry laughed and sat on the bed, making sure that Lily was ok, "good job, Junior," Harry said running his fingers through the small mop that was his son's hair.

"Junior?" Hermione asked.

"Yeah, he's basically got the same name, just switch the first and middle name. So I thought I'd call him junior." Harry said. Hermione smiled and saw that James was done eating, so she gave James to Harry, and Lily to Hermione. "Alright little man, all filled up?" James was drifting off to sleep. Harry was going to get up when all of a sudden the Hospital Wing doors opened.

"I need to see him!" A man shouted.

"No, no one is to see them without their permission." A woman shouted back.

"Poppy, this man is doing no harm what so ever, he will simply say hello, and be on his way." An elderly man said.

"Dumbledore," Harry whispered.

"What?" Hermione asked, she saw Dumbledore and the mysterious man with a camera walk towards them. She quickly adjusted herself, and in the process disjoining herself from Lily. She started to cry, apparently she was still hungry. "Shh, sweetie, don't worry, you can eat in a little." Hermione said trying to calm a crying Lily down.

"Here, give her to me." Harry said. They switched babies, and James started waving his little arm around, searching for his mother's. Harry

calmed Lily down by lightly bouncing her in his hands, she then fell asleep. Harry smiled in satisfaction.

"Mister Potter, please to meet you," the man with the camera said. He didn't wait for a reply, but instead started snapping pictures of the four. Hermione sat there shocked, James was lying in her arms playing with his mother's finger while Harry was calmly putting a sleeping Lily in her crib. Once he put her down he burst.

"WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING? YOU ARE NOT ALLOWED HERE! GET OUT!" Harry shouted, he was almost positive that anyone within hearing distance could've heard him, but he didn't care. When the man grinned and kept on taking pictures, he got even madder, "I SAID GET OUT! DON'T YOU LISTEN? GET THE FUCK OUT!" Harry shouted. The man started to get scared, but he still didn't stop taking pictures. Then Dumbledore walked up to Harry, trying to calm him down.

"Harry, do not worry," Dumbledore said in a sweet voice, "he is not here to hurt you, just to take a few pictures of your family." Harry laughed.

"I should've known, you let him in didn't you? I should've known," Harry said laughing, he suddenly got serious, "don't go anywhere near me, Hermione, or my children." He said to Barbs. Barbs rolled his eyes and walked away laughing. Lily started crying and Harry calmed her back down, he placed her back in the crib once she was sleeping again.

Hermione was still too shocked to even move, after a minute she snapped back into reality. "That bastard! How dare he intrude in our personal lives?" Hermione said outraged.

"Don't worry about it now. It's too late to do anything." Harry said. He looked down at his watch and saw that he was 5min late for his first class, "oh shoot! Mione I gotta go. I'll see you at lunch." He pecked Hermione, James, and a sleeping Lily before running to class.

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"Mister Potter! You are 5minutes late, 10 points off of Gryffindor. Get to your seat," Snape said.

Harry nodded and went to his seat, which was next to Ron. He looked over and saw that Draco was no where to be seen. *Odd, Potions is his favorite class*, Harry thought.

"Potter! No daydreaming, another 10points off should do you some good." Snape said.

Harry rolled his eyes, *here goes another boring class with Snape*, Harry thought.

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Hermione got up from her bed and took some parchment; she went to her bed and started to write a letter to Petunia, Sirius, and her parents. She started with Sirius, she told him about Dumbledore, about the twins, and how they were doing in general. Once she was done she looked at it and read it to herself;

*Dear Sirius,*

*Hello! This is Hermione (Harry is currently in class). I thought I'd send you a letter right now. Anyways, the kids are here! They were born on Oct. 27, yes, two days ago. They are so perfect! James was born first and he is a little Harry! He's got the same jet black mop, the same cute features; he's even got his eyes! Lily was born not long after, Harry said that she looks like me; she's got brown, slightly curly hair, she's got my features, but she's got Harry's eyes. Don't they sound adorable?*

*Harry and I are doing fine, I'm not allowed to go to classes until Halloween, and we've also got our rooms, we move in when the twins and I are released. We both miss you very much, I hope to see you soon, during the holidays, Harry's aunt wants to see them too. Isn't that wonderful? She's really changed.*

*Well, James is waking up, I should probably end the letter now.*

*Love,*

*Harry, Hermione, James, Lily*

*P.S.: I'll send you pictures as soon as I can.*

*P.P.S.: Tell Professor Lupin I said hi.*

Hermione was satisfied with what she wrote, so she put the letter under her pillow, making a mental note to tell Harry to send the letter later on. She went and picked up James and rocked him until he went back to sleep. She then started on her parents' letter. She knew she was going to keep it simple. She looked it over, it read;

*Mum, Dad,*

*Well, the babies were born. They were born on Oct. 27. I really wish that you'd accept this, they really are beautiful, Harry said that I need to give you a chance, isn't he sweet? Well anyways, we might see you during holidays, that is, if I am up to it.*

*Well, I'm going to go.*

*Hermione, Harry, James, Lily*

She placed the letter under her pillow, next to the one that she wrote to Sirius. She saw that her children were still sleeping, than she went back to the blank parchment in front of her. She was in an extra cheery mood, why though, she didn't know. She thought for a minute, than started to write;

*Dear Aunt Petunia (or Mrs. Dursley),*

*Hello, how are you? I hope that things are 'normal' at number 4. I just gave birth two days ago (Oct. 27), I thought you'd like to know. We had a boy, James, and a girl, Lily. Harry said that they are like us, only smaller (hehe). I thought that maybe one day during the holidays, if it wasn't too much, that perhaps we could visit for a little? I thought that maybe you'd like it if you got to see them.*

*Well, studies are going well, I haven't been going to classes, but I did all of my homework, (Harry even brought me his notes), isn't that sweet?*



*Ok, I'm sorry, I'm going all sappy on you now. I hope to hear from you soon, you know how to use an owl, so I'll just leave it to you.*

*Love,*

*Hermione, Lily, Harry, James*

She smiled and placed the third letter under her pillow, where all the others lay. She felt very cheery and couldn't wipe off the big smile off of her face. That smile suddenly vanished when a woman with tight blond curls, wearing a purple leather purse, and matching leather robe, came walking towards her.

*She must be from the Prophet*, Hermione thought. She, being a new mother, went straight towards the cribs that held her children. She didn't know who the lady was, but he knew that she wasn't nice.

"Hello dear," The woman said sticking out her hand. She had long nails painted with cherry red nail polish. "I am Rita Skeeter," she smiled, there showed bleached white teeth, "from the *Daily Prophet*."

Hermione looked at her; she noticed that the Skeeter woman's hand was still outstretched, so she hesitantly shook it, making sure that she still couldn't see her children's faces. "Hermione, pleasure," she said not trying to be rude.

"Oh! Are these your children? Wonderful, look just like you two. How is he anyway? Harry, he is the father isn't he? Or are you having an affair? Don't worry child you don't have to keep anything from me, I can be your best friend." Rita said.

"Yes, they are our children, he's doing fine, and he IS the father of these two. I'd never cheat on him!" Hermione said, she was starting to get mad.

"Oh, well, yes, you would never have an affair would you? No, it's not like you. Than do tell, what are you? Brave, smart, loyal to friends, faithful to partner, loving to her family. By the way, 'Mio, can I call you that?" Before Hermione could even open her mouth to say no, Skeeter started talking again. "You are pretty, not supermodel pretty, but you've got that look, I think that it'd the motherly glow, now Mio,

mind taking a few pictures?" Before Hermione could even process all of that in her mind, the same man that was taking pictures before came in.

"Smile!" the man said snapping pictures of her. Hermione's eyes bugged out and she started to get mad.

"Get. Out." Hermione said through gritted teeth. She suddenly had a mood swing and went from slightly calm to viciously mad.

"Why? I didn't get any good pictures of your children, they will be over every major Wizarding paper by Monday tops," Rita said smirking,

"I said get out!" Hermione said shouting, James and Lily woke up and started crying.

"Perhaps, little girl, I don't want to go. Then what are you going to do? Bite me?" Rita said glaring at Hermione.

Hermione picked up Lily and started rocking her to get back to sleep. "Than I'll just have to call Madam Pomfrey, if she wasn't in her office right now you'd be thrown out before you could say 'the-boy-who-lived'." Hermione said, she put Lily back and picked up James to calm him down, she started pacing.

"Well than, I'll just leave, but don't worry, I'll be back. You can be sure of that." Rita said, she and Barbs left after that.

"C'mon sweetie, shh, it's ok, the bad people are gone." Hermione said rubbing her son's back gently.

"Oy!" A student said from his bed, he was a 7th year, and had gotten a severely bruised back. "Keep him down wontchya, some people are trying to sleep," The boy said going back to sleep.

"Whatever," Hermione mumbled, she noticed that James wasn't crying anymore, but instead sleeping in her arms. She placed James back into the crib and waited for Harry to come. He said that he'd be there for lunch, and lunch started about 5min ago.

"Madam Pomfrey," Hermione said knocking on her office.

“Yes, Miss Granger? Is everything ok?” Madam Pomfrey asked, she got up from her seat and went towards the door to check up on James and Lily.

“I’m—we’re—fine. I was just wondering,” Hermione looked at her in the eye. “Do you think that James, Lily, and I could eat in the Great Hall today?”

Madam Pomfrey looked at her for a few minutes, seeing the look of total determination in her eyes, she gave up. She let in a deep breath and let it out slowly, “Yes, you may. BUT, be very careful, your children are still not used to being around a lot of people, and they could start crying.”

Hermione beamed and hugged Madam Pomfrey, she was shocked for a moment, but then hugged her back.

“Madam Pomfrey do you know where Hermione—oh,” Harry asked walking into the office with James in his arms.

“Oh! Lily let me get her!” Hermione said as she dashed off.

Harry gave Madam Pomfrey a confused look and she just chuckled and said, “She can in the Great Hall with you today, only, today.” She said smiling. Harry beamed and walked up to Madam Pomfrey, giving her a one armed hug. Hermione came back and they went off to the Great Hall.

“So why were you late? There is only half an hour left until Lunch is over.” Hermione said walking with Lily in her arms. Harry put his free arm around Hermione shoulders’ while at the same time holding James.

“Ginny pulled me aside—“

Hermione stopped abruptly, and looked at Harry with a look that clearly said ‘what-did-she-do’.

“Don’t worry,” Harry said smiling at her, he put his arm around her again and started walking towards the Great Hall again. “She just wanted to know where I go everyday, I told her that, to see you of

course,” he looked at James and Lily, “and our children of course.” Harry told her and pecked her. They reached the doors of the Great Hall and stopped.

“Wh-what if they don’t like me anymore?” Hermione asked getting teary eyed.

*Whoa, did she just have a mood swing? I need to talk to Madam Pomfrey about this.* Harry thought. He put his hand on her cheek, “Don’t worry, no one is going to hate you. I bet they will love that you’re coming back.”

Hermione smiled and took his hand, together they went inside. The whole Hall went quite (“They need to stop doing that,” Harry mumbled), they went to the Gryffindor table, avoiding everyone’s eyes and sat down. Hermione took a sandwich and some pumpkin juice.

Lavender Brown sat next to Harry and looked at James, she then looked at Lily, “Oh my god! They look just like you guys! Oh my god! They are so cute!” Lavender squealed.

“Yeah, they are aren’t they?” Hermione said looking at them. Ginny then walked up to them.

“Hmm, no I don’t think so. Harry’s nose is so much more straight. Lily clearly has Hermione’s nose, crooked.” Ginny said. Harry was glaring daggers at her, while Hermione was on the verge of tears, “Oh, and James, poor boy, he’s got his mother’s nose doesn’t he? Sorry Harry.”

“I think that Hermione’s nose is perfect, it’s not crooked, it’s straight, maybe you haven’t looked in the mirror lately.” Harry said glaring at her. He was really pissed off at her for criticizing his children, and Hermione’s nose. He knew that he shouldn’t be stooping that low, but he couldn’t help it.

“Yeah, I don’t think there is anything wrong with Hermione’s nose. It’s straight,” Lavender said backing up Harry. Hermione had tears running down her cheeks and Lily was sleeping.

"Yeah," Parvati Patil said, she was looking at the twins, "I happen to think they're adorable."

"Whatever," Ginny said as she left, back to her other third year friends.

"C'mon Mione—"Harry said but was cut off by Ron,

"Mione? Don't you mean Minnie?" He said looking at Hermione.

"No, she doesn't like that nickname. Remember?" Harry said harshly. "C'mon Mione, I think it was too soon, let's go back to the Hospital Wing." Harry said to Hermione, she nodded and they got up.

Draco was watching them from the Slytherin table, he saw them get up and he decided that he wasn't hungry anymore.

"Crabbe, Goyle, I'm going for a little, I'll be back for class. Don't follow me." He said to his two cronies, he then got up and left right after Harry and Hermione.

"Harry! Wait up!" Draco said running to catch up to them. He stopped in front of them and took in what he saw, there he saw a tear streaked Hermione, next to her was Harry, he seemed to still be mad, in their arms were two little babies, both looking at Draco.

"Can I help you?" Harry asked calmly.

"No, well, not really. Today, this morning, I saw Weasel and Weasel-et in moaning myrtle's bathroom." Draco said. He waited a minute before continuing. "I saw them brewing some kind of potion, I didn't get all of what they were saying, but I heard that Weasel was talking about Hermione, or should I say Minnie?" He saw the look on her face and decided not to use that, "ok, I get it, anyways; they were talking about how they were going to get you. They said that they were going to get you two no matter what, that they 'loved' you," Draco said.

"They don't love us, Ginny just loves 'the-boy-who-lived', and Ron just wants what he can't have." Hermione said.

Draco shrugged, "I dunno. Hey, we better get to class, it starts soon." Draco said, Harry nodded and the three went to the Hospital Wing.

"Oh Harry, I've a few letters for you to send, do you think you can do it? Please?" Hermione asked. He nodded, she went over to her bed and brought out the three letters.

"These are for my parents, aunt Petunia, and Sirius," Hermione whispered in his ear. He smiled and kissed her, it was his answer for 'yes'.

"Ugh, gross," Draco said looking at the two of them, "they are cute, you know" Draco said looking at James and Lily, who were currently slumbering in their blue and pink cribs.

"Yeah, that's what you said when you saw them last time too," Harry said laughing.

"Yeah, well, whatever. Let's go," Draco said slinging his bag over his shoulder, "Later Granger,"

"Bye Draco," Hermione said before settling in her bed and pulling out a book.

"Bye love," Harry said kissing her, he walked over to the two cribs and kissed his children, "see ya kids," He said before he and Draco went to their next class, Transfiguration.

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"Did you get them?" Dumbledore asked.

"Some, those two are very stubborn," Rita said.

"Yes, well, that's what gets them into trouble sometimes." Dumbledore said.

"Don't worry, they'll be everywhere by Monday morning," Rita said.

"Hmm, tomorrow is Hogsmead weekend, I think that I could give Granger permission to go to Hogsmead for the day, there you can take more pictures," Dumbledore said thinking out loud.

"Yes, that'd be wonderful, oh Albus, you are very clever." Rita said winking. "Well, I best be on my way, I've an article to publish," with one last wink Rita left Dumbledore's office.

"In no time," Dumbledore said smiling.

## Chapter 12 – Hogsmeade

Draco was sitting in the Slytherin common room, thinking. He was on one of the three plush green couches, decorated especially for the Slytherin's. *Why the hell are those two even attempting to try and break up Harry and Hermione? Stupid bastards, they'll see the day they messed with Draco Malfoy.* Draco thought.

"Draco!" A girl squealed. She ran up to Draco, not noticing the scowl on his face, and sat next to him. This girl was non other than Pansy Parkinson, "Hello, Draco!"

Draco chose to ignore her, so she ended up scooting even closer to him.

"Draco," Pansy said, inching closer to him, "what's wrong? Is it Potter and his filthy mudblood? Have they said anything?" She asked. At this comment Draco burst.

"What?" Draco shouted, "How the *fuck* did they get into this?" Draco shouted, glaring at Pansy.

"I-I don't k-know," Pansy stuttered, "I-I just thought that something h-happened."

"Well," Draco spat, "they've nothing to do with this!" He said, "Leave!" He shouted, she jumped up from the couch, glared at Draco, than proceeded to walk back to the girls' dorm room.

*Bitch, who does she think she is?* Draco thought, *oh yeah, she's a Slytherin,* Draco laughed at his own stupid-ness.

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Meanwhile, in Gryffindor common room...

Ron was playing Wizard's chess with Dean, and as usual, Ron was winning. Ginny walked up to Ron, and sat next to him.



“Checkmate!” Ron said triumphantly, “I win again!” Ron got up and punched the air with his fist, just then Harry walked in.

“Git,” Ron muttered, suddenly angry. Ginny rolled her eyes, while Dean sat there confused. Harry rolled his eyes and went to the boys’ dorm room.

“Ron,” Dean said, “Aren’t you two supposed to be friends?” He asked clearly confused.

“You weren’t here on Hermione’s birthday, were you?” Ron said smirking.

“Err... no,” Dean said, “when was it?”

“Sept. 19,” Ron explained, “remember, it was the day that Harry started swearing in Parstletounge.”

“Oh, that was around everywhere! But, I was in the Hospital Wing. I kind of fell off the steps,” Dean said embarrassed.

“Oh...” Ron said. He noticed that Ginny was being unusually quiet, so he walked over to her. “Gin?”

Ginny was lost in thought, she had been thinking about what her future children’s names were going to be. She thought that 4 children were enough. She didn’t want Harry’s children, *maybe I can ship them off somewhere*, Ginny thought smirking. She was brought back to reality when Ron started snapping his fingers in her face.

“Gin,” Ron snapped again, “are you there?”—snap—“you’ve got to be,”—snap—

“Wh-what?” Ginny said suddenly, “Oh, it’s just you.”

“Yeah, it’s just me. You know, your brother.” Ron said sarcastically, “what happened? Everyone is gone now,” he said concerned. At that moment Harry decided to walk back down stairs, wearing black jeans, a navy blue hooded sweatshirt, and a coat.

“What,” Harry spat coldly; Ginny and Ron were glaring at him.

“Nothing,” Ron said just as coldly.

“Don’t lie Ronald,” Ginny said in a sweet voice, “Ronald was just saying how we thought that we should give you another chance, you know, to be *friends*, again.” She stressed the word friends.

“What made you think that we want to be your friends again?” Harry eyed them suspiciously.

“W-well, t-the thing i-is,” Ginny stuttered, “Ron, why don’t you tell him.”

“No,” Ron said before leaving the common room.

“W-well,” Ginny said walking over to him slowly. “I’d like to be your *friend*.” Ginny winked, than also headed out of the common room.

“What the hell was that all about?” Harry asked him self, before he too, left the common room.

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“Aww, look at the little baby,” Lavender said. Over the past few days, she had been seeing Hermione and the babies. She’d grown fairly close to Hermione, she might’ve been a gossip girl, but when she truly needed to keep something to herself, she did.

Lavender picked up James and cooed at him, he just looked at her. Hermione was in the bathroom. “You look so much like your daddy,” she said slightly bouncing him. “Just between you and me though, he’s really cute too,” she smiled at the baby when he looked up at her and tried to read some of her hair.

“Ok,” Hermione said walking out, wearing pale blue jeans and a black shirt. “What did you tell my baby?”

Lavender smiled and handed over James. “Oh, nothing,” she grinned, “just this and that, getting him up to date on who’s dating who,” Lavender said. Hermione laughed and placed him on the hospital bed. She then placed to pillows on either side of him.

"So, why aren't you at Hogsmead?" Hermione asked. It was after all, Hogsmead weekend.

"Silly," Lavender said smiling, "we don't leave for another 10 minutes," she said as she walked over to get her hot pink purse. "Ok, well, I'm going to go, the girls are waiting for me. Bye!" She said cheerfully.

"Bye," Hermione said, she walked over to James and noticed he was sleeping. *I wonder why babies sleep so much. I better look it up next time I'm in the library,* Hermione thought.

"Hey 'Mione," Harry said cheerfully, "how are Lily and James?" he said kissing Hermione.

"Great," Hermione said as she went over to the pink crib, where her daughter lay. She picked her up and walked over to the baby bag. They were planning on going to Hogsmead today, Dumbledore *insisted*.

"So, you ready?" Harry asked picking up James. She nodded and went to Madam Pomfrey's office.

Hermione knocked and she came out. "You lot ready?" She asked; they nodded. "Ok, now remember, they've got the proper clothing on, but you can never be too sure. It's cold out, being October." They nodded, and Madam Pomfrey gave them her lecture on how to take care of the babies while they were out.

"Wow," Harry said as they walked out of the Hospital Wing, "I never thought she could give such a long lecture, especially on how to take care of a baby."

"Well, we do have to be careful," Hermione said adjusting Lily. Lily was comfortable in the position earlier, so when Hermione adjusted her, she started whimpering. "Shh," Hermione said slightly bouncing her.

"C'mon, they probably left already," Harry said as they walked outside. Luckily, they still had a little more time until everyone left. Hermione walked over to Lavender, while Harry walked over to Draco, who was standing alone.

“Hey,” Harry said.

“Hi,” Draco said, “Hi little Harry,” Draco said looking at the little child in Harry’s arms. Harry rolled his eyes and adjusted James, so Draco could see him better.

“What’s up? Where are your two body guards?” Harry asked.

“I don’t know detention probably,” Draco said shrugging. Harry laughed. “Hey, can I... err... hold him?” Draco asked nervously.

Harry looked at him for a second, but gave James to Draco none the less, “no, put your hand under his head. Here, you might want to sit down,” Harry laughed as Draco didn’t know how to hold a baby properly. Draco pretended to glare at him and at down. There, Harry showed Draco how to properly hold a baby.

### **-Meanwhile-**

“Hey guys,” Hermione said walking up to Lavender, Parvati, and a third year Ravenclaw, who had waist length blond hair, which Hermione didn’t know. Lily had stopped fussing so Hermione didn’t need to adjust her anymore.

“Hey Hermione,” Lavender said. Parvati nodded, while the blond Ravenclaw looked at Lily, “Oh, sorry, this”—she pointed at Parvati—“well, you already know her, that’s Parvati.” She said, “This”—she pointed at the blond girl—“is Luna Lovegood, a third year Ravenclaw,” Lavender said smiling. “She’s a bit of a nut, but otherwise she’s okay.” Lavender said whispering to Hermione. She chuckled.

“Hello Luna,” Hermione said, she would’ve extended her hand, but the way she was holding Lily, she couldn’t.

“Hello,” Luna said, still staring at Lily, “and who is this little child? She looks just like you.” Luna asked.

“This is my daughter,” Hermione said, “I thought you would’ve known; everyone else does.”

“Oh, well, if it is none of my concern, I don’t usually pay attention to it.” Luna said.

“Hey, isn’t that Harry, with Malfoy?” Lavender asked pointing at Harry and Draco.

“Those gits,” Hermione mumbled, “why yes, that is,” Hermione said. She turned to Luna and said, “Luna, over there is my other child, James, with his father.” Hermione said.

Luna’s eyes widened, “the father of your children is Draco Malfoy?” Luna asked stunned.

“Wh-what?” Hermione asked, “No, Harry is the father,” Hermione said.

“Oh, sorry,” Luna said, “I just assumed, since Draco is holding your son.” Luna stated simply. Hermione looked over and saw that Draco was indeed, holding her son.

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“C’mon,” Harry said leading Hermione to The Three Broomsticks.

“I’m coming,” Hermione said, “Lily isn’t agreeing with me at the moment.”

Harry rolled his eyes. She saw it and playfully smacked his arm. “Ouch. Watch where you put that.” He said, grinning. She smiled and walked in, everyone became quiet.

*Damn, I hate it when they do that. Don’t they have anything better to do?* Harry thought. He led Hermione to a table away from everyone, and sat down.

“Hello. I’m Miss Jasmin, you can call my Jazy if you want.” Jazy said cheerfully.

“Hello,” they said, “can we have two bottles of milk, and two butter beers, thanks.” Hermione said politely. Jazy nodded and went to get what they asked.

“So,” Harry started. “Why were you allowed to go to Hogsmead this early? I mean... I’m not complaining... I’m just wondering.”

“Honestly,” Hermione paused to think. “I don’t know... I don’t know if Dumbledore has something in mind, or if he just wants to make it up to us.”

“But, what did we do?” He asked. James woke up so Harry shifted him, so that he was now sitting on his lap.

“I don’t know, Harry, I don’t know...” Hermione said.

“Here are your drinks. Two butter beers, two bottles filled with milk (I had to go find bottles) and a glass of water, just in case.” Jazy said. “Tell me if you want anything else.” They nodded and she walked away, tending other customers.

“Oh, Harry, please don’t do that.” Hermione said when she saw that Harry was taking some water and spiking his son’s hair.

“But he looks cool,” Harry whined. Then he added as an after thought, “what if I spiked my hair?”

Hermione laughed and shook her head. “Sorry, but I love your messy hair.” Harry frowned, and then he noticed that there were reporters outside.

“Oh bugger,” Harry mumbled.

“Hmm?” Hermione asked. Lily woke up, and now playing with her mothers hair.

“Reporters...” He said simply. He left a tip, picked up James, and stood up. “C’m on, there are reporters outside. We need to get out.” Harry said. Hermione nodded and stood up, looking for a way to get out.

A reporter, that Harry and Hermione knew all too well came in, Rita Skeeter. “Oh Harry! What a pleasant surprise!” She said walking up to them.

“Hermione,” Harry whispered. She looked at him, “find a way out?” She shook her head.

“Oh, look. The Potter’s, finally out.” Rita said smiling brightly.

“Piss off Skeeter,” Harry hissed.

Suddenly, the camera went off, scaring the two babies. They started crying and Harry and Hermione had to comfort them, while the cameras still took pictures. Then, they were being hounded with questions by other reporters.

“So, Harry... how is it like being a father of two?”

“Do you plan on marrying Miss Granger?”

“How old are they?”

“What would your parents say? Would they be proud? Sad? Angry?”

Harry was pissed at those reporters. He found Jazy, who was currently by a door, which just happened to lead back to the main part of Hogsmead. He saw Jazy wink, and he nudged Hermione. She saw the door too, and decided that was how they were going to leave the reporters.

“C’m on,” Harry said calmly.

“I’m so sorry. But, it seems as though our customers don’t want you here.” Jazy said walking in front of Harry and Hermione. “Why don’t you lot just go now.” Harry took this as a sign, and went towards the back door with Hermione hot on his heels.

“Finally,” Hermione said once they reached back into the main parts of Hogsmead.

“Yeah...” Harry said, “I wish I would’ve known what that bastard was going to do. Too late now, I guess...” Harry sighed.

“Oh Harry, don’t worry.” Hermione reassured, “we’ll have plenty of Hogsmead trips, one’s that don’t involve the reporters, or Dumbledore.” He smiled and took her hand.

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“I wonder who the three champions are going to be,” Hermione wondered.

“I don’t know, it could be a Ravenclaw or something. They’re really smart, they’d find some way to get through the challenges.” Harry thought. Hermione just shrugged.

James, whose hair was still spiked, and Lily, who was sleeping soundly, were on the hospital bed. Harry on the left side of James, making sure that he didn’t fall off the bed, and Hermione on her left of Lily. Currently, James was playing ‘catch the finger’.

“C’mon James, I know you can get it.” Harry grinned as he talked to his son. Harry kept his finger still, and James caught it, trying to put it in his tiny mouth.

“Oh no, you don’t. I’m not dinner, I need that finger.” Harry said smiling. James just looked at him.

“I think he’s hungry,” Hermione said as she picked up James, “c’mon sweetie, time for dinner.” Hermione said.

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“Ginny!” Ron said. They were in Moaning Myrtle’s bathroom again.

“What?” Ginny said frustrated, “can’t you see I’m trying to figure out how to slip this in Harry and Hermione’s drinks?”

“Well, sorry.” Ron mumbled. “I just wanted to tell you that the potion is metallic purple now.”

“Oh, well, erm, thanks.” Ginny said. She sat down and started reading what to do next.



"Do you think the love potion will really work?" Ron asked.

So that's *what they're planning on doing. Shit, I gotta tell Harry.* Thought, a certain Slytherin. He was hiding in one of the stalls, he convinced Moaning Myrtle to not tell on him, but only for a price: Never, ever, pick on her again. It was a big price to pay, but he thought it was worth it, at least, to some extent. He always had other people to pick on, dead or alive.

"Yeah, it will. Or at least, with all of the things I did, it should." Ginny said. She added the necessary ingredients and started adding them in.

Silently, Draco was wondering what he could do to save his two new friends. Harry and Hermione had been a friend that liked him for him, not because of him being a Slytherin, or how much money he had, or even if his father was a deatheater. All they cared about was Draco, just Draco.

(A/N: Sounds like what Hermione would say to Harry there don't it?)

"Ok, it'll be done by Monday," Ginny said. Ron nodded, stood up, and brushed off his robes.

"Ok," he said. "I'm going to the common room, need a good night's sleep." Ron yawned loudly and walked away.

"Git," Ginny said, "he acts like he's going to get some. Nope, this is all for Harry. Nope, I'm not giving any of this to Ron, just so he can go fuck a mudblood."

Once she said this Draco's blood started to boil. *No one calls her a mudblood but me! Wait, I don't even call her that anymore. Damn Malfoy, think of something!* Draco thought, suddenly he was struck with an idea. He came back from his stall and walked straight up to Ginny.

"Hello Weasel," Draco said, walking up to her, smirking. She paled instantly.

“M-m-m-ma-malfoy?” Ginny stuttered. She tried hiding the cauldron and the book, but then decided that it was no use, he had already seen her.

“The one and only, now I see that you’re doing something illegal. You know what I could do, don’t you?” He said, still smirking.

“Y-yes, I-I k-know. What’s it to you?” Ginny asked, still stuttering. He smirked, he barely did anything, and she looked like she was going to wet herself.

“Oh nothing really, just the satisfaction of knowing that two weasels either get expelled or perhaps even got sent to Azkaban.” Once he said this, she paled even more, if that was possible.

“Well,” Ginny said. Her mind was going a million miles an hour; she had to think of something, and soon!

“What?” Draco said innocently, “you don’t expect, Draco Malfoy, to not report something illegal going on in this school? Why that’d be absurd.”

Her eyes suddenly got bigger. “Ok, please, please don’t tell. I’ll do anything! Anything!” She said desperately.

“Hmm... tempting... very tempting...” Draco said rubbing his chin. Finally he said, “Ok Weasel... on one condition... don’t you dare use that potion. Got me? Oh, and that wasn’t what I wanted you to do.” Draco said glaring at her. She flinched at the look, but nodded.

“Good,” he said smirking. “See ya, weasel.” He said walking away.

“Oh god that was a close one.” Ginny said to herself.

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“Hey Harry,” Draco said sitting on a hospital bed. Harry was holding James, while Hermione, whose back was to Draco, was breastfeeding Lily.

“Hi,” Harry said.

“Why is Hermione not facing us?” Draco said confused.

“Err...” Harry said. “You don’t really wanna know.” He said blushing.

“Okay... anyways, I saw the two weasel’s in the bathroom.” Draco said. Harry’s eyes widened and Draco immediately took it back, “No! Not like that! Ugh, gross Potter. No, I saw them in Moaning Myrtle’s bathroom. They were brewing a potion.”

“Oh yeah, didn’t you tell us this before?” Hermione asked turning around. James, whose hair was still spiky (though she didn’t know why it stayed spiked that long), was sleeping. Lily was full, and not playing with Hermione’s hair.

“I don’t remember. But anyways... they were brewing a love potion; Ron wanted some for Hermione, and Ginny for Harry.” Draco continued, “Than, I walked in on Weasel-et after her brother went. She turned as white as paper, and that’s saying something.” They all laughed at that comment.

“Aren’t they illegal?” Hermione asked.

“I’m getting there, wait.” Draco said, “Anyways, I told her that love potions are illegal, so she started stuttering. Stupid girl,” Draco said. They all chuckled. “I told her that she can get expelled or go to Azkaban. She paled yet again. Then, she offered me to do anything, anything at all. I was very tempted, than I thought, sure why not? I mean, there are so many things I could do to her, make her do.” He thought out loud.

“But make sure nothing is illegal,” Hermione said. Harry rolled his eyes, and Hermione hit his on the arm.

“Ah!” Harry said rubbing his arm. “You really need to stop doing that.” Hermione rolled her eyes and motioned for Draco to continue.

“Oh... that’s it.” He said. “Hey can I pick one up?” Draco asked nervously.

“Sure, here, have Lily,” Harry said picking up Lily. He handed her over to Draco, making sure that he was holding her right, than let go.

“Cool, two times in a day.” Draco said. Hermione looked at them confused.

“Oh, he held James today, this morning actually.” Harry said.

“They’re both so small,” Draco said gazing down at Lily.

“Yeah, well they’re like what? Three days old.” Harry said.

“True...” Draco said. He gave Lily back to Harry and got up, “well people should be getting back right about now. I’ll see you guys later.” He said.

“Bye,” Hermione said.

”See ya,” Harry said.

“Bye,” Draco said walking away.

“Harry?” Hermione said once Draco left.

“Yes?” Harry said.

“How would you feel if... if Draco was James’ and Lily’s godfather?” she asked.

“I don’t know...I guess I’ve never really thought of it before. I mean, sure, he’s been a good friend these past weeks, but...I don’t know. Why not.” Harry said.

“Don’t worry, it’s not like he’s going to kill James and Lily,” She said kissing him chastely.

“Yeah, he wouldn’t do that.” He said kissing her again.

## Chapter 13 – The Champions

Walking down the halls of Hogwarts Witch Craft and Wizardry was a blond Slytherin boy. He started walking because he didn't want to have to face Pansy's face, that girl could be horrid at times, though she did provide him some useful information. He walked into the fresh, brisk, morning air, as he kept on walking, not knowing where he was headed to. He has been roaming around aimlessly, not sure even *where* he was at the moment, but still walking. He was on a path, with all sorts of creatures walking around him, and then it dawned on him. He was in the Forbidden Forest, at 7:30 in the morning. He didn't care at the moment, he just wanted to walk around, not think of anything.

He was still walking when he accidentally tripped on something. He landed with an 'oof', and cursed whatever it was that he tripped over. He brushed off his expensive robes, and started walking again. He walked around some more, until he saw a little hut. *Hmm... I never saw a hut in the forest before. But than again, I've never been this deep in the forest. I should check it out, and then ask Harry about it. Merlin knows that boy has been in here too much.* Draco thought.

He walked a little more, until he realized, it was Hagrid's hut. He laughed quietly, making sure no one heard him, and looked at his watch. It read 8:00 am. He had classes in a matter of 10min. He walked towards Hagrid's hut, making sure no one saw him, and walked out.

"Malfoy?" the half giant called.

*Shoot. And I thought no one saw me.* Draco thought. He walked over to him, looking innocent as ever.

"What were yeh doin' in teh forest?" Hagrid asked, eyeing Draco suspiciously.

Draco was so used to lying that it came almost as easy to him as breathing, if not easier. "Oh nothing," he replied smirking. "Just thought I saw something, so I decided to investigate." He said shrugging, yet smirking.

“Right yeh wer.” Hagrid replied skeptically. “Get back now, yeh got 5 points offer Slytherin, and ye got detention.” Draco didn’t hear him because he was already walking away.

*Nothing but a fraud, I always say.* Draco said, walking to his first class.

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“Madam Pomfrey, I need to speak to Miss Granger.” Professor McGonagall said.

“Yes, right away. She is right here,” the nurse said leading her to Hermione’s bed.

Hermione was currently reading the latest version of **Hogwarts, a History**, to James and Lily. They were beside her bed, in their cribs, watching their mother say words they didn’t understand.

“Miss Granger?” Professor McGonagall said. Hermione looked up and stopped reading. The children noticed that, too, so they started whimpering. Hermione went over to Lily first and picked her up. She quieted down instantly. Professor McGonagall went up to James and looked at him, he was a spitting image of Harry, she thought. She asked Hermione if she could pick up the whimpering boy, and she replied yes. She picked him up and he quieted down almost instantly.

Hermione placed Lily back into the crib, and climbed back into bed. McGonagall put James down, and sat at the edge of her bed.

“I’m sorry about that. I guess they liked that I was reading to them,” Hermione said looking down.

“Oh, no problem dear,” McGonagall reassured her. She forgot for a moment as to why she was there, but only for a moment. Regaining her composure she asked, “Miss Granger, yours and Mister Potter’s rooms are ready. The house elves have already put all of your things in there, as well as Mister Potter’s. You are free to leave when ever you are released. Which, if I’m not mistaken, is today?”

"Yes, I'm allowed to go today. I was actually thinking of leaving when Harry arrived, that we could settle in. He does know, right?" Hermione asked.

"No, not at the moment, but he will, I'll talk to him after Transfiguration." McGonagall said.

"Oh, okay," she said. She got up off of the bed and started packing some of her books into her bag.

"I'll leave you than, good day Miss Granger." She said, standing up. She looked at James once more, than walked away.

"Alright kids, we're leaving today." Hermione said packing some clothes for her babies, and herself. She finished packing after a few minutes. She didn't realize that she still had a few hours until Harry would arrive. She sat back down and lie, daydreaming, about what? Anything she could imagine of.

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"Finally," Harry muttered. He had Transfiguration, and in the four years that he had been there, he had never seen Professor McGonagall late. She wasn't even there in her cat animagus, which confused Harry. After what seemed like 5min, she finally came in.

"Potter," McGonagall said. "After class, see me." She looked at the class and started explaining what they were going to do.

"Great," Harry mumbled.

After class was over, he packed his things and went over to the Professor's desk. She paid no attention to him.

"Err..." Harry started, "you needed to see me?"

She looked up, a small smile playing her lips, and stood up.

"Yes, I've been informed that Miss Granger, and the two new arrivals, shall be permitted to leave today. Your rooms are ready. You may leave whenever you wish." She looked at him to see if he was

keeping up with her. He sat there for a second with a blank face, and then broke out in a grin.

“Ok, cool. We’ll go today, perhaps at lunch maybe. I’ll have to go talk to ‘Mione first. I’m sure she’ll want to leave, too.” He was about to stand up when the Professor stopped him.

“Wait, that is not all,” she said with a slight frown. She quickly recovered. “Mister Potter, do you read the *Daily Prophet* by any chance?”

“Um, no, I don’t. But Hermione does. Her owl came in, but I didn’t think she’d be reading a lot, so I just let the bird go back.” Harry said with a shrug.

“Oh... well. I’m sorry to say but, it seems as though you’d aught to see this, then.” She handed him the Morning’s *Prophet*.

On the front page, stood Harry, Hermione, and their children. It was taken when they were at the Three Broomsticks. James and Lily were crying, whilst Harry and Hermione were frantically looking away and attempting to make their children calmer. He read it:

## **Potter Family Outing**

### **Pictures of the newest Potter’s**

**Today we’ve had the privilege of seeing the two newest Potter’s. Article by Rita Skeeter. Yes, those two little ones are none other than little James and Lily Potter (no, not Harry’s parents). “They were born on the 27th,” says Pansy Parkinson, a very close friend of Hermione Granger, mother of the two babies. “I wonder when they’re going to start popping more out,” says Ronald Weasley, 14. The big question is, will we be seeing wedding bells in the future? Only time will tell. Until then, the Boy-Who-Lived and his family are attending Hogwarts Witchcraft and Wizardry. Potter and Granger are currently in their 4th year.**

“Oh shit,” Harry said. He saw the look on his professor’s face and quickly changed, “I mean, oh darn.”



"Yes, that is much better," she said looking sternly at him.

"Well," Harry said getting up, "I suppose I should get going. I'll go see Hermione and go see our new rooms."

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How much time passed by, she didn't know, but she was glad when she saw those two green eyes look into her own brown ones.

"Hey," he said simply.

"Hi," she said. "We can go to our rooms today. The house elves have already put everything in there."

"Great." He said. He walked away, saying he was going to see the nurse. He came back a few minutes later with Madam Pomfrey.

"Miss Granger, let me have a quick check up on you three, and you'll be on your way." The nurse said lying Hermione down.

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"You may activate a password," The portrait said.

"Why, I thought that only we can see it." Harry asked confused.

"You can, but just to be on the safe side." The portrait said.

"Oh uh... Mione, any suggestions?" Harry said. Hermione shrugged her shoulders and adjusted Lily.

"How about... 'prem,' it's Hindi for love?" He asked Hermione. She smiled and kissed him, approving of it.

"Okay, our password is 'prem'," Harry said to the portrait.

"Very well, enter." The portrait swung open. They gasped.

Inside was a common room, smaller than the Gryffindor one, but it was one none the less. It had a couch, and two armchairs. The couch was facing a lit fire, while the armchairs were facing each other. The

floor was red and fuzzy, with red walls. There was a bookshelf filled with Hermione's extra books, and a broom holder, for Harry. There were two carriages for Lily and James. Even a little play pin for when they were older. There were even two study tables for Harry and Hermione.

Harry and Hermione were stunned; they never saw anything that nice, done especially done for them. They made a mental note to thank the Professor. Next they went into the twins' room.

"Wow," Harry and Hermione both said in unison.

The babies' room was purple, with a pink crib, obviously for Lily, and a blue one, for James. There was no window, but somehow there was light in the room, kind of like the sun, during the morning. There were little lions prancing around on the wallpaper, and the carpet was light purple. There was a changing table, full of diapers, powder, etc. There was even a little rocking chair. There were two little dressers made for them, one white, engraved with Lily, and another, engraved in it James. That brought tears to Harry's eyes. Hermione's personal favorite was the bookcase in their room, it was filled with little baby books, and little toys. All in all, it was an amazing room.

"This room is amazing," Hermione said after a long time. Harry didn't say anything, just nodded.

"C'mon, let's see our room," Hermione said. Harry nodded and they walked into their room. Inside was a red and gold bed, a rather large, bed. There was a table, incase Harry or Hermione wanted to write to someone. The window was right above the table ("Cool," Harry commented). There were two large dressers, both engraved with Harry and Hermione. Their clothes were already put in there, so they didn't have to do it. There was a book shelf, filled with their extra school books, and the latest version of Hogwarts: A History (Hermione squealed). Inside was a large bathroom. It had a granite top, with two sinks, one for Hermione, one for Harry. Then there was a shower, filled with the essentials, and next to it was a bath, a rather large bath. They gasped yet again.

"She really went all out didn't see?" Harry asked. James was being a little fussy, so he went and put him in his crib.

“Yes, she did. But I guess this was saying sorry, you know, for what that bastard Dumbledore did.” She went and put Lily in the crib across from her twin.

“Ok, let’s get back. I bet someone is bound to notice that we’re gone,” Harry said. He picked up James and walked towards the door. He saw a note taped on it, *Strange; I thought they’d use magic.* Harry thought. He picked the note and it read.

*Mister Potter and Miss Granger,*

*I’d like to see you today in my office. Whenever you’ve the time will be okay. We need to discuss a few things.*

*Signed,*

*Albus Dumbledore*

*PS: I like Chocolate Frogs*

Harry read it again. Dumbledore wanted to see him, and considering how he wanted to possibly kill him, made Harry very nervous. He called Hermione over who read the note. She gasped and started to tear.

“H-Harry, w-what do you t-thi-think he’s going to d-do?” Hermione said, tears dropping from her eyes.

“I-I don’t honestly know,” he said looking at his son. He looked up and hugged Hermione and his two children. “I don’t know Hermione. But I can assure you this; he’s not going to do anything to us.”

She sniffed and nodded. “Okay, we’ll see him after dinner.”

“Yeah,” he said. They walked out the door, where they saw that Ron was playing chess (“Doesn’t he have anything better to do?” Harry asked), and Ginny was reading a rather large book. Hermione looked critically at her, and saw that it was a rare potions book; only the richest could afford it.

“But how did she get it?” Hermione whispered to herself.

"Hmm," Harry asked as they walked out of the Common Room.

"Nothing," Hermione said. "Oh, let's see Professor McGonagall, I want to know who's going to watch James and Lily while we go to class. We can't take them with us," she said.

"Okay, let's go right now." They walked towards the Transfiguration room, where they saw that the Professor was just about ready to leave.

"Professor!" Hermione shouted. The professor looked up, startled.

"Oh, Miss Granger, Mister Potter, what can I do for you?" She asked politely.

"Um, we were just wondering, who will be watching James and Lily while we are at classes?" Harry asked.

"Oh, a house-elf of your choice. I'm sorry, it must've passed my mind, who would you like to watch over your children?" she asked. She apparently didn't notice the gasp from Hermione.

"House-elf?" Hermione asked shocked. "How much do they usually get paid?"

"Oh don't be silly, they don't get paid a single Knut," the professor said.

"*What?*" Hermione exclaimed. "They don't get paid? What else do they do? Do they cook our food? Clean our clothes?" Hermione ranted on. Harry rolled his eyes; even *he* knew that House – elves don't get paid.

"Hermione, stop. Breathe," Harry said. He even went as far as demonstrating it. "Calm down, they're not getting paid, and one is going to watch our kids. That's it." Hermione's eyes were now slits.

"No! I will *not* calm down Harry James Potter! They are treated unfair! They've got to clean our dishes, make our food, clean our clothes! So many things to do, and they don't even get paid! I am *not* going to

calm down!" Hermione hissed. Harry looked scared; he knew better then to have Hermione mad at him.

"Ok, sorry, sorry. Um, we'll pay them. Yes! We'll pay them." Harry said slightly scared. Hermione's mood instantly changed to a grin. Harry thanked Merlin for that close call. They turned back to the forgotten Professor.

"Ok, so, we'll just pay them." Hermione said cheerfully.

"I'm sorry Miss Granger that cannot be done. They do not wish to be paid," she said slightly sad.

"Oh bugger," Harry said sarcastically. Hermione glared at him.

"You know what Professor, we want Dobby to take care of the twins," Harry said.

"Okay," McGonagall said. "Dobby!" she called. A little 'pop', was heard and a small elf with huge ears and eyes was standing in front of the 6.

"Yes Miss Gonagy. You summon Dobby sir?"

"Yes, you are to watch Mister Potter's and Miss Granger's children from now on. When ever they are in class, you will do everything to make sure that they are well."

"Yes yes. Dobby do that Miss Gonagy. I be happy to serve Harry Potter sir and his little Harry babies," the house elf said excitedly.

"Hey Dobby," Harry said. He kneeled down so that he was eye to eye with him and showed him James. "Dobby, this is my son, James." He proceeded to show the elf his son, and then he showed him Lily.

"Okay, let's show you our rooms," Harry said leaving. "Good day Professor." She nodded at him and they left, Hermione sending death glares at Harry.

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The rest of the day went by in a blur. In potions they learned how to make 'the essence of Drankle.' It was a potion that gave you the power to sleep walk with out anyone knowing you were doing so. In charms, they learned how to place things in a circle.

Finally, dinner arrived. It was October 31st, which meant that the three champions were going to be chosen.

Harry, Hermione, and their two children, came walking in while there were still not a lot of people there.

"Good, not a lot of people are here yet." He glanced over at the doors and saw that people were now heading in. He saw Ron and Ginny walk in with nasty grins on their faces, and Ginny was carrying a small vial of something.

Ginny sat next to Harry, much too close for his comfort, and Ron across from Hermione.

"Hello," Ginny said seductively. Harry chose not to respond. After a few more tries, she gave up. "Look Harry, I'm sorry," she said. Her face showed no sign of emotion on her pale face. He glared at her, and then turned away.

From the staff table, Dumbledore sat, watching Harry and Ginny. He thought that they looked like a cute couple. *Perhaps... perhaps I can get Mister Potter to lust after her. Even though they are 14, it'd be a perfect opportunity to kill him.* He thought. He stood up and coughed loudly to get everyone's attention.

"Good evening, students. As you all know, tonight is the night we shall be picking our three champions. We shall pick them as soon as supper is over. That is all... tuck in." He sat back down and watched the students.

"Great, he's staring at me," Harry muttered to himself.

"Hmm?" Hermione asked.

"Nothing," Harry said before digging into his food.

After dinner was over, Dumbledore stood. All of the plates disappeared, ridding all of the crumbs, and Dumbledore summoned their attention. In front of the Staff table, was a metallic blue goblet, with blue flames roaring about.

“Yes, students, it is time for the Goblet to choose its three champions.” Dumbledore stood, patiently waiting for the Goblet to choose the first winner. Mad-eye Moody sat with an evil smirk. Harry and Hermione were adjusting a sleeping James and Lily.

Suddenly the flames grew intense, and out came a small piece of parchment. Dumbledore caught it and read, “Fleur Delacour, from Beauxbatons,” he clapped when she walked up, gave a slight curtsy to the students, and went into the champions’ room.

The goblet erupted a second time, Dumbledore read, “Victor Krum, from Drumstrang.” Victor came up, with a slight scowl etched upon his feature, gave a small bow, and went in to the room which Fleur had gone into.

“Ah, the third’s a charm,” Dumbledore joked. No one laughed. “Ah yes, and the Hogwarts champion is none other than Cedric Diggory.” Cedric walked up, with a full grin, and walked into the Champions’ room.

“Yes, well, since the champions have been chosen, I believe that,” he was cut short, because the Goblet had erupted yet again. Dumbledore stood there, amazed, yet very confused. He walked over to where the piece of parchment was falling, and caught it. Surprised was not an enough expression, he cleared his throat and said, “It appears as though we’ve a second Hogwarts champion, and it is none other than our own Harry Potter.”

Harry sat there, with James still in his arms, shocked.

## Chapter 14 – At the Jaws of Death

Harry sat there, James still in his arms, shocked.

“Harry Potter!” the Headmaster repeated. Hermione nudged him and urged him to get up. He got up and looked around; few were gazing in awe, wondering as to how exactly he successfully put his name in the goblet. While the others, were looking at him with the utmost loathing.

Slowly, he made his way to the front of the Great Hall. He felt like Dumbledore was suddenly miles away, when only he was but a few yards away. He looked down at the, now wide awake, James. Harry gave him a small smile.

“Harry, take this and proceed to the Champions’ room,” Dumbledore instructed. Harry nodded and went to the room.

Once entering, Fleur suddenly ran up to him. “Izz there a problem?” she asked.

“Err...” Harry was suddenly unable to speak.

“Vhy is it that Harry Potter is here. Is he not supposed to be vith his family and friends?” Victor Krum asked. Harry looked at him, but said nothing.

“Yeah, why are you here? Does Dumbledore—“ Cedric Diggory was unable to speak anymore, because he was cut off by the talk of adults. In the room, were, the Potions master, Severus Snape. The Transfiguration teacher, Minerva McGonagall, the D.A.D.A teacher, Moody, and the Headmaster himself (who was looking quiet frustrated), Dumbledore.

“Harry,” McGonagall said softly, remembering the baby in his arms, “did you, or did you not put your name in the Goblet of Fire?” All of a sudden, five gasps were shared.

“Vhat! This is an outrage!” Victor Krum said.



"Zeet iz not possible, he is but a mere child," Madam Maxime and Fleur exclaimed at the same time.

"Harry," McGonagall said again, "did you do it?"

"No," Harry said shaking his head, "I didn't."

"Are you sure?" Dumbledore asked, eyes twinkling. Harry let their eyes meet and replied honestly, "yes, I'm sure I didn't do it."

Dumbledore considered this more a moment, and then seemed satisfied with the answer.

"Ee is lying, 'ere no way a mere child could enter!" Maxime answered.

"He's just wants the money." Victor Krum commented. "Not that he needs it anyway," he added, mumbling.

"Of course, perhaps, Potter here just wanted some recognition. He's already got so much, why not he have all of it?" Snape commented.

"Severus, this is not the time for your comments," McGonagall said sternly. Snape scowled a bit, but then let it slide.

"Perhaps someone enchanted the Goblet to make it think that there were four schools, instead of three. And in doing that, someone entered Potter, knowing that he was sure to be chosen," Moody said speaking for the first time.

Harry, who had given up on it, had sat down and started playing with his son. He was playing with his son when suddenly something caught his attention.

"It is of no use, he will have to participate. The magic contract says so, he has no choice," Dumbledore said.

"But," McGonagall started but was cut off by a furious Harry.

"What do you mean I *have* to participate?" He practically shouted.

"I'm sorry Harry," Dumbledore started. Snape snorted. "But, you've no choice. You *will* participate. That's final."

McGonagall took a few deep breaths, and then said "Ok, we'll talk about this later. Potter, Krum, Delacour, Diggory, go on up to your dorms. We'll talk about this later," she said, clearly exhausted.

They nodded and headed on up, "Harry, will you stay for a minute? I wish to speak to you in private," Dumbledore said suddenly.

"Yeah, sure," Harry said. He had a feeling this wasn't going to go well.

After everyone had left, Dumbledore got straight to the point. "You're hiding something from me aren't you?"

Harry looked startled by the sudden question. Of course he didn't have anything to hide, besides the fact that he had left the Dursley's and most likely never going back to that hell hole ever again.

"No," Harry said calmly.

"Are you positive? Because, if I'm correct, I've heard that you've been staying with Sirius Black for the last few weeks, before term started. Am I correct?"

"Err... yes, yes I have been staying with Sirius. But he's my godfather, why can't I stay there?" Harry asked confused.

"Because, Harry," Dumbledore started, "it is not safe to stay with a convicted murderer."

"But he hasn't even murdered anyone!" Harry shouted, clearly not paying attention to his son's whimpering.

"Watch your son, Harry." Harry looked down at his son and quieted down. After that, Dumbledore said "yes Harry, I am very aware of that fact. But to the wizarding, and also muggle worlds, he is still known as a murderer."

"I don't care, I'm never going back to the Dursley's again," Harry said stubbornly. He felt like a little child asking if he really had to eat the vegetables. Why wouldn't Dumbledore just listen?

“Harry, I’m sorry, but you’ve no choice. I know it is still early in the year, but until you are 17, you must stay at the Dursley’s.”

“No,” Harry said simply. Then he decided to baffle the old man, “what about James and Lily? Huh, what are you going to do to them? You surly can’t keep them with Hermione or me for the whole summer on end. The Dursley’s hate me enough, they don’t need my kids. And Hermione’s parents don’t even like us anymore.” He said hoping to stop him. No such use.

“Well... then I’ve an option for you, though, you and Miss Granger would have to decide for yourselves.” He said calmly. Harry eyed him for a moment, and then checked his watch. He didn’t know he had been talking to Dumbledore for such a long time. Hermione would be so worried.

“I have to go, talk to me and Hermione later.” With that said, he got up, careful as to not wake up his son, and walked away.

Dumbledore sighed, *I shall talk to them tomorrow, before classes. Let us hope that we don’t have a repeat of the last meeting, though.* Dumbledore thought. He got up, sighed, and walked out of the Champions’ room. *This is going to be a long year...*

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“Prem,” Harry said to the portrait. He nodded and swung open.

“C’mon little guy, I bet you want to get to bed.” Harry walked up to the nursery and placed his son in the crib, near his sleeping sister. He then proceeded to walk up to their room, where he saw a very angry Hermione.

“What happened? Everyone came back a little while ago. Where were you? Why aren’t you answering me?” Hermione asked.

Harry blinked and then answered, “I was talking to Dumbledore,” he said simply. Hermione huffed and went into the bathroom to put on her pajamas. Once returning she sat on the bed and patiently waiting for Harry to change. When he returned he sat on the bed and looked at her straight in the eye. “Okay, I’m in the Triwizard Tournament,

officially.” Hermione gasped, but said nothing. He sighed and returned to his story. “I-I don’t know what I’m going to do... it’s so complicated. I mean... I bet the whole school thinks that I somehow outsmarted Dumbledore and entered. Which, I didn’t. You believe me right?” Harry asked.

She smiled and nodded, “of course I believe you Harry.”

Harry nodded. “Okay, so I don’t know what to do... what if... what if I die?” Harry asked quietly. Hermione’s eyes widened and she put her hand on his shoulder.

“Harry, you are *not* going to die. This Tournament is to test you, so we’ll have to teach you new things. Something, anything,” Hermione said. He sighed slowly, clearly exhausted from the days events, and lay back on the comfy bed. Hermione decided not to press the issue any further, so she just lay down next to him, and head off to sleep.

“Night, Harry,” Hermione said kissing his cheek. Harry mumbled something and snuggled closer to the sheets, where a well deserved sleep awaited him.

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Hermione woke up early the next morning (she hadn’t got much sleep because of the twins) and headed off to take a shower. Once she got out, she noted that breakfast wouldn’t start for a few hours. She went over to the bookshelf and started reading *Useful spells for the training wizard- by: Melfora Jain* and lookup anything that might help Harry. It was nearly 7:30 when Harry finally started to stir, she groaned and sleepily got up.

“Morning,” Harry said yawning.

“Good morning,” Hermione said. He took his school clothes and went into the bathroom to take a shower. Nearly 15 minutes later he emerged from the bathroom.

“Are we going to take the twins and go to breakfast, or are we going to stay here?” Harry asked.

“Let’s stay here. Merlin knows we don’t need people hounding you with questions as to how the great Harry Potter got his name in the Goblet of Fire. Plus, I think the babies are still too young,” Hermione said. Harry nodded and went over to the nursery where he saw his children were sleeping peacefully.

“Okay, I’ll—“ Harry started, but was cut off by a ‘pop’. Harry yelped and turned around quickly, where he saw Dobby.

“Dobby here to help little Harry’s babies, sir!” the house elf said, eyes open wide with cheer.

“Okay, hey I’ve got a favor to ask.”

“Anything Harry Potter sir!” the elf said eagerly.

“Do you think you could bring us some breakfast?” He asked.

“Yes Mister Potter, sir. Dobby be back in a jiffy!” He left with a ‘pop’.

Harry noticed that there was something stuck to the door, so he walked over to it, where he saw another note from the headmaster.

*Harry, Hermione,*

*I would like to see you after you are finished with your breakfast. This is concerning the Triwizard Tournaments, your housing arrangements and other things.*

*-Dumbledore*

*PS: I happen to be quiet fond of pumpkin pie*

Harry ran to their room and showed Hermione the letter. She gasped and crumpled the letter. “What? How?” was all Hermione could say at the moment, she was that mad.

“I don’t know Hermione. I don’t know.” He sighed, and then remembered that Dobby should be back with their breakfast. As if on cue, Dobby arrived with two silver trays behind him.

"Dobby sorry for wait Harry Potter, sir. Dobby had to help other house elves, sir." He said tearing up.

"Don't worry about it Dobby," Harry said reassuringly. The house elf nodded tearfully and went down to the nursery.

"C'mon, we've got a 'meeting' with Dumbledore," Harry said before digging into his breakfast. Hermione sighed, still not keen on letting Dobby take care of her children without getting paid, and started eating.

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"I wonder how he did it," asked a Gryffindor.

"I dunno, I heard that he tricked the Goblet into letting him put his in there," said another.

"Really? I've heard that he single handedly fought all of the teachers into putting his name in there."

"Potter just wants more money," Ron spat sitting down.

"What's with the last names?" Ginny asked 'shocked'. Ron rolled his eyes and proceeded to grab everything within arms reach.

Meanwhile... over at the Slytherin table...

"Potter just wants to gain resignation," a Slytherin said.

"Of course, that stupid Gryffindor with his mudblood girlfriend, plus those two brats," Pansy Parkinson said. "Isn't that right Draco sweetie?" She asked laying her head on his shoulder. He quickly nudged her off and got up. "What's up with him?" She muttered.

*He couldn't have done it. He just couldn't. He's already got so much fame, Merlin knows he doesn't want anymore.* Draco was so confused; part of him believed that he had done it. While the other 90 of his brain concluded that he hadn't done anything, that he could've perhaps been framed.

"Pumpkin pie," Harry said to the gargoyle. It swiftly moved aside where the door to Dumbledore's office was. Harry was about to knock, when he heard Dumbledore's voice.

"Come in Mister Potter, Miss Granger." Harry and Hermione looked at each other, and opened the door.

"Please take a seat," he said pointing to two chairs. They sat in them and looked at Dumbledore.

"Last night, Miss Granger, I was talking to young Harry here. I have told him that he, along with you, must go back to your relatives' homes this summer, along with every summer until you turn 17." He looked at them and saw that Hermione had taken Harry's hand, and her knuckles were nearly white. Harry was glaring at him; he then sighed, and answered for the both of them.

"I'm sorry, but as I've told you last night; we will not be going back to our homes. Ever."

Dumbledore expected that, though, he had a plan. "I'm sorry, but you must. We all know that Sirius is an accused murder, though we know he did no such thing, he is still accused of murder."

"So what?" Harry said shouting. This was too much for him, so he got up and started pacing around the office. Hermione on the other hand, just stayed silent, unable to say anything. "So what if he's accused, we all know, especially you, that he did no such thing. *And* the Dursley's won't take me in, neither will Hermione's parents," Harry shouted. His temper was getting the better of him again, because his hair started blowing in a non existent wind.

"Mr. Potter, calm down, sit, and listen to me." Dumbledore spoke sternly, letting Harry know that he meant business. Harry mumbled something, raked his hands through his hair, and sat with a 'thud'.

"Headmaster, I think that you should just let us stay at Sirius' home," Hermione said for the first time. Then, the question that Dumbledore had been waiting for was asked. "What about our children? Where

will they stay? Neither Harry nor I can stay without seeing them the whole summer.”

“Well, I’ve an option. It is not a small decision, however. As you know, it will be very difficult raising two children, while keeping up with your studies. So, I’ve an option; you could give them up to adoption,” Dumbledore spoke slowly, as if he was really affected by what he had just said.

Then, what he had expected came; Harry *and* Hermione stood up and started shouting at him. “*What?* How can you think that we’re going to give up our children! We are *not* going to do that, no matter what,” shouted Harry.

“You might be our Headmaster, but in no circumstances are you to tell us what we can and cannot do,” Hermione shouted. She was very mad, how dare he say that they give up their children?

Dumbledore sighed, “I’m sorry, but you must.”

“No,” shouted the two. Things had been shattering, and since Harry and Hermione were both mad, things started breaking rapidly.

“Mister Potter, Miss Granger, I order you to stop at this instance,” Dumbledore said sternly, standing up and taking out his wand. “Or else you leave me no choice,” he said pointing his wand at Harry.

Their eyes went wide. They were really in for it now. Never had Dumbledore raised his wand at the two. Then again, they had never been that mad at him.

“Now, calm down, and sit,” he said in a calm voice. *This is going to be a challenge*, thought Dumbledore.

“No,” Harry said stubbornly, while Hermione had just sat, not wanting to get on the bad side of Dumbledore.

“Harry, sit.”

“No,” Harry said again, “I’m sick of you. I know what you did to Hermione, we both know. It’s a wonder that the whole—“



*“Stupefy,”* Dumbledore said, pointing at the spot where Harry was moments ago. Now, Harry lay on the floor.

“Headmaster,” Hermione shouted. She took out her wand and woke him up. Bad move. Harry took out his wand and hexed him.

Before he could register what was happening, Harry had been shot with an unknown curse. He instantly fell on the floor, gasping for breath.

Dumbledore calmly sat down while Hermione helped Harry. He started to slowly drop his eyes, and before long, he was unconscious.

Dumbledore called for Madam Pomfrey, and she was there within seconds. She looked at Hermione, who had been crying hysterically, and then at Harry, who was lying on the floor looking deathly pale.

“Oh Merlin,” she said. She conjured a stretcher, and Harry disappeared. Madam Pomfrey was out of there within moments and then went to the Hospital Wing.

“What happened Miss Granger?” She asked Hermione. Before she could say a word, Dumbledore came up behind her and answered.

“She hit Mister Potter with a curse.”

Hermione’s eyes went wide and she started to violently shake her head. Madam Pomfrey said that he needed to be treated soon, if not, he’d surely die. Hermione couldn’t bring herself to say that the Headmaster hit Harry with the curse, whatever it was.

“Oh no,” Madam Pomfrey said, checking his pulse, “it’s slowing.” Before Hermione could ask, the nurse walked quickly into her office. She arrived less than a minute later; holding a vial of what seemed to be, air. She quickly went up to him, opened his mouth slightly, opened the vial, and put the ‘air’ in his mouth. She then checked his pulse again, “oh no,” she said again, this time running to her office. This time when she returned, she seemed to have a muggle device with her. She quickly put it over Harry’s mouth and with a flick of her wand; it seemed to be doing something to Harry. She went back to her office, this time walking in a normal pace, and came back with a

shot. She put it by his bedside table, "this is for Harry when he wakes up," she told Hermione. She then added whispering, "If he does."

She didn't know what curse Harry had been hit with, but whatever it was, it was killing him. Dumbledore conjured a chair a while back and sat silently there. Hermione sat by Harry's side, shaking her head, while at the same time crying.

Slowly, Harry's chest started to move, though very slowly. The three that were conscience looked at him with wide eyes. Madam Pomfrey quickly checked his pulse, it was very slow, but it was still there. She then checked to see his air levels in his lungs; there was barely any air there. She sighed, and then went to her office to retrieve more of her 'air.' Once she came back, she took off the mask over Harry's mouth, and gave him the potion. She then put it back on so he could have more oxygen.

"What curse was Mister Potter hit with?" Madam Pomfrey said glaring at Hermione. Hermione didn't know what to say. She hadn't done it, there was nothing more to say.

"I-I didn't hit Harry with anything," Hermione whispered, barely audible. Dumbledore slightly chuckled. He then spoke up.

"I believe that Miss Granger hit Harry with an ancient curse that takes all of the oxygen out of one's body," he said. The two women gasped.

"That is a Dark Arts curse Miss Granger, you should be ashamed. If Mister Potter here didn't make it out alive, you could very well spend 5-10 years in Azkaban." She stated. Her eyes went wide, and then she started crying again. She didn't do it, why was Dumbledore saying that she did. She didn't even know that they had made a curse like that.

"Now, now Poppy, I'll give the proper punishment," Dumbledore said. Hermione couldn't even say anything, because if she did, no one would believe her.

"Miss Granger, consider yourself a very lucky girl. If Dumbledore had not summoned me when he did, Mister Potter could very well be dead. Now, I think it is time you leave, if anything happens, I'll tell

Albus to tell you immediately,” Madam Pomfrey said. Hermione shook her head.

“I’m not leaving him,” Hermione said holding on to Harry’s ice-cold hand. He might’ve been breathing (extremely slowly), but he was still breathing; alive. She was going to make Dumbledore pay, she didn’t care what it took, she was going to make him pay. He had nearly killed Harry, and he hadn’t done it on accident.

“Miss Granger, go. I’ll inform you on anything that happens to Harry,” Dumbledore said. He stood up and then left the Hospital wing, humming a tune to the Weird Sisters. Hermione sniffed once more, then stood up.

She walked slowly to the exit, not wanting to leave. She looked back once more before leaving the wing.

She kept her eyes down the whole time until she reached her classes. This was going to be a long year.

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It was dinner time, and still no word on how Harry’s condition was. By this time, the whole school knew about how Hermione hit Harry with a curse, and he was now on the verge of death. Some were saying that she just wanted his money; others were saying that she just wanted his kids and then kill him. But only one believed that Hermione had nothing to do with Harry’s current condition, and that person was Draco Malfoy.

Currently, Hermione and Draco were on either side of Harry; Hermione holding his hand, and Draco looking intently at him. Harry had still been deathly pale, but better than before. If you touched him, he was ice cold. It was not a nice sight; Harry had changed from his school robes, to the Hospital clothes. All in all, Harry was very close to death.

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All Harry could remember was hexing the Headmaster, and then falling on the floor gasping for oxygen. Then black, lots of black.

*Am I dead?* Harry thought. Still, all he could see was black. Every time he breathed in oxygen, he felt the oxygen leave him immediately. He tried to open his eyes, but no avail. After a while he quit, and let sleep overcome him. Breathing was still very painful, so he had a tough time sleeping.

*Harry's dream...*

*"Mommy, where's daddy?" A 7yr old James Potter asked. All of a sudden, Hermione started crying, running into her room. Lily then hit her brother.*

*"Stupid! Daddy died! You know mommy is still sad over that," she said, hitting him in between every word.*

*"Oh... yeah..." He said tearing up. Then he started sniffing, and then he started to cry. Lily joined him not long after, crying. Missing their beloved father, who had died when they were just barely a week old.*

*Then the dreadful dream changed into something worse...*

*"Wormtail, we've a guest. Invite him in," something hissed. Wormtail hesitantly nodded, he got up and opened the door. There was another person, sitting by the 'thing', he had brown hair, was quiet lanky, and had a very evil grin plastered on his face.*

*"Master, may I?" The man asked. The 'thing' nodded. Wormtail let the man in, he seemed to be very elderly.*

*"My good old man, sit, dine—I'm sorry, I mean die." The 'thing' hissed. The old man looked at him; he saw a snake around the chair he was sitting on. There was a man by him, and then there was the man that let him in.*

*The man with the brown hair stood up, he seemed to be carrying a stick. He pointed it at the man, and said the two worst words, still with a grin. "Avada Kedavra." A green spark shot out of the stick and hit the old man. Instantly, he fell lifelessly on the ground.*

*They grinned. Then, the 'thing' spoke, "Good job," it hissed. He nodded, grin still in tact, and sat next to the snake.*

All of a sudden, Harry awoke with a start. He was sweating heavily, there was something covering his mouth, and everything was dark. Breathing was still hard, and the thing that was covering his mouth gave him oxygen, so he looked around the room, not moving one ounce.

The room was dark, he had no idea where he was, but the bed felt familiar, like he had been there before. *Am I in my room? No, it's much more comfortable. Perhaps I'm in the Hospital Wing.* He looked around again, no use, it was still dark. *What if I really am dead? Oh no... no... this can't be happening. Okay, stop. You aren't dead, just... somewhere.*

After a while, he decided to stop arguing with himself wheatear or not he was alive or not and just let the blackness envelope once more.

## Chapter 15 – Shadows

Ginny silently crept up the steps, avoiding that damn cat. She had already gotten caught a few times, once being when she was in her first year, a day before Mrs. Norris was petrified. Mrs. Norris had been holding a grudge on her since, even though she was a cat.

She quietly walked to the third floor. She was supposed to meet Pansy Parkinson to discuss that Potions book she had. Ginny had confronted Pansy after she overheard a conversation concerning Draco and his 'mysterious disappearances'. She told her that Draco had found her and Ron brewing a potion, and about his threat. She was shocked to say the least, but then thought of a plan. They *both* would brew a potion, where they were positive that Draco wouldn't find them. Since then, Ginny had become quiet close with the pug faced girl.

She opened the door and crept silently inside, making sure that the cat wasn't following her. She sat down, took out her special potions book, lighted a few candles, and checked the potion. It was supposed to be pink by now, but instead, it was black, and smelt like rotten vegetables.

"That's odd," Ginny murmured. Then, Pansy came in. She did a double check, making sure she wasn't being followed, and closed the door.

"Is it pink yet?" she asked. Ginny shook her head and started looking in her book to see what she had done wrong. Then, she heard Pansy gasp.

"What," Ginny asked. Pansy just pointed at the wall near the cauldron. Ginny looked up and also gasped. Written in bold white writing were the words:

YOU'VE BEEN WARNED

NOW YOU SHALL SUFFER THE CONSEQUENCES

Ginny panicked, she looked over at Pansy, whose eyes were currently on the verge of falling out. Ginny quickly shut her book and blew out the candles. They didn't bother cleaning the cauldron; they just wanted to run before they were caught. Pansy and Ginny ran through the door, not noticing the cat, or the person next to the cat.

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Hermione woke up, feeling a sense of emptiness. Then did she realize that Harry wasn't next to her; he had been in the Hospital Wing, lingering between life and death. She suddenly found herself empty of tears.

She sighed and then went to the nursery. She saw that Dobby was already there, crying. Hermione worried. Why on earth would Dobby be crying? Did something happen to James, Lily, or Harry?

"Dobby, what's wrong?" Hermione asked cautiously. Dobby jumped, startled, and then started to furiously wipe his tears away.

"Dobby is sorry miss. Dobby is just so sad! Mister Harry Potter sir might... might... die!" Dobby said, crying once more. Hermione felt bad for Dobby; after all, he did worship Harry.

"D-don't worry D-Dobby, n-n-nothing is going to happen to H-Harry," Hermione said. The elf tearfully nodded and then picked up Lily, taking her to the changing table. Hermione looked over at James, who was sleeping. He was so much like his father. Hermione said that she was going to eat in the Great Hall today, Dobby, still very tearful, nodded.

She went back up to her room and took out her school clothes. She went into the shower and thought. Thought about how she'd get her revenge on Dumbledore. He wasn't going to get off easy; he was going to have hell to pay. He almost killed Harry. And if Hermione said anything, they'd surly think that she was off her rocker. She thought about ways of even killing him, with out going to Azkaban of course.

*I'm going to have to do some research if I want to kill the old bastard.*  
Hermione thought getting out of the shower.

She quickly walked towards the Hospital Wing, avoiding the cruel remarks about her and 'how she was just in it for the money.'

"Madam Pomfrey," Hermione called. The nurse quickly came, and motioned to the far side of the wing, where Harry lay. She nodded and walked over to Harry.

He was still extremely pale and seemed to have lost some weight. His hair clung to his forehead because he was sweating so much. Hermione thought that was odd, so she called Madam Pomfrey.

"Yes?" she asked walking up to Hermione.

"Harry's sweating, is something wrong?" Hermione said worried. Madam Pomfrey glanced over at Harry, then started checking him. She pulled out her wand, and started chanting a few spells. She then went into her office, coming out she brought a blue vial full of dreamless sleep.

"Well, there seems to be some good news, and some bad. The good news is that Harry will probably live. Trust me, when you've been hit with an ancient curse like this, it's a wonder Mister Potter lived to this day. The bad news is that I still have to find how to cure him." She sighed. "I'm not sure if Harry will be able to breathe on his own, if I don't find a cure," she said. Hermione looked at her, shocked. Harry might not be able to breathe? He still has a chance of living, though, only if she found a cure, and soon.

Hermione suddenly found herself full of tears. She started to cry, not caring if she was going to have red-rimmed eyes, or puffy cheeks. She just wanted Harry to live. Once Harry woke up, Dumbledore was surly going to die, that much Hermione knew.

*When Harry wakes up, Dumbledore's going to wish he never messed with me and Harry,* Hermione thought angrily.

After what seemed like hours (though it was only about 10min), she got up, straightened out her clothes, and fixed her hair. She gave Harry a lingering kiss on the cheek and left.

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Hermione sat by herself that day during classes. All of the classes she took, she and Harry always sat together, even before they were together. Everyone who were in there class knew that no one took their seats, even if one weren't there that day.

So Hermione attempted to listen to what Professor McGonagall was saying, but no avail. Though she already learned everything, she had to organize her thoughts.

"Miss Granger, see me after class today," McGonagall said. The class echoed in 'ooh's' and 'ah's.' Hermione looked to her left, where she saw Draco writing a note. He glanced he way and passed her the note when McGonagall wasn't looking.

Hermione opened it and read:

*Granger,*

*What REALLY happened to Potter? I heard rumors, but I didn't believe any. I need to hear the truth, about the Triwizard Tournament, and why Potter's in the Hospital. Again...*

*See me after dinner, in the Hospital Wing.*

*-You saw me pass this note to you, Granger, are you really that oblivious?*

*PS: Ignore the surnames; Pansy was next to me eyeing me suspiciously. She thinks I'm going to hex you.*

Hermione looked over at him and gave a slight nod.

After class was over, she walked up to McGonagall's desk, where she was looking very worried.

"Miss Granger, do you know what happened to Potter?" She asked. Hermione nodded.

"He... he was hit with some ancient curse."

"Yes, and Dumbledore told me that you were the one who cast it upon him. But it doesn't add up, why would you of all people want to try to kill him?" She asked. Hermione didn't know whether or not to trust her or not. In the end she decided that if McGonagall went against Dumbledore to build their rooms, why not tell her about Dumbledore?

She took a deep breath and answered, "That's the thing, Professor, I didn't cast the spell. I haven't even heard of it until now, and I still don't know exactly what it is."

McGonagall sighed. "That's what I feared," she muttered. Hermione didn't understand. What did McGonagall fear?

"Um, excuse me Professor, but, what did you fear?" Hermione asked.

She sighed, and then told Hermione about how Albus had been acting differently since Harry had started school. Apparently he wanted to tear them apart, because Dumbledore wanted all of the glory to himself. He didn't want to share the spotlight; he wanted it all for himself. She then told him about the night that she was looking for a book in his office. That was when she found the potion that made Hermione pregnant. She told the young girl about his plans, how he was going to kill them and should be very cautious.

Hermione sighed, she knew that was coming. "Professor, why isn't Dumbledore going to Azkaban? Harry might not even live," Hermione shouted.

"Yes, I am very aware of that, Miss Granger. However, Albus is a very powerful wizard. Though, I can not do anything, you two will certainly be able to. I fear that the old Headmaster we once knew is no more." She sighed again and dismissed Hermione, not being able to take anymore.

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"What? No Potter? What happened this time?" Snape asked the class. No one thought he was actually expecting an answer, so no one raised their hands. "Answer me," he bellowed.

Draco put his hand up. Snape motioned for him to answer, expecting a foul answer, but getting something far from it. "Harry was sent to the Hospital Wing. He got hit with some ancient curse. No one knows if he's even going to live." Everyone gasped. Draco, say Harry's first name? *Shit, I messed up*, Draco thought. "Oh shut up. He's got a name you know," Draco said to the class.

Snape looked... shocked. But he quickly recovered. "Yes, well, thank you Draco. Class, turn to page three hundred forty-two." The class instantly obeyed.

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Dinner had not gone well at all. First, people kept on commenting about how Hermione had just wanted Harry's children. Then, they couldn't stop talking about how Draco called him 'Harry.' Ginny kept glancing around the Great Hall, as if someone were about to attack her. For some reason, too, she kept glancing over the Slytherin table, in the direction of Draco and Pansy.

Dumbledore had been eyeing her suspiciously while McGonagall kept glancing at her worriedly. The other students, mainly Victor Krum, had been trying to talk to her. He had taken a liking to her ever since Harry was entered in the Triwizard Tournament.

Hermione made her way to Harry's bed. He looked a lot better than he had before. He had just about gotten all of the color in his skin back. Though, he did seem to be sweating profusely. That scared Hermione. Madam Pomfrey walked up to her saying that she had finally found a cure, though, it'd take at least a night, if not more, for Harry to wake up.

Draco came in but a few minutes later. He, too, noticed that Harry had looked better since he last saw him. He sat on a chair next to Harry's bed.

"What's that thing on his mouth?" He asked.

"It's a magically enchanted muggle device that gives you air. Apparently from what I've read, you don't need to breathe in for the

air to go to your lungs. Harry can't breathe on his own, though he's fighting it," Hermione said starting to tear up.

"Oh. Well, err, he looks better. At least he's not white as a sheet," Draco said trying to change the subject. Hermione just nodded.

"Okay, so in the note today, you asked about the truth." Draco nodded. "Well, it seems to me that someone entered Harry. Someone that wants something bad to happen to him. I don't know who, though. So now he has no choice but to enter, I really wish he weren't, though. He's already got so much attention, he doesn't need anymore," she whispered.

"What about this," he asked motioning to Harry. Hermione sighed.

"Can I trust you to not tell anyone?" Hermione asked. Draco looked at Hermione. He wouldn't tell anyone anything, not that he was friends with Harry and Hermione. They had changed the bad boy Slytherin to a loyal Gryffindor fool he once thought was disgraceful.

"Yes, you can trust me."

Hermione sighed. "Well," she started off in a whisper where Draco had to lean in to listen properly, "Dumbledore hit Harry with some ancient curse. It took *all* of the oxygen out of the victim. It was a wonder how Harry survived." Draco laughed.

"Kind of like how the survived the killing curse. The bloody Bloody-Boy-Who-Lived lives again, though this time, barely."

"Yes, so now Dumbledore said that *I* was the one who cursed Harry," Hermione said, still whispering. "Just wait until Harry get's up. We'll make his life hell," Hermione mumbled. Draco sat there nodding. Then he realized what she said, Dumbledore *cursed* a student! He could have his wand snapped!

"Hermione!" Draco said cheerfully. Hermione looked up from where she was staring at Harry's pale face, to Draco's. "We can have his wand snapped. Then he won't be able to do anything," he said whispering cheerfully.

Hermione looked thoughtful for a moment, but then answered, “what if he can do wandless magic? Then it wouldn’t matter or not if he had his wand.”

“Yes, but a wizard could only do so much without a wand.”

She saw Harry twitch. And twitch again. Hermione looked at him sadly and pulled his bangs back. That was when she saw that his scar had been blood red and bleeding slightly. She gasped, “oh no. Why on earth would it bleed?” Hermione asked to no one in particular.

“What’s bleeding—oh,” Draco said, looking at the scar with slight fear. Sure, he’s seen it many times, but he’s never seen it bleed. Hell, he didn’t even know that scar *could* bleed. He saw Harry twitch again, as if he were having a nightmare.

Suddenly, Harry’s eyes snapped open. They moved around frantically, as if making sure he was safe. After a few moments, his eyes went to Hermione. They didn’t notice the beetle on the wall, nor the person lurking about the shadows. Suddenly, he started twitching and shaking, he gave Hermione a look that clearly said ‘help and his chest stopped moving, his eyes closing.

Hermione and Draco’s eyes bugged out. They ran towards the office, all the while calling for Madam Pomfrey. She looked quiet irritated with them.

“Harry’s chest stopped moving!” Hermione shouted, tears falling down her cheeks. Draco nodded quickly. Madam Pomfrey went back into her office, gathering potions and whatnot and then ran to Harry. She gave him a few potions to see what he was suffering. His lungs were functioning properly, so were his muscles, what was the problem? Then she saw the faint blue mark near Harry’s chest. She muttered something quickly, and checked him again. The blue mark was gone. She gave him some more potions and told Draco and Hermione that if anything happened to tell her immediately.

**0—0—0—0**

Harry lay there, hearing the steady sound of his heart. He then heard sounds of people talking, from what he heard, one was a girl and the other was a boy.

He was still trying to open his eyes, though, every time he tried, he ended up twitching. He tried again, yet another twitch. Finally, he gave up, trying to sleep. He really was getting tired of sleeping. (Hehe)

*There was a shadow lurking around the corners of the Hospital Wing. The shadow looked around, as if making sure that no one was around.*

*Then, and only then, did he cast an unknown curse that was headed straight towards Harry. He tried, but then found that his muscles were going haywire, probably the effect of the curse. Then, he felt his heart slow down. Then pain, lots of pain. Also a faint cry of babies could be heard throughout the wing.*

Harry could feel the blood trickling down his scar. That had been happening a lot lately, even though he couldn't open his eyes.

Then all of a sudden, he felt something hit his chest, he opened his eyes, searching for that shadow. Then his eyes fell on Hermione, and then with his eyes, he pleaded for help. Then like in the nightmare, his muscles started going haywire, and then his heart started slowing down. He gave up and closed his eyes, waiting for the pain to come, but it didn't. He then felt something calm his nerves, so he decided that he should just let his nerves calm down letting the blackness envelop him once more.

(A/N: I bet you guys are getting tired of Harry and his near death experiences.)

**0—0—0—0**

“What was that blue mark on Harry's chest?” Hermione asked Draco.

Draco seemed to be in thought, but then it dawned on him. “No, only a few other people are known to have been hit with it. But... how did he... no...” Draco said talking to himself.

“How did he what? Draco, answer me,” Hermione said.

“He-he was hit with a curse... I forget what it’s called at the moment, but this curse, it makes your nerves go all haywire. Then something happens to your brain. It’s been a long time since I’ve read it; it’s one of those ancient curses. I’ve only read it once, and from what I remember no one survived it. Yet again, Potter has pulled off the impossible, actually, this isn’t impossible. To get cured, all you have to do is cast a spell that calms down your nerves mildly. Nothing too big, but once people get to the hospital they’re already dead...” he trailed off.

“But-but who cast it? There was no one here before he woke up. He just looked around and started shaking and twitching,” Hermione said.

“You’re right Granger. Who...”

Hermione leaned in so close to Draco that their faces could’ve touched. She then whispered “what if Dumbledore did it? What if he’s watching us right now?”

Draco leaned back, that was too close for comfort. Sure, she was his friend, but that was it, just a friend. How Harry and Hermione stayed that close even before they got together was a wonder for Draco. It was as if they were jointed at the hip. He quickly regained his train of thought and looked around the Hospital Wing.

It seemed, to Draco, that no one was there. Though, he could always be wrong. He got up and started looking around every corner, just then, the Hospital Wing’s doors burst open, making both Draco and Hermione jump.

“But-but I-I d-didn’t do it,” a girl said crying. Draco instantly knew who it was: Pansy. He quickly jumped onto the bed next to Harry and started complaining about the poor service. He quickly told Hermione to get by Harry’s side and act like he was a prick (Hermione snorted).

“Draco, oh my god, what happened, love?” Pansy asked rushing to Draco’s side, not caring about her broken arm. (I wonder how she got that...)

“Ugh, that stupid dinner. I swear, I’m going to get that old muggle loving fool fired,” he said.

“Oh don’t worry Draco; I’m sure father could do something.” She sat next to him, glaring at Hermione who was a bed away. “What are you looking at Granger? Jealous? I heard what everyone was saying, how you were just in it for the money. How—“

Draco cut her off with ‘accidentally’ shoving her off the bed with his feet. “Sorry, I forgot it could still move.” *Wow that was stupid. What happened to your wonderful excuses? Ugh, Harry and Hermione are having too much influence on me. Whatever,* Draco thought, not noticing that Pansy was lying next to him, with Madam Pomfrey looming over them.

“Why are you here Mr. Malfoy?” The nurse asked. Sure, he was there with Harry before, but now he was on the bed, lying next to a girl.

“Err... stomach ache,” he said lamely. She wasn’t a fool, she caught on quick. Draco didn’t want anyone to know that he was there with Hermione and Harry, so when she came in, he quickly made an excuse of some sickness.

“Ah yes, I’ve the potion right here,” she winked and gave him a vial. He eyed it suspiciously before drinking it. There was nothing in there... *clever*, thought Draco.

“Feel better, best I head off to bed now,” Draco said walking away. Pansy protested, but gave up in the end.

Hermione got up from her seat and gave Harry a lingering kiss on his sweaty forehead. Hermione walked away, knowing that tomorrow, Harry was going to be alright.

**0—0—0—0**

Dumbledore paced in his office. He hit Harry with that curse in the Hospital Wing. He wanted to kill Harry once and for all, but that damn boy just wouldn’t die. He cast an undetectable charm on his wand the week before, so no one would be able to track what spells came out of his wand.



He was going to have to settle for something else. So, he sent howlers to Harry and Hermione's relatives saying that they 'must stay there until they're seventeen.'

0—0—0—0

Petunia was just cleaning up the dishes when she heard taps on the kitchen window. She had a feeling that it was an owl. The last one she got was the one from Harry and Hermione saying that the twins were born, with it were some pictures of the four.

She saw the owl, tied to its leg was a howler. One addressed to her, another to the Grangers'.

She quickly gave the owl a few biscuit bits, it gave a "hoot" and left. She opened it and it started yelling:

"HOW COULD YOU LET HARRY LEAVE?! DO YOU NOT KNOW WHO HE IS STAYING WITH NOW?! HE IS STAYING WITH A *MURDERER*! YOU LISTEN, AND YOU LISTEN WELL. THAT BOY AND HIS CHILDREN WILL STAY AT YOUR HOUSE FOR THE SUMMERS UNTIL HE IS OF AGE. HE WILL BE ALLOWED TO LEAVE FOR SOMETIME TO SEE HIS OTHERCHILD AND GIRLFRIEND. BUT! HE MAY *NOT* LEAVE YOUR HOUSE! YOU HEAR ME?! HMPH, YOU SHOULD BE ASHAMED!" The paper ripped, leaving a stunned Petunia in the kitchen.

She had some serious talking with Vernon to do. That was for sure.

0—0—0—0

Stephanie and her husband, Jeff, were enjoying each others company. They still weren't over the fact that Hermione got herself pregnant, but they couldn't hate her. She was still their daughter, though, they did hate Harry.

Just then, an owl landed on their bed, carrying some sort of a red letter. Mrs. Granger took it, gave the owl some water, and went to open it when it opened itself and started shouting at two stunned adults.

“HOW DARE YOU LET HERMIONE LEAVE?! DO YOU NOT KNOW WHO SHE IS STAYING WITH?! A *MURDERER*!! YES! A *MURDERER*!! YOU LISTEN, AND YOU LISTEN WELL. SHE WILL STAY AT YOUR HOUSE UNTIL SHE IS OF AGE!! SHE WILL BE ABLE TO VISIT HER BOYFRIEND FOR A SHORT WHILE, BUT I’M WARNING YOU!! IF NOT, SHE’LL BE STAYING WITH A *MURDERER*!!! DO YOU HEAR ME, MUGGLES?! YOU SHOULD’VE BEEN CALM AND LET HERMIONE STAY!!” The howler blew a raspberry and shredded itself.

Mister and Missus Granger obviously had the wrong interpretation as to who the ‘murderer’ was. They thought it was Harry.

“That boy murdered someone?” Stephanie said on the verge of tears. “My baby is dating a murderer. *And* she had his children! I swear that boy is no good. I’ve heard what he did. When he was 11 he stole something priceless! And he can talk to snakes! Hermione said that the only other person in Britain was that Voldermort man! He’s evil! And just last year he and Hermione helped save another murderer! Jeff, he’s going to kill my baby!” She said sobbing now. She might’ve been angry at her child, but she still loved her. After all, she was her mother; she could *never* stop loving her child.

“I don’t know, love, but we’ll figure it out. After all, *they* might be coming over holidays,” Jeff said.

Boy was this going to be a long year...

**A/N:** I bet you guys hate me right about now. Like, why the hell was Harry about to die, AGAIN?! Sorry guys, Dumbledore is an evil bastard who will take anyone down in his path to glory.

Good thing that he lived, though right? Ahh, don’t worry; he should wake up next chapter : )

Yeah... Dumbledore was OOC... gah. I have to work about the whole ‘In Character’ thing.

About the whole Grangers... Dumbledore just wanted to make Harry and Hermione’s lives the hell they’ve never had.

So, question: Do you think the cops should be at the Granger's? I think they should... hmm... I've still time until the holidays, but let me know: )

Until the next! OOHH Thank you ALL for the reviews! I love you all.

## Chapter 16 – Daddy Awakes

### **POTTER IN HOSPITAL**

**Article by: Rita Skeeter**

**Harry Potter, 14, was seen in the infirmary yesterday. He was seen unconscious yesterday, lying next to Hermione Granger, 14, and an unknown other. Sources say that he was hit with a curse that took out all of the oxygen out of the victim's body. "It's a bloody miracle that boy lived," says a student, "he could've died within minutes."**

**What's happening to our savior? Will he live to tell the tale? How about our lovely Potter babies?**

**--Full article on page 3--**

"Damn, Skeeter," Hermione said. She was eating her breakfast peacefully, until she saw *The Daily Prophet*. On the front page, was a picture of Harry from an earlier article and under it was the article that Rita Skeeter wrote.

*That damn witch*, Hermione thought. She got up and stormed out of the Great Hall, walking towards the Hospital Wing.

There she saw Madam Pomfrey looking over Harry with a big smile on her face. Hermione walked over to Harry's bed and saw that he looked a lot better than he had when he was hit with the curse.

"Miss Granger," started Madam Pomfrey, "Mister Potter should be up soon. It seems as though he is healthy enough today, plus the potion is taking full effect on him. Good sign, that is. I think he shall wake up today, this morning even, perhaps." She checked over Harry once more and went to tend a first year that had a nosebleed.

Hermione sat on a chair next to Harry's bed and took his hand. "Hear that, Harry? You'll wake up today. James and Lily have been missing you quiet a lot. They want their daddy. I know it was just a few days, but still. Wake up, Harry," Hermione said.

She felt Harry's hand twitch after she had said that. *Is he waking up?* Hermione asked herself. His hand twitched again.

Harry opened his mouth slightly, and spoke. "H-Hermione," he said, eyes still firmly shut. Hermione smiled and replied in a soft voice.

"Y-yes, Harry, it's me, Hermione." He smiled slightly and opened his eyes—barely.

"How-how long have I been out for?" He asked, opening his eyes a bit more.

"Just about three days," she replied. He just vaguely nodded. He tried opening his eyes further until he could see her bushy-brown hair and all.

"How are James and Lily?" Harry asked, stroking her hand with his thumb.

"They're fine, I guess. They're still too young to understand anything, though. So you know how it is." She smiled at him. He smiled back. "I need to go get Madam Pomfrey, you know, to tell her that you're up." She kissed him, lingering a bit, and walked towards the office.

*She's too good for me,* thought Harry smiling.

A few minutes later, Hermione came walking with Madam Pomfrey by her side.

"Ahh, I see you're up, Mister Potter. It's about time, if I do say so myself," she said. She took out her wand and started muttering incantations that Harry couldn't understand. Then she gave Harry a blue potion. "Drink." She commanded.

He nodded slightly and took the vial and brought it up to his lips. He was expecting something bitter like the skele-gro, but instead, he got a sweet liquid, almost as if it were honey. He smiled into the potion.

"Okay, you'll be allowed to leave today. Though, I do advise extreme caution," she said sternly. "Just let me get Mister Potter's school uniform from my office and he'll be on his way." She went back to her

office. A few minutes later, she arrived with a bundle full of clothes. "Here. Go to the restroom and change," she commanded. He nodded getting up. He staggered a bit, his muscles getting used to movement again, and went to the restroom.

"Miss Granger, aren't you classes starting in a bit?" Madam Pomfrey asked.

Hermione looked at her watch and gasped. "They've started 20minutes ago!" She considered going to class, but then decided against it. She wanted to wait for Harry. "I think I'll just wait for Harry." She turned in the direction towards the restroom, patiently waiting for her boyfriend to emerge.

"Sorry, I needed to take a shower," Harry said 15minutes later. "Can I go to class right now?" He asked Madam Pomfrey. She nodded and led them out of the Hospital Wing.

"C'mon, Potions first," Hermione said, taking his hand. He nodded and they went towards the potions classroom.

They opened the door and saw Neville's potion explode in his face. Harry glanced around, a lot of the students had gasped, while others were paying no attention whatsoever.

"Mister Potter, Miss Granger. I do not tolerate tardiness. twenty points off of Gryffindor," Snape said. "Take your seats before I take off more points."

They mumbled something and went to their seats. Draco was sitting in the table right next to theirs, while Ron sat at the far end of the classroom.

Harry knew that word was going to spread like wildfire, and it did. Lavender and Parvati put their heads together and started to giggle and whisper furiously. Draco was looking at Harry intently, as if deciphering his emotions. Hermione was taking notes in class. Ron wasn't even looking his way, though he knew that he was clearly talking to Seamus about Harry.

“Potter, get your head out of the clouds,” Snape bellowed. Harry snapped out of it and looked at Snape. “So, Potter... why are you back? Aren’t you supposed to be dead?” He asked with venom.

Harry replied, with much false pride, “Why would I? I’m the boy-who-lived. I don’t die that easily.” He never did like to use his nickname, but he really wanted to piss off Snape, even if he had just woken up from a three day long ‘nap.’

A few looked at him in shock, others gasped. Hermione, too, slightly gasped at his reply.

“Smart, are we now, Potter? Let’s just see how smart of that is when you spend det—“

Suddenly, Colin Creevy ran in, camera still around neck, and interrupted the Professor. “Professor, sir, we need to see Harry Potter. It’s for the champions.”

Harry groaned. He’d completely forgotten about the Triwizard Tournament.

“What?” Snape asked.

“Yes, we need the champions for their articles, wand weighing, and other stuff,” Colin said babbling.

*Great, just what I need, more publicity,* Harry thought.

“Very well, then. Potter, go.” He turned around, walking towards the chalkboard, robe billowing behind him.

Harry gathered his books and followed Colin out of the classroom.

“So, Harry, how are you? Are you okay? I heard that Hermione was trying to kill you—“

“What?” Harry nearly shouted.

“Yeah... that’s what everyone thinks. Hermione hit you with some ancient curse and you were like... almost dead,” he said.

*Well, they got one part of it right. Well, kind of,* Harry thought.

"No. Hermione didn't hit me with any curse. She'd never, ever, do that. I did get hit with a curse, which I did almost die from. But that's just about it," he said.

"Okay, here we are. Bye, Harry!" Colin said as he ran away. Harry was in front of a door that seemed to have a lot of people talking on the other side. Shrugging, he went inside.

Inside, were Fleur Delacour, Victor Krum, Ludo Bagman, Ollivander, Dumbledore (*Damn it*, thought Harry), Cedric Diggory, and Rita Skeeter.

"Ahh, yes, I see young Harry here has woken up," Dumbledore said cheerfully.

"Mister Potter! What a pleasure to meet you! I wish to see your children one day, too. If you need any help—*any*—don't hesitate to ask, okay? When will I get to meet the lovely lady? Wh—" Before he could talk anymore, Dumbledore had silenced him with a cough. "Sorry," he muttered.

"Okay. Now we're here to make sure that your wands are in perfect condition. Mr. Ollivander here will make sure of it. About the first task, I'll tell you after we're finished." He said. "Now, Miss Delacour, please step up to Mister Ollivander."

She walked up to the old man and gave him her wand.

"Ahh... yes... nine and a half inches... inflexible... rosewood... and hmm... what is this? Hair from a veela, am I correct?" Mister Ollivander asked.

"Yes, eet iz from my granzzmother," Fleur said smiling.

"Ahh... yes. I don't use hair from veela's. They make for quiet temperamental wands, you see. This suite's you fine, I presume?" With her nod he continued. He shot up flowers from her wand and handed it back to her. "The condition is very fine. Mister Krum, step up if you will, please."



Krum walked, duck feet and broad shoulders, to Mister Ollivander. He handed his wand to Mister Ollivander and watched him inspect his wand.

“Ahh... hornbeam and dragon heartstring... a bit thicker than the normal wand... quiet rigid... ten and a quarter inches...” he said. “Fine condition, Mister Krum. Here is your wand.”

Krum, scowling, went back with the other champions. “Mister Diggory?” Ollivander called. Cedric walked up, smiling broadly, and handed him his wand.

“Ahh yes, one of my own... single hair from a male unicorn... twelve and a quarter inches... pleasantly springy...” he said. “Ah, Mister Diggory, did you polish this recently?”

“Why yes, last night, actually,” Cedric said, smile still in tact. Mister Ollivander smiled, just as big as Cedric’s, and gave his wand back.

“Mister Potter, come up, please.” Harry walked over, slightly nervous. He hadn’t polished his wand or anything. He’d been hovering between life and death for the last few days. It wasn’t like he had much time to do anything else. “Mister Potter, I’d first like to say that I’m very sorry. I heard about what happened to you this morning.”

Harry was confused for a moment. What did Ollivander mean by ‘he heard about what happened?’

“What do you mean you heard what had happened?” Harry asked.

“Ahh... I assume you weren’t conscience then. You were front cover on *The Daily Prophet* this morning. This woman right here—“ he pointed to Rita. “—wrote an article about you.”

Harry looked back at the woman that had taken pictures of them when Hermione was pregnant, in the hospital, and when they were in Hogsmead with the twins. Skeeter glanced at him, then slowly winked.

“Hello, Mister Potter. Perhaps you remember me?” She asked with false sweetness.

He just glared even more in response.

“Okay... anyways...” Ollivander said, gaining Harry’s attention once more. “Let us inspect this fine beauty. Yes, I remember selling this one like it was yesterday. Holly... eleven inches... single feather from a phoenix tail... yes, very powerful wand indeed.” He gave the wand a bit of a whip, and it shot some water out. “Ahh... wonderful condition it is, Mister Potter. Here you go,” he said, handing Harry back his wand as if it were made of glass.

“Thanks,” Harry said walking back.

“Okay, now, let us take a few pictures. After all, you four are going to have a small article in The Daily Prophet,” Bagman said. “Hmm... how about... yes! You, boy, come over here, yes, next to the girl. No. A bit behind her, yes, now that works.” He said, talking to Krum.

He next looked over to Cedric. “My, my, a handsome one we have here. Okay, you go behind the girl, yes, there. Good.” He then turned over to Harry. Bagman’s smiling face now turned into a full fledged grin.

“Ahh... Harry Potter. Okay, move over here. No, not over there. Go next to the girl. No. Go behind the girl. Yes. That works.”

Harry felt a little uncomfortable. Currently, Fleur was sitting in a chair, looking beautiful as ever. While Cedric was on her left, slightly to the back, Krum, the same on the right. Harry was behind Fleur.

“Good. Now, we’ll take a few group photos, and then we’ll move onto individual photos.” He said. “Now, smile.”

Cedric, whose smile never left his face, smiled even wider. Victor, who was scowling just moments before, was now *slightly* smiling. Fleur smiled, showing two rows of pearly white teeth.

Barney, the photographer that had taken those photos of he and Hermione, took his camera and started snapping photos.

Harry tried to smile a little, looking at least a *bit* happy.

'I might as well,' Harry thought, smiling.

After what seemed like ages, the camera stopped flashing. "Okay, now we'll take individual photos. Who wants to go first? Any volunteers?" he asked. At no ones response, Bagman just picked one.

"Everyone except Potter, leave," Bagman said. Krum scowled again and left. Cedric, still smiling, left, too. Fleur got up and joined Krum and Cedric.

Harry stood there, not knowing what to do. Was he supposed to pose? Just stand there, then? Grin, perhaps? Was he supposed to do something? He was so clueless.

"Okay, Harry, now just stand here and show us your best Harry Potter smile," Bagman said.

Harry stood there, confused. He didn't have a 'Harry Potter smile.' Then again, it wasn't as if he actually knew he had one. So instead, he just smiled, not going out full force grinning, but smiling enough.

"Perfect!"

Harry felt stupid. He didn't want to take photos for being a Triwizard Champion. Actually, he didn't really want to take the photos at all. But it wasn't as if he really had a choice. So, he just pretended to be happy.

After a few minutes of picture taking, Harry was excused.

"Oh... may I have an interview?" Skeeter asked.

"N—"

"Why yes, certainly!" Bagman said, interrupting Harry.

"Bu—"

"Harry, this is Rita Skeeter. You've met her before, have you not? Yes, now go have the interview while we take the other's photos."

“Why yes, Ludo. Let’s go, Harry,” Skeeter said, dragging Harry into a broom closet.

“What the hell do you think you’re doing? We’re in a broom closet,” Harry said frustrated.

“I’m very aware of that. Now, get comfortable, I’ve a few questions to ask.” She took out her quill and started to test it. “Rita Skeeter.” She said to the quill. It stared scribbling furiously. After looking at it for a moment, she started to talk to Harry again.

“Okay, Harry. Tell us a little bit about your self,” she said, quill ready to write away.

“Err...” Harry said. The quill started scribbling furiously, making scratching sounds.

“Oh don’t be shy, Harry. Tell us about your school life, your home life, and your quidditch life. How about your sex life?” She asked.

At that point, Harry started coughing violently. Having his sex life brought up was quite uncomfortable for him. He hadn’t done it, or gone even remotely close, to having sex ever since the twins had been conceived.

“W-well,” he stuttered. The quill started scribbling furiously again.

“What about the competition? What do you think your parents would think of you, if they were alive, that is. Do you think they’d be happy? Sad? Angry that their only child, father of their grandchildren, is entering such a dangerous tournament?”

“Uhh...”

“About the tournament,” she said completely ignoring him, though, the quill was still writing furiously, “how exactly did you get your name into it?”

“I didn’t,” he said confidently.

“Right...” she said skeptically. “Did you fight off Dumbledore? Did you threaten them? Did you physically injure one of them? I saw Dumbledore was limping a bit, was it you that did the damage?”

“Wh—“

As the interview went on, Harry became more and more uncomfortable. The quill, writing so much that it was now on its tenth piece of parchment. And Skeeter, that woman just wouldn't stop asking questions.

After a few more agonizing minutes, she finally said that she was finished.

“Ahh... you two were in there for quiet a long time. No worries, though. He is The-Boy-Who-Lived, after all.” Ludo said beaming.

Harry rolled his eyes and walked over to the champions.

“Ello ‘Arry,” Fleur said. Harry smiled and nodded. “Ow are you? Eet must be ‘ard to do two zings at onze. Beeing a father and e champioen,” she said.

“Yeah... I guess.” He walked over to Cedric, still smiling, and greeted him. “Hello, Cedric.”

“Hi, Harry. How did the interview go?” Cedric asked, still smiling. (AN: Damn, doesn't that boy ever stop smiling?)

“Bad,” he said simply. “She kept on thinking that I put my name in the Goblet.”

“Oh...” His smile faltered a little.

“You believe that I didn't put my name in it, right?” He asked. He wasn't sure exactly how many people believed him, but he knew it was likely that it was less than ten.

“Err... well... not *really*,” he said.

“Oh,” Harry said. He opened his mouth to say something else, but was cut off by Dumbledore.

“Okay champions, you may leave now. Dinner shall start soon, if I’m not mistaken. Oh, and Harry, may I have a word with you, in private?”

“Err... no, I don’t think that’d be a good idea.” Harry turned around, heading towards the doors which the other champions were walking through.

“Stay, Harry,” Dumbledore said, a bit more sternly.

Harry sighed and turned around, facing the old wizard. Once everyone had left, then and only then, did Harry speak.

“What do you want?” Harry asked.

He smiled slightly and replied, “It’s a good thing that you woke up today, Harry. I was worried that you might not have made it.” He acted as if nothing had happened between them.

“It’s not like you care,” Harry said angrily.

“What I did was for your own good, Harry. You left me no choice. I’m sorry, but what’s done is done.”

“What are you talking about ‘I left you no choice?!’ You could’ve done plenty of other things!” Harry shouted. Dumbledore stood there, unaffected.

“You’re not even allowed to do that. I can send you to Azkaban for attempted murder! I can show them a pensive memory! Hell, Hermione can, too!” Harry shouted.

“Harry, what I did was because you had acted childishly. If you would’ve just given up your children as I suggested, then I wouldn’t have a reason to do that.” He walked towards him; Harry reacted by moving back a step.

"I didn't act childishly. You wanted to give up my children. My own flesh and blood! Why the hell would I do such a horrendous thing like that?" He shouted. Dumbledore was really ticking him off.

"Yes you did. You and Miss Granger both did, though, she complied when I told her to calm down. You, on the other hand, did not. You stood there, not listening to a word I had said. You wouldn't even listen to the reason as to why I suggested it in the first place," Dumbledore said.

"Oh? Really? Then, do tell Dumbledore. Why was the reason you wanted me and Hermione to give up our only children?" he asked sarcastically.

"Because," he said calmly, "you cannot handle it. You have too much on weight on your shoulders. You've school, the public, your friends, your girlfriend, and now you've got your children? I thought I was just doing you a favor."

"Yeah right, doing me a favor is giving up my family. No. I don't think so. That would never happen. Ever," he said glaring at the other man.

"Well... I'm sorry, but you leave me no choice."

Harry had heard that before. He quickly took out his wand and pointed it at Dumbledore.

"No old man, you did that before, you're not going to do it again."

"Harry," he said, "I'm not taking out my wand. Though, pulling a wand at a teacher, let alone the headmaster, is forbidden, so I believe a fair warning is to be issued."

Harry put his wand back in his pocket, all the while glaring at the old man.

"All I wanted to say was that you don't stay at Mister Black's home during the summer. It was, and is, far too dangerous."

"What? It's not too dangerous," Harry said, crossing his arms in front of his chest.

“Yes it is. Sirius is a murder.”

“No he’s not!”

Ignoring Harry’s outburst, Dumbledore continued.

“It is not safe to stay there. That is why I’ve arranged for you to stay at the Dursley’s until you are of age. Miss Granger will, too, stay with her parents until she is of age. And because you have children, you two can visit for a month. You will be able to visit Sirius, too, during that time.”

“What?! One month? Dursley’s? No!” He shouted. He couldn’t take this anymore. Without looking back, he stormed out, leaving Dumbledore behind.

Dumbledore sighed... he was not going to like what he was going to do next.

**0—0—0—0**

Harry walked into the Great Hall, expecting everyone to be gone, when actually, everyone was still there, eating dinner.

The hall went quiet. The news about Harry Potter awaking had spread like wildfire. Right now, just about every Hogwarts student and teacher knew that he had woken up.

He ignored them and walked over to the Gryffindor table. Gathering his food and ignoring the questions being asked towards him, he walked out of the Great Hall with his dinner.

He walked up to the Gryffindor common room and went straight to the portrait to his and Hermione’s rooms.

“Prem.” The portrait nodded and swung open.

He might’ve been in the hospital for a few days, but to him, it felt like years. He loved these rooms more than the Common Room itself. He smiled, looking at Hermione’s homework piled neatly on the desk. A bottle here, a diaper there, it was great, to him at least.



He walked towards his and Hermione's room and saw Hermione feeding both James and Lily.

She looked up, startled from the sudden sounds, and saw Harry walking towards the bed. She smiled shyly.

"This is new," he said, pointing to James and Lily.

"Yeah, well, I thought it'd save time," she said. He smiled and sat next to her. James and Lily looked at their father, all the while eating.

"Hi little ones, it's been too long since I've seen you." He ran his fingers through James' hair. He then did the same to Lily.

"Three days, Harry. You haven't missed out on a lot. Just late night dinners with the twins and non stop crying," Hermione said smiling.

Harry looked at her and said, "Yeah I know. But still. They're my children, and I want to spend every moment I have with them." He bent down and kissed the top of James and Lily's heads.

"Harry, can you take James and burp him?" Hermione asked. Harry nodded and took James from Hermione. He held his child up to his chest and started to softly thump his son's back.

"So, the first task is on November 24," Harry said walking around the room, still trying to burp his son.

"Oh really?" she asked. "Interesting, I wonder what it is."

"It's supposed to test your daring."

Hermione got up too, and was now doing the same thing as Harry.

"Oh... hmm... in that case, you're going to have to learn a few spells. The people you're facing are at least three years older than you. They know a lot more spells than you do." Lily burped and Hermione sat down, setting Lily on the bed.

"Yeah, I guess," Harry said. He wasn't sure what he was going to do, but he knew that Hermione would help him. James burped and Harry

smiled at the little 'urp' James made. He placed his son next to Lily and sat next to Hermione.

Hermione leaned her head on Harry's shoulder and sighed in content.

"Oh... and I had another talk with Dumbledore." Hermione picked her head back up and looked at him.

"What did he do?" Hermione asked, suddenly angry.

"He said that I couldn't handle the public, you, school, and our kids. What does he know? He's never had children.

"And he said that we've got to stay over our 'relatives' until we're seventeen."

Hermione's blood was now boiling. She was about to shout, but then remembered that two sleeping infants were in the room. Hermione breathed heavily and picked up James.

"Harry, carry Lily and put her in her crib, please? I need to talk to you and if James and Lily were here, I think they'd wake up."

Harry nodded. He knew what was coming next. He picked up Lily and headed towards the nursery.

He placed her in the nursery and kissed her forehead. "Goodnight sweetie," he said. He then walked over to his sleeping son and kissed his son. "Goodnight, son." He smiled at his children's sleeping forms before walking out of the door and back up to his room.

There, he found Hermione pacing and red in the face, as if ready to burst.

"That-that bastard!" Hermione shouted. "How can he do this? We have to take him to Azkaban. We have to tell someone, McGonagall. Yes, McGonagall, she'll know what to do. Then he nearly killed you! And then there was that mysterious spell that hit you. I don't know who it was for sure, but I bet it was Dumbledore.

“I’m going to kill him!” Hermione shouted. She was pissed—that she was sure of.

“Hermione,” Harry said walking over to Hermione and placed his hands on her shoulders, “calm down. Take a deep breath.” She did as he told. “Okay. Now, Hermione, please listen to me. We can’t send to Azkaban because no one will believe us. No one,” Harry said. Hermione started to tear up.

“It’s not fair. It’s just not fair. This shouldn’t happen to us.” She rested her head on his shoulder and started to cry.

She had grown a few inches, now about 5’5”, a good two inches taller than Harry.

“Shh, Hermione, I know it’s not fair. Life’s not fair. Just look at me, I’ve got to enter a tournament that I might even die in.” He took her face in his hands and kissed her softly. “It’s just how life it. We have to learn to deal with it.”

She sniffed and nodded. She then walked over to the bed and lay on it. Harry then walked over to the dresser and picked out some flannel pajama pants and a white shirt and went into the bathroom to change. After a few minutes, he joined Hermione in the bed.

He brought Hermione close and decided to have a light conversation, away from Dumbledore.

“So... what spells are you going to be teaching me?” Harry asked, propping himself on one elbow to look at her. She turned her head and smiled.

“I think we could work on ‘*accio*.’ It’s the summoning charm.” She scooted closer to him, almost until their noses were touching.

“Okay,” he said smiling.

“Oh, I completely forgot!” Hermione said getting out of the bed. She went over to the desk where a letter lay. She picked it up and gave it to Harry. “This came for you today during dinner. Dobby sent it to me.”

Harry looked at the letter closely and saw familiar writing. He opened the letter and read aloud.

*Harry (and probably Hermione, too),*

*How are you guys? How about James Harry and Lily Harmony (haha)? I saw the pictures you sent me. Beautiful, James is a little copy of Harry. While Lily is a teeny Hermione, she's beautiful. So... what's this I hear about you being in the Hospital Wing being hit by some ancient curse? If you did something to deserve that, I swear by Merlin that I'll bite off your arse.*

*On a lighter note: I'll be at Hogsmead on the 22nd, by the Shrieking shack. I know that the babies probably won't be able to go along, but still. Perhaps you and Hermione could both come? I miss you two (err... four) dearly. Ugh, I sound like such a sap now.*

*And the Triwizard Tournament, how'd you enter? You better not have done something. Unless... no, nevermind.*

*Bye pup,*

*Sirius*

Hermione smiled and took the letter. "I'm sure Dobby could watch the twins while we see Sirius. It'll only be once, so I don't think that it'd be a problem. No one should know, though. It'd just be like every other Hogsmead visit."

Harry nodded and placed the letter back on the desk. "Hmm... November twenty-second. Isn't that this weekend?"

"Yeah," Hermione said.

"Okay," he said.

After a long silence, Harry spoke.

"Hey Hermione?" Harry asked.

Hermione looked at him, "yes?"

“How come I’m shorter than you? Aren’t I supposed to be taller than you?”

She chuckled and gave him a kiss. “Harry, you’re really clueless aren’t you? Girl’s are usually taller than boys because boys don’t have their growth spurts until their about 15. Where as girl stop growing at about this age. So you don’t have to worry, I don’t think I’ll be getting any taller.”

“Oh,” he said. He never knew that. He thought that he was going to stay 5’2” forever.

Harry kissed her and made himself comfortable under the covers. “Goodnight, Mione,” he said before drifting off to sleep.

“Goodnight,” she said before she, too, went to a peaceful sleep.

**0—0—0—0**

“Professor Dumbledore,” Draco Malfoy said.

He was currently in the Headmaster’s office to show that Ginny had made a love potion that was for Harry.

“Yes, Mister Malfoy?” Dumbledore asked.

Draco brought out a sample of it and put it out in front of Dumbledore, whose eyes widened slightly.

“This,” he said pointing to the vial, “is a love potion created by Ginny Weasley. I believe that she was intending on using it against Ha—Potter,” he said recovering quickly.

Dumbledore looked at it. “Yes, I see that it is indeed a love potion. But what will this do for me?”

“Didn’t I just tell you? Ginny Weasley wants to use it on Harry Potter. She’s not allowed. I’ve read Hogwarts: A History and it said that love potions were forbidden. That anyone who used it could be expelled.” He said, getting frustrated.

“Yes, Mister Malfoy, I’m aware that you told me. But how do I know that you didn’t just make this potion and plan to expel Miss Weasley?” He asked.

He sighed, he was getting no where with this fool. “Why would I want to expel someone I could care less about?”

“Well, you don’t like Mister Potter, who happens to like Miss Weasley. So why not take away Mister Potter’s happiness? I know, Mister Malfoy, I am not the ‘old fool’ some people think I am.”

Draco was laughing hysterically now. Harry, like the Weasel bee? That was just too funny for him. “You... you think that—Harry... the Weasel... you’re off your rocker, old man.” He suddenly became serious. “You are an old fool. Don’t worry, though, she will suffer the consequences for her actions. I’ll make sure of it.” He then snatched the small vial and walked out of Dumbledore’s office.

“Who can I tell?” Draco asked himself. The old man wouldn’t listen to him. *Bloody wanker*, he thought.

**0—0—0—0**

“What the hell do you mean you’re going to suffer the consequences?” Ron asked Ginny.

“I don’t know exactly what it means, but I think something bad is going to happen.” Ginny looked around, making sure no one was in the common room, then leaned in. “Though, I think Malfoy’s got something to do with it.”

“Bloody hell, you’re in trouble.”

“No, if I’m going down, you are too,” Ginny said.

“No I’m not. I didn’t have anything to do with this!”

“Shut up. Yes you did, you wanted to use it on that mud—Hermione,” Ginny said.

Ron mumbled something like 'so what', but apparently Ginny didn't catch it.

"I just hope something bad won't happen." She said worriedly.

"Yeah, like mum findin' out," Ron said eyes widening.

"Oh shut up, Ronald."

## Chapter 17 – True Peace

Peace.

The sky was dark out, stars glowing each in its unique way. The silence was magnificent; you could hear a pin drop in the silence. The birds were asleep, the animals away resting, the insects peacefully sleeping on rocks, the grass, and in trees. Not a student was in the halls roaming, not a teacher giving out detentions. No publicity asking for autographs, no attacks, no violent adults.

Peace.

Harry's peace, though, was interrupted when a faint cry was heard in another room. He looked at the clock, 2:00 a.m., and over to Hermione, who was still sleeping peacefully. He quickly got out of bed, careful as to not wake up Hermione, and went towards the nursery.

When he walked in there, he saw James whimpering, seeking attention from his father. Harry walked up to him and picked him up carefully. He rested James' head on the nape of his neck, and put his tiny arms on his shoulders. With that, Harry started to gently pat his back, soothing his son.

He walked over to Lily's crib and found a pair of bright green eyes looking up at him. He brought his right hand down and started threading his fingers through her brown hair. It felt like silk, to him at least. He had never felt, nor carried, a baby since before James and Lily were born. It was so new and scary for him. He was scared that he'd mess something up and put their lives in danger. They were so young and helpless; Harry and Hermione had to do everything for them, not that he minded, though.

Once he heard James' breathing slow down to even breaths, he put him back into his crib, careful as to not wake him up again. He kissed his son's head and walked over to the other crib where his daughter lay.

He smiled at her, she was so small. She was normal, yes, but she seemed so much more fragile than James. It frightened him even



more so. Seeing as she was not about to sleep without him, he picked her up. He cradled her in his arms and started rocking her back and forth. It was so soothing, just having a helpless little child in your arms. It made him feel at home.

Her eyes started drooping, giving him a sign that she was drifting off to sleep. He still rocked her, though much more gently this time. Once her eyes closed completely, he kissed her forehead and put her back into the crib.

He walked out of the room with a smile on his face. That is what *true* peace was.

**0—0—0—0**

Hermione was walking down the halls, towards the Great Hall. She usually only went there to get the Daily Prophet and her breakfast. Today, though, there were whispers spreading everywhere. Not that she wasn't use to it, today, though, seemed to have more people whispering.

Then, did she realize, that they were whispering about her and Harry. She found the Daily Prophet in front of her usual spot, near the middle of the table. She gave the owl a Knut and it flew away, leaving Hermione to gasp.

On the front page were the Champions. On it read:

## **HOGWARTS: HOME OF TWO CHAMPIONS?**

**Article by: Rita Skeeter**

*It seems as though our Wizarding Savior has done it again. Now at age 14, our beloved Harry Potter has entered in the Triwizard Tournament, a very dangerous tournament that only students above 17 are allowed to enter. Our FOUR Champions are: Cedric Diggory, 17, student at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. Fleur Delacour, 18, student of Bauxbatons, Victor Krum, 18, student at Drumstrang, and Harry Potter, 14, fourth year student of Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry.*

*Individual photos, interviews, etc. on page three*

Hermione quickly gathered her breakfast, took the paper, and left the Great Hall.

She walked as quickly as she could without bumping into anyone. Luckily for her, she only ran into one person and he paid no attention to her.

“Prem,” she said. The portrait opened and she walked in. Harry was currently spiking James’ hair again, while Lily was slumbering away in her swinging seat.

“Hey,” he said grinning. “I spiked James’ hair again.” He turned little James around and showed her his new hairdo. James was just clapping his hands and blinking.

She rolled her eyes and walked over to him. “Look at this.” She showed him the news paper.

“I thought this’d happen,” he muttered. He put James in the swinging chair next to Lily and picked up the news paper. His eyes scanned it and started muttering about ‘evil reporters’. He quickly went to page three and nearly choked on air.

*As you all know, Harry Potter is the hero, getting rid of You-Know-Who at just the tender age of one. But do we know all of him? How exactly did he get his name into the Goblet of Fire? How his life is when no one is watching? Well, I got the privilege of asking him. We asked him about life during school, life at ‘home,’ quidditch life, and yes, even his sex life. “Well, school is always hard, but since I’ve Hermione, I always pass,” he says. What did he have to say about his life at home? “I love my kids more than anything, really. I’d give them anything.” What about Quidditch? “Oh I love quidditch! Being the youngest player in over a century has its perks.” And finally, about his sex life, which he answered with a laugh (and a twinkle in the eyes), “all the time.” But, that’s not all, the question that has been bugging students for sometime now. How did exactly did he get his name into the Goblet of Fire? “Well... don’t tell anyone, but, I threatened, even hexed, a few teachers to get them to put my name in there. I thought ‘hey, I can do it!’ so, I told them to do it.”*

*So, what do you think of our hero now?*

“What—but—no!” he said to himself. He’d never said those things. All of his ‘errs’ had turned into full fledged sentences. He ripped up the paper and threw it on the floor. He was so mad, how could that Skeeter woman say all of those things? He didn’t even enter himself in that damn Tournament, and now everyone thinks that he hexed a teacher to put his name in there? No, he had to go. Now.

“I have to go. I need to think.” He quickly ran upstairs and slammed the door shut.

He looked around the room, thinking about what he was going to do. “Okay, calm down, Harry. It’s only a stupid article.” After a few heavy breaths he decided that he needed a walk around the grounds. He quickly shed his clothing until he was in nothing but his boxers, and went towards his closet. He took out ripped jeans and a green shirt and put them on. He took off his school shoes and put his trainers on. He put his robe on over his clothes and left his room, heading down stairs.

“Harry! Wait!” Hermione shouted. He stopped mid-step. He took a deep breath and turned around.

“Yes?” He asked.

“Where are you going? Class starts in ten minutes,” she said, narrowing her eyes a bit.

“I’m taking a walk. Tell the professors I’m sick or something.” He walked over to the desk and picked up his wand, pocketing it. He then walked over to James and Lily and gave them a kiss on their foreheads. Then, he walked over to Hermione and kissed her gently before walking out.

She sighed. What was she to do now? Just then, Lily woke up, no doubt hungry. She walked over to her and picked her up. “C’mon Lily, time for breakfast.”

**0—0—0—0**

"Watchya doin' outer class, Arry?" asked Hagrid.

"Haven't you read the Daily Prophet?" Harry asked. Hagrid just laughed.

"That stuff is a buncha mumbo jumbo, it is.

"Eh, 'arry?" he asked.

"Yeah?" asked Harry, who was currently throwing random twigs at the lake.

"I gotta show ye some'n. Follow me." Harry looked at him for a moment, and then nodded. "Now, I know ye surposed ter be in class righ' now, but that don' matter. Since ye aren' in classes, it's safer if I take yeh now."

They started walking through the Forbidden Forest. Harry hadn't been there too many times, but it was more than any other students. They walked some more until Harry heard people talking.

"W-what are they doing?" Harry asked. Hagrid didn't answer, but just kept on walking. Then, Harry realized, that the people were trying to stun... dragons.

"Dragons, arry," Hagrid said, "They're yeh first task."

Harry gulped. "D-dragons?"

"Ye, dragons, beuty, innit?" He said pointing to the big one with spikes on its back.

He gulped and squeaked, "Yeah."

"Righ', Harry." Hagrid turned around to look at Harry. "These aren' those little ones you see at the pet shop. They're big beasts, the lot of em. I can' tell yeh anymore, but this is enough." He turned around, looking at the dragon for a moment, then turned around and started heading back. Harry couldn't move. Dragons? Why dragons?

"Yeh comin, Arry?" The half-giant called back.

“Ye-yeah,” he shouted, running towards him.

They started walking until they finally reached Hagrid’s hut. “Arright, bye, Harry,” he said.

Harry smiled, “bye.”

**0—0—0—0**

It was Transfiguration and Potter was no where to be seen. McGonagall looked around; every student was there, except one. The chair next to Hermione’s was empty. Doubting she didn’t know where Harry was, she asked.

“Miss Granger, where is Mister Potter?” She asked. Hermione head snapped up and she started to panic slightly.

“He... well... he um... he was sick.” She quickly buried herself in her essay after saying that. McGonagall knew that it was a lie, but decided not to ask her again. Perhaps it was about what was in the paper today. Perhaps he was too embarrassed to attend class.

She sighed, teens were so hard to figure out sometimes.

After class, Draco Malfoy walked up to her desk, carrying something.

“Um... professor,” he asked.

“Yes, Mister Malfoy?”

“Well... um... I don’t really know how to say this, so I’ll just say it straight out.” He paused for a moment. “Ginny Weasley has been making a love potion for Harr—Potter.”

She looked at him, surprised for a moment that Malfoy had almost used Harry’s first name, but quickly recovered. “Do you have any proof?”

He nodded and placed the small vial in front of her. “This,” he said, pointing at the vial, “was what Weasley made for him. This, of course, is a sample that I found.”

“And how exactly, Mister Malfoy, is it that I know it was her that made it?” She asked.

“I was just snooping on them one day, and then I heard her and her Weasel bee brother talking about putting the love potions into their drinks one day. So I decided that she needed to be punished,” he stated proudly.

She looked at the vial for a moment. “And did you consult Dumbledore?”

He deflated. “Yes, but he said that Harry liked Ginny and I just wanted to get rid of her to make Harry’s life hell.”

She sighed, she had a feeling he’d say something along the lines of that. “Very well. Was there anyone else with her?”

“Yeah, there was her brother, Ron.” She nodded.

“Okay, I’ll take care of this, thank you for informing me, Mister Malfoy. You may go now.” He nodded and walked out of the classroom, beaming.

McGonagall sighed. How did she know this was going to happen? It was true, yes, that Ginny and Ron needed everything they couldn’t have, but Harry and Hermione? Why were they trying to get in the way of love?

She sighed. A howler to Misses Weasley was going to be needed.

**0—0—0—0**

Day soon became evening and Harry had missed all of his classes. He knew that when Hermione got back that he was going to get a long lecture, but at the moment, he could care less. He was currently thinking about the first task.

*Dragons. Dragons. Dragons.* It was like a chant in his mind. He couldn’t stop thinking about it. What was he going to do? Take something from it? Then that spell Hermione had suggested would come to good use. Perhaps he had to stun it? Kill it? No, that’d be too

hard. The most logical thing he could come up with was taking something from it. But what?

He was interrupted by the low growl of his stomach. He just realized that he hadn't eaten all day. Deciding to change that, he called Dobby.

"Yes Mister Harry Potter, sir?" Dobby asked, eyes big with wonder.

"Do you think you can get me a few bottles of warm milk and some dinner for me?" He asked politely.

"Yes! Anything for Mister Harry Potter, sir and little Harry Potter babies!" Dobby answered excitedly. He quickly snapped his fingers and vanished.

Harry chuckled at the 'little Harry Potter babies' comment. He went to the nursery and picked up James and Lily. Making sure that they weren't going to fall, he went into the common room and placed them in their swinging chairs. They were wide awake, waiting for someone to feed them, looking around and blinking.

A minute later, Dobby appeared with baby bottles and a plate of steaming hot food.

"Here, Mister Harry Potter, sir. Dobby even find bestest type of milk for Harry Potter babies! Grow up like Harry Potter, sir, they will!" The elf said, nearly jumping up and down.

Harry laughed. "Thanks, Dobby. You can go now, thanks a lot." Dobby nodded and snapped his fingers and popped away.

He walked over to James, picked him up, and walked over to the couch. He put the bottle in his mouth and James started drinking hungrily. After a few minutes, the bottle was empty. He placed James back into his swinging chair and picked up Lily, bringing her over to the couch. He brought the bottle to her mouth and she, too, started drinking hungrily. After about ten minutes, the bottle was empty and she brought her back to her swinging chair. He walked over to the desk where his dinner lay, and started digging in.

Hermione walked in ten minutes after, looking positively frustrated. She looked at Harry then instantly started glaring at him. She walked over to him, giving her 'the look.'

"Harry James Potter," Hermione said through gritted teeth, "where were you today?"

Harry gulped. He never did like an angry Hermione, good thing she wasn't pregnant anymore, then she'd be murderous.

"I... um... went for a walk, like I said I would."

Hermione looked over his shoulder, to where her children were looking at her, and then sighed, trying to calm herself down.

"Okay." She sighed again.

"Look," he said getting up, "I'm sorry. I was just really mad at that Skeeter woman. I didn't mean to just walk out. Forgive me?" He asked, putting on his puppy-dog face.

Hermione's lips started twitching, then she sighed, giving in. "Fine, but only because that face is utterly repulsive," she said grinning. In truth, she really loved it when Harry did his puppy-dog face.

"No it's not!" He said grinning. He walked over to her and gave her a small kiss. "C'mon, I have to tell you a few important things."

He led her to the couch and told her about the first task. After he told her what he thought he was going to have to do, Hermione went into bookworm mode.

"Okay, I'm going to teach you the *accio* spell. Now, you may not get it on the first try, but you'll get it eventually." She to the desk and picked up an empty bottle and placed it in front of Harry.

He looked at it oddly, not knowing to do.

"Oh!" she exclaimed. "You just say *accio* bottle and let it come to you."



Harry looked doubtful, but just took his wand out and said “*accio* bottle!”

Nothing.

“It’s okay, Harry. Just try again, this time really think about it coming to you.”

He nodded, pointing his wand at the bottle again. “*Accio* bottle!”

The bottle moved a bit, but nothing else.

Hermione sighed. “Don’t worry, Harry. Think about the bottle coming to you, like really coming to you. Don’t just say it, think about it. Only the bottle flying towards you, then say it.”

Harry nodded, “*Accio* bottle!” The bottle moved a little more this time. “*Accio* bottle!” he said with more force, really thinking about the bottle coming to him. Then, the bottle flew straight towards him, hitting his cheek. “Ouch,” he muttered, rubbing his cheek.

“Good job Harry!” Hermione said, hugging him.

“Thanks,” he said.

“Okay, let’s try it once more. I want you to do it until you can do it in your sleep.”

*Uh oh, this is going to be a long night,* Harry thought.

**0—0—0—0**

November 22nd didn’t come soon enough for Harry. He was waiting for Hermione to finish feeding James and Lily, and then they’d be on their way to Hogsmead.

After a few minutes, Hermione came downstairs. She wore a purple sweater, khaki pants, and a small bag for her possessions (money, pictures of James and Lily, etc.), and her ever famous black winter coat. Harry himself had only worn a simple white shirt, white jeans, and a warm winter coat.

“Dobby!” Harry called. The house elf instantly appeared.

“Yes Mister Harry Potter, sir?”

“Do you think you can watch James and Lily for us today? We want to go to Hogsmead.”

“Yes, yes, Mister Harry Potter sir! Dobby be delighted to watch over little Harry Potter babies!”

Harry smiled gratefully. “Thanks,” he said, really meaning it. Dobby nodded and snapped his fingers, popping into the nursery.

“You ready?” he asked. She put a picture of James and Lily in her bag and nodded. “Yeah.”

“Okay,” he said, “let’s go. Can’t keep Sirius waiting, now can we?” he asked, grinning like a mad man.

She laughed and grabbed his hand. Together, they left to go to Hogsmead.

They walked around for a bit, just remembering the place. Hermione was the first to break the silence.

“Everything is different now, isn’t it?” She asked, looking him in the eye.

He nodded, “Yeah... it will, I mean, it already has.”

“Yeah, but now we’ll be buying diapers, bottles, baby clothes, our lives will center on James and Lily.” She sighed.

“Yeah, it will. But, it doesn’t matter; I would give up the world for them.” He looked at her, showing her that he meant it. “I know it’s going to be hard, having kids at such a young age, but we’ll manage. Hell, I might not even make it alive to next year. I want to have the best time, while I can.”

Hermione glared at him. “Don’t say that. Don’t you dare say that. You’re going to make it, and you know it.” She started to tear up.

"Please, please don't say that." Her voice had now gone to but a mere whisper.

He gathered her in his arms, "I'm sorry. I-I just don't know how long I'd be able to last." He looked at her, giving her a look that showed he was truly sorry. She sniffed and continued to walk, not paying attention whether or not Harry was following.

They walked in silence until they reached the Shrieking Shack. "Ready?" Hermione asked. Harry nodded and they went in, making sure no one saw them while they did.

The door was rusty, creaky, and seemed to be half way off its hinges, but they paid no attention to that. They walked up the creaky steps until they reached a door with quite a large hole near the bottom. They opened it and saw that Sirius was there waiting, still in his animagus form.

"Hey, Sirius," Harry said, walking in and sitting on the floor. Hermione smiled and Sirius joined Harry on the floor.

Sirius barked and transformed back into his human form. He walked up to them and crushed them in a big bear hug. "Hey guys, long time no see." He pulled back a few moments later and grinned at them.

"Hermione, much smaller I see," he said grinning. Hermione glared at him playfully and slapped his arm. "Ouch!" he said, faking pain. Harry just chuckled. "Harry, I see you've grown a few inches, you're what now, 5'2"?"

"Shut up," Harry muttered, happiness gone. Sirius laughed and gave him another hug.

"I'm just kidding pup. Don't worry, you'll reach your growth spurt." Harry loosened up and smiled. "So, how is everything and everyone?" he asked.

Harry answered first. "It depends, James and Lily are great, and they're just about a month old now. Do you want to see pictures? I'm sure Hermione has them in her bag."

"Sure," Sirius replied. Hermione went into her bag and brought out a picture of the four just a week ago. James' hair was spiked (Hermione still had no idea how it stayed that way for so long) and being held by Harry, while Lily was being held by Hermione.

He smiled, "that's my grand god-children. I like James' hair, who did it, Harry?" Sirius asked. Harry grinned and nodded while Hermione rolled her eyes. He gave the picture back and asked about school.

"School, that's another story," Harry said.

Hermione nodded. "Dumbledore attacked Harry. I'm sure you've heard of it?"

"Yes," Sirius said, "something about an ancient curse, right?"

Both Harry and Hermione nodded at that.

"He survived, though. That was good," Hermione said quietly.

"Sure... if you call hovering between life and death for three days good," Harry retorted. Hermione rolled her eyes.

"I didn't mean it like that." It was Harry's turn to roll his eyes now. "Don't roll your eyes at me Harry James."

"Okay," Sirius interrupted. "Let's talk without hexing each other, shall we?"

Harry sighed and nodded, as did Hermione. "Okay, what do you want to know?"

"First, I want to know why you were in the Hospital Wing, and why it was in the Prophet," Sirius said.

"Well, it all started with me being a champion. My name came out of the Goblet of Fire, making me a champion, and Dumbledore thought that I couldn't handle it. So, one day he wanted to 'talk' to me and Hermione, and then he suggested that we give up Lily and James, something which I'd never do. He also said that we had to go to our

relatives homes, being as we can't stay with you since you're a murderer."

"No I'm not!" Sirius shouted.

"I know," Hermione said calmly. "But everyone else thinks that you are." Sirius huffed and let Harry continue.

"Well, after he said that we couldn't stay with you, I got really mad. I started shattering things in his office." Sirius rolled his eyes. "I wasn't the only one!" he said, looking at Hermione.

"Anyways," Hermione started, "Dumbledore used some sort of ancient spell on Harry. He nearly died!"

"That bastard, he's never setting foot in my home ever again," Sirius mumbled.

"What did you say?" Hermione asked.

"Nothing. Continue," Sirius said. Hermione nodded and started talking again.

"Well, then he just barely lived. A few days later, he was hit with some other curse, which one, I don't know." She sighed. "I just don't know what's gotten into Dumbledore."

Harry got up. "Can we please stop talking about that bastard?"

"One more question, pup; what's this I hear about you being a Triwizard Champion? From what I've heard, you have to be at least seventeen to enter," Sirius said.

"I don't know. I was just watching the Champions go up, and next thing I knew my name is called." He paused for a moment before speaking again. "I don't know if Dumbledore did this, though. He seemed really surprised when my name was called out. I don't know who did it, but I'm pretty sure they want me—" Harry was cut off by Hermione.

“Don’t say that, Harry. You’re *not* going to die!” She said, getting up and throwing her arms around Harry.

“But it’s true, and you know it Hermione,” he said.

Sirius got up. “C’mon, I bet we’ve been gone for a long time, let’s go.”

Hermione let of Harry and nodded. “Yeah, let’s go.”

Sirius walked over to them and gave each of them a bear hug. “Take care and watch your backs.” With that, he turned into his animangus form and trotted downstairs. Harry and Hermione walked down stairs not too long after.

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Once Harry and Hermione got back to the castle, it was nearly dark. They discussed what the two other challenges could be. They also discussed what they were going to do during the holidays.

“I think that we should visit your parents, Sirius, and my aunt,” Harry said, putting James in his crib.

“Are you sure?” she asked.

“Well, no, not really. I mean, Sirius I want to see for sure, but I’m not so sure about your parents.” He walked over to Lily’s swinging chair and picked her up.

“I think that we should see your aunt and Sirius. I don’t really want to see my parents,” Hermione said, taking Lily from Harry. She started whimpering. “Shh, here, you can eat. I bet you’re hungry,” she said to Lily.

“I... I think we should see everyone, including your parents. After all, they are James and Lily’s grandparents. They might not like it, but they still are,” he said.

She sighed. She was in no mood to argue right now. “Okay, we’ll see my parents. I just hope they won’t start yelling at us again.”

"Yeah, that wouldn't be good." He walked to the couch and sat down. "Accio blanket," he said, pointing his wand at the blanket sitting by the desk. It came zooming towards him at once. He grinned to himself.

"Lazy," Hermione said playfully.

"I just wanted to see if I could still do it," he said seriously, though he was still grinning.

She rolled her eyes and got up. "C'mon, help me put Lily back and then we can have dinner."

"Sure."

## Chapter 18 – Fatherly Instincts

November 23

Harry Potter was walking around the grounds. It wasn't even eight o'clock and he was wandering around, just enjoying the scenery. James and Lily, after fussing for a good twenty minutes, were asleep in their cribs. Hermione woke up when Harry came out of the shower, but she knew he was going out to walk, and went back to sleep.

He'd been on the grounds many times before, but he never *really* appreciated it. He saw the smoke come out of Hagrid's hut, a sure sign that the fire was lit. He watched as birds of different colors and sizes flew by. The way the dew on the grass glistened in the morning sun, the cool breeze blowing through his already messy hair. He felt oddly refreshed after mornings like this, though he rarely had anytime to walk around anymore.

*Maybe I'll take James and Lily one day,* Harry thought. He checked his watch, eight o'clock, and decided that he should get back. He started walking towards the school when he noticed a figure by the Forbidden Forest.

*Who's that?* Harry wondered. He decided to brush it off, so he started walking towards the school again. After a few steps, curiosity got the better of him and he started walking towards the still figure. He saw that the figure was pretty tall (to him at least), about 5'6", and slim. The more he walked, the more he wondered who it was. Then he noticed that person had his back towards him. He was wearing Hogwarts school robes, of course, that much he knew. But he still didn't know who the person was. Then, he saw blond, near white, hair. Only one person in the school had that hair. Draco Malfoy.

He walked a few more steps until he was but a few feet away from him. Draco still hadn't noticed Harry's presence, and was still facing away.

"Draco," Harry said softly, as to not scare the boy. None the less, Draco jumped and turned around. His shirt was wrinkled and the top two buttons were undone, his tie was on loosely and his eyes had



bags under them. His face was paler than usual and he had a bloody lip. Harry noticed, too, that he had a pin on him that said **SUPPORT CEDRIC DIGGORY—THE REAL HOGWARTS CHAMPION.**

He looked so venerable, Harry thought.

“What are you doing here?” Draco asked, moving his face away so he wouldn’t be seen.

“I was on a walk. It’s been so long since I’ve had a nice walk,” he said. Draco nodded, still not looking at him.

“About the pin,” Draco started, “they made me do it.” Harry said nothing, so he decided to keep on talking. “I told the other Slytherins that it wasn’t worth ruining our expensive robes for, that we could always taunt you about what was in the paper or your kids.” Harry’s expression instantly darkened. “Not me!” Draco defended himself. Harry’s expression softened and nodded. “Plus, we can change the pin to look like this.” He touched his pin and it changed into a horrible shade of green and Harry’s face with green smoke coming out. It said: **POTTER STINKS!**

Harry actually laughed at that. Draco looked at him oddly, and started to clean the dry blood.

“Wow, couldn’t be anymore imaginative, now could they?” Harry said, still chuckling a bit.

“It’s not only us, it’s the whole school. Everyone believed what you said in the paper, so naturally, everyone got these.” He pointed to the pin and changed it again.

“Why do you have a bloody lip, though?” Harry asked.

“I told them that my robes were too expensive, which they are, and they said that I could always buy new ones from father. I wasn’t really listening to them, so they started jumping on me, trying to get this blasted pin on me. Now it won’t come off, no matter how hard I try,” he said.

“And you just *let* them jump on you?” Harry asked, clearly amused.

“Shut up!” he shot back. “How would you feel if you had ten Slytherin’s jumping on you, not to mention about ten Slytherin girls giggling and touching you from behind!”

Now Harry started laughing loudly. “And I thought you were a Slytherin; hex them you dolt!” he said, gasping for breath.

“Shut up, Potter,” he said coldly, smoothing out his shirt and fixing his tie. He wiped off the dry blood and started walking back, all the while muttering “stupid Potter.”

Harry walked into the Great Hall to get breakfast for himself. He knew that by the time he got back to his room, she’d be finished by then.

Once he walked in, everyone started whispering furiously. Lavender Brown and Parvati Patel put their heads together, started to giggle and point. Dean Thomas and Seamus Finnegan were waving at them, beckoning for him to join them. Harry waved, too, and walked over to them. He then noticed that Ron and Ginny were nowhere to be seen. Probably sleeping, his mind thought. The Slytherin’s were snickering and giving him glares; the Ravenclaw’s were not paying attention to him. The Hufflepuff’s were even slightly glaring at him; furious to the fact that there were two Hogwarts champions, one that just happened to be fourteen. The Gryffindor’s were looking at him oddly, though not saying anything. They were probably glad that at least one from their house, no matter their age, had gotten into the Tournament. How, though, they didn’t know. And for that, just about half had turned their backs on him; while the other half was in awe, wondering how exactly he got his name into the Goblet.

He walked over to Dean and Seamus, who had wicked grins plastered on their faces. “That’s not a good sign,” Harry muttered to himself.

“Hey Harry,” Dean said, grin never leaving his face.

“Hi,” said Harry, sitting next to them and piling his plate with food. He saw pickles, and thought, how the hell could someone eat pickles for breakfast? Mmm pickles, good food, very healthy, his other half thought, clearly amused. He snorted, not realizing that Dean and Seamus were looking at him, confusion etched on their faces.

“So, Harry,” Dean started, “how’d you get your name in the Goblet?”

“Yeah, everyone’s wondering that.” Seamus looked around, gaining nods from people around them.

Harry sighed, “I didn’t. That’s it; I didn’t put my name in there. Nothing more, nothing less,” he said. He started eating his eggs and Fred and George sat next to him.

“Hello, Harry,” Fred said cheerfully.

“Hi Fred, George,” Harry said, going back to his eggs.

“So, Harry,” George started, but was cut off by a mad Harry.

“Look, I did *not* put my name in the Goblet of Fire, okay? Stop asking me!” Harry said. He got up and stormed out of the Great Hall, leaving a deathly silence.

“Rough night, George?” commented Fred.

“Rough night, indeed, Fred,” George said.

People started laughing at that comment, some sniggered, and a few looked at them horrorstruck.

Harry walked out of the Great Hall, not even sparing a glance back at *them*. All he wanted was a peaceful breakfast, but no, Rita Skeeter just *had* to say that he put his name in the Goblet of Fire.

He walked to the Gryffindor tower and went towards the portrait, muttering the password. The door swung open and he saw letters, lots of letters.

“Hermione?” shouted Harry.

“Up here!” She shouted from their room.

He walked over the letters, and went up to their room. Her hair was a bit burnt in some places, her eyes were blazing, and James and Lily were crying uncontrollably. He instantly went for James and Lily,

attempting to calm them down. They didn't, so Harry took them to the nursery.

"Dobby!" Harry shouted. The house-elf appeared a few moments after.

"Yes Mister Harry Potter sir?" the house-elf asked.

"Can you watch Lily and James, I've got to see why we've got all these letters here," he said.

"Yes Mister Harry Potter sir!"

Harry ran back to his room, where there was a howler... howling at Hermione.

"YOU STUPID TART! YOU KNEW HARRY POTTER WAS GOING TO BE MY BOYFRIEND! WHY DID YOU TAKE HIM! YOU'RE A SCARLET WOMAN, FILTHY MUDBLOOD! I HOPE YOU ROT IN HELL!!! OR BETTER YET, I HOPE YOU FAIL ALL OF YOUR TESTS! YES! HAH! STUPID HERMIONE GRANGER! YOU'RE NOT GOOD ENOUGH FOR THE AMAZING, SEXY, WONDERFUL, HARRY POTTER, THE-BOY-WHO-LIVED! YOU DON'T DESERVE HIM, I TELL YOU! HE'LL LEAVE YOU! I BET! THAN HE'LL COME TO ME!! YES!!!" The howler blew her a raspberry and shredded itself onto the bed, which was filled with howlers.

Harry was furious; Hermione didn't seem effected. He stalked over to the bed and saw a huge pile of shredded howlers. The letters, though, were another story.

He walked over to her and held her hand, forcing the contact to calm him down. "Hermione," he started, "what are these for?"

Hermione looked away. "It's... It's nothing, really."

He snorted. "Please, you have a pile of howlers; don't tell me this isn't anything. I know you, Hermione, what are all these for?"

“They... I guess it’s from that article,” she said calmly. “I knew I’d be getting these. You’re Harry Potter, the amazing, Boy-Who-Lived. You don’t deserve a plain bookworm like me,” she said quietly.

“Hermione,” he said sternly. “You aren’t plain, okay? You’re beautiful, really. You’re the mother of my children, my best friend, and my other half. Don’t listen to them, they know nothing.” He gave her a long kiss, showing what he meant. She returned it with passion. After a few seconds, they parted.

“Are you going to read all of those?” Harry asked, touching his forehead with hers. She shook her head slightly. He nodded and got up, “I’m going see if James and Lily are okay. Maybe then we can clean this up after.” She nodded and he left.

He walked towards the nursery, avoiding the letters, and went into the nursery. Dobby was currently changing Lily’s diaper and James was snoozing pleasantly in his crib.

“Oh, Mister Harry Potter sir,” Dobby said quietly, as to not wake up James. “Dobby must go now, time to make lunch and such. Dobby is humbly sorry sir,” he said.

“Don’t worry, Dobby,” Harry said. “Hermione and I will take care of them. We are their parents, after all.”

Dobby nodded. “Yes, yes! Harry Potter and Herminny parents to Harry Potter babies!” Dobby said. He turned around and finished changing Lily’s diaper, and handed her to Harry. “Dobby is cleaning up letters and leave.” Harry nodded. Dobby popped into the main room and snapped his fingers. Instantly, the letters (and the howlers from upstairs, earning a loud yelp from Hermione) started to pile in front of Dobby. After about a minute or so, he snapped his fingers again and they disappeared.

“No letters now Mister Harry Potter sir,” Dobby said, grinning happily. Harry returned the grin.

“Thank you Dobby, really. Everything you’ve done has really helped us—me and Hermione—out,” Harry said, really meaning it.

"No problem Harry Potter sir, Dobby is happy to help little baby Potters," he said, still grinning.

"Okay, Dobby, you can leave if you wish." Dobby nodded and snapped his fingers, disappearing in a soft 'pop.'

Harry noticed that he was still holding Lily, "oh." He chuckled slightly. *I must seem stupid. I'm holding my child and I didn't even realize it,* he thought stupidly.

"Dobby, he's amazing," Hermione said, coming out wearing jeans and a simple periwinkle shirt.

"Yeah he is," Harry said.

"Do you want to go out today? I mean with James and Lily?" she asked nervously.

Harry shrugged. "Why not, I mean, they are our children after all." Hermione nodded and kissed him. "If we take them out more, will you kiss me more?" he asked, grinning like the Cheshire cat. Hermione slapped his arm playfully, avoiding Lily, and kissed his cheek.

She walked into the nursery and saw that James had awoken. She picked him up and met Harry in the main room. She got a bag and filled it with formula, bottles, diapers, etc. Harry raised an eyebrow.

"Just incase," she stated simply. Harry resisted a laugh and started playing with Lily. He placed her on his waist ("Oh, very manly," Hermione commented) and walked over to Hermione.

"Ready?" he asked. She looked around, making sure she forgot nothing, and nodded. They held each other's hands while holding their children in the other.

They walked into Gryffindor room. There were only a few people there, most first years. That didn't stop them, though. A few first year girls walked up to them, looking at James and Lily fondly.

"Hi," one said shyly. She was a little bit overweight and she had blond hair and brown eyes. Her voice seemed like she would be the one that could be both shy and outgoing.

"Hello," Hermione said. There were a few others next to the blond child. One was pretty tall (about Harry's height) and had black hair hazel eyes. There was also one with braces. Muggleborn, Harry thought. The one next to the one with braces seemed to have a 'look' to her. Harry didn't really know what it was, but it seemed so familiar. She had light brown hair with natural highlights.

Then, it stuck him like a lightning bolt; she had the look of *jealousy*. He'd seen that look many times on Ron's face before, even once or twice on a few others.

But, he questioned himself, what was she jealous *about*?

He hadn't noticed that he'd been staring off into space, thinking. Hermione was snapping her fingers in his face, while the other girls were giggling.

"Oh! Sorry," he said turning red. "So... um... what are your names?" he asked politely.

"Well, Harry," Hermione started, "if you had been listening, which you haven't, you would've know their names already."

He rolled his eyes. "Sorry."

It was Hermione's turn to roll her eyes. "Look, this," she said, pointing to the girl with the blond hair, "is Alicia. She's a first year and a muggleborn." The girl smiled; she wasn't shy anymore. "This," she said, pointing to the one with black hair and hazel eyes, "is Anar, she's from India and moved here not too long ago so she could go to Hogwarts." Harry smiled in greeting; she returned it with much enthusiasm. "This," she pointed to the one with braces, "is Catherine. Her mother is actually a dentist. Father died, he was a wizard." She whispered the last part. Harry nodded and let Hermione continue. "She," she said, pointing to the one with the 'look', "is Kelsey." Hermione whispered in Harry's ear, "I don't really like her." He nodded, agreeing with her.

"Can we see the babies?" Anar asked. Harry smiled at her. She kind of reminded him of Parvati Patil.

"Sure," Hermione said. She gently readjusted James in her arms so the girls could see James. Harry did the same with Lily.

"Aaww," they echoed. A few more students were emerging and gathering around Harry and Hermione. Harry and Hermione smiled, good thing someone besides themselves didn't hate them. They might've been first years, but he didn't care. Hermione looked at Harry with a grateful look. Apparently, she'd been thinking the same thing.

"Okay, we'll let you see them later. We need to go now," he said, noticing a few glared from the older students.

They, once again, readjusted Lily and James and walked out of the Gryffindor tower. They walked for a little while, not wanting to go outside in the brisk November weather. Lily and James were wearing warm clothes, but it wasn't enough for the weather outside.

Harry and Hermione walked around the halls, occasionally walking across a glaring person or two. Only when they reached Lavender Brown did Harry truly get annoyed.

"Why do you insist on giggling when I'm around?" he asked rudely. Lavender stopped giggling instantly.

"Oh don't be a spoil, Harry." She batted her eyelashes, not noticing the glare she was receiving from Hermione. "So," she said, changing the subject, "how's your *life*?" she asked.

Harry inwardly screamed; that girl just wasn't leaving him alone! "Um... well... life's going."

She giggled, much to their dismay. "Oh, I bet it is." She winked at him than walked up to him, kissing him on the cheek. Hermione looked like she was going to explode if she wasn't holding James. "Well," she said slowly, "bye Harry, Hermione." She looked at the babies, smiled, than walked away, leaving a confused Harry and a furious Hermione.



"How... that... tart!" Hermione said, unable to make full sentences. Harry just wordlessly nodded.

"Well... um... that was, odd." Hermione nodded.

"C'mon, let's go." He took her hand and they walked the halls again. A few minutes later, they met with the Slytherin's.

"Bloody hell," he muttered.

"Language," she hissed. Harry rolled his eyes and kept on walking.

"Ooh, look who it is. Our favorite scar-head with his mudblood girlfriend and half-blood family," someone said. Harry noticed that Draco was there, giving Harry a sad smile.

"Shut up," Harry spat at the student, Andrew.

"No. Malfoy? Where are you? Potter is your business," Andrew said. Draco put on a mask of disgust and looked at Harry with loathing.

"So, Potter, how's it like--," he started, but was cut off by Harry.

"Like what exactly, Malfoy?" he asked smirking.

"...like being a fraud, knowing that you nearly had to kill to be in the Tournament. We all know, Potter, it was in the paper," he said coldly.

"Oh, I didn't have to flick my wand to get in, Malfoy," he spat. Being enemies and friend at the same time were hard. "I'm Harry Potter; I don't *need* to put my name in, as you already know." Draco's eyes widened slightly and Harry smirked. Hermione gasped, as did the other students around them.

*Since when were there people around us?* He asked himself. He shrugged it off and quickly retreated his wand when he saw that Draco had his pointing at, not him, but his daughter. On instinct he punched Draco, not registering what he did until he hit the ground, blood running down his nose. Harry's eyes widened and Hermione pulled on his sleeve.

"Harry, we have to leave before the other Slytherins take their wands out."

Too late.

All of the Slytherins had their wands pointing at various people: James, Hermione, Lily, but most were pointed at Harry.

Andrew opened his mouth to say something, but he was cut off by Snape.

"Mister Malfoy! What is my student doing on the floor, blood gushing down his nose? Explain now," he said, helping Draco up. "Go to the Hospital Wing, Draco." Draco nodded and ran towards the direction of the wing.

"Potter," Andrew started, "Potter punched Draco. Isn't that right?" The other Slytherins chimed in their yeses.

"Out! Out, you hooligans get out of my sight," Snape shouted at the other students crowding around the Slytherins and Potters. He advanced on Harry. He put his arms more securely around Lily, making sure that Snape would do nothing to him or his daughter. Hermione, meanwhile, was sitting down with James in her lap, clearly exhausted from holding him for such a long period of time.

"Potter," he started, "what have you done to my student?"

"He-he pulled his wand in front of Lily! What was I supposed to do? Let him curse my month old child?!" He shouted.

"Potter, keep your voice down. I believe that fifty points are to be taken off of Gryffindor and detention tomorrow night."

Harry glared at him, then said, "I can't. I have the first task tomorrow."

"Well, then, I suspect that we'll just have to extract twenty more points instead of a detention, now won't we?"

“Yeah” came the mumbled reply of Harry. He knew there was no point of arguing with Snape; he’d just end up losing more house points.

“Go on Potter, leave.”

Harry helped Hermione up. Together they made their way back towards Gryffindor tower. Harry just remembered something, though. He walked ahead of Hermione, looking for Cedric. Not too long after, he spotted him sitting near a tree with a few of his friends. He held Lily tightly, hoping that he’d somehow make her warmer, and walked over to Cedric.

He just noticed that everyone he had seen so far had been wearing the same exact badge Draco had been wearing that morning. *They really hate me, don’t they?* He thought walking up to them.

“Harry,” Cedric said, clearly surprised.

“Cedric, can I talk to you?” he asked. “Alone,” he added after a moment. Cedric nodded.

“Dragons,” he said once they were alone.

“Huh?”

“Dragons, that’s our first task,” Harry said.

“How—you sure?”

“Yeah, I just thought that you ought to know. I bet anything Krum and Fleur already know.” He smiled slightly.

“Oh, okay, thanks, I guess.” He paused for a moment. “About the article—”

“It’s not true,” he said cutting him off. Cedric nodded vigorously.

“Of course not.” Harry nodded and made a move to leave. “Oh, Harry?” Harry stopped.

“Yes?”

“I—I believe that you didn’t put your name in there—the Goblet of Fire, I mean.”

“Thanks,” Harry said. “Well, bye.”

“Bye.”

Harry and Hermione went to the Hospital Wing, hoping that Draco was still there. Luckily for them, he was.

Harry walked over to him, watching Madam Pomfrey heal him. “Mister Malfoy, don’t! You had to wait long enough! Don’t! I said don’t!” Apparently he kept on flinching away with every step Harry took towards him.

When Harry finally got there, he noticed how much damage he did. There was some dry blood on his robes and his nose was covered with dry blood.

“Oh, Mister Potter,” Madam Pomfrey said getting up. “What now? Have you been hit with another spell?”

“No.”

“Have your children?”

“No.”

“Has Miss Granger?”

“No.”

“Stop playing games and tell me what’s wrong so I can fix it!” She said annoyed.

“Nothing’s wrong, Madam Pomfrey. I—we—just wanted to see Draco. That’s all.”

“Well, don’t be here too long, it’s about to be dark soon and your children are already tired.” With that, she walked away.

“She’s right, you know. We can’t be here too long. James is already sleeping and I bet Lily is too,” Hermione said, rocking James back and forth.

“Well, I just want to say sorry to Draco and we’ll be on our way.” He turned to Draco. “Look, I’m really sorry. It’s just that you pointed your wand at Lily, and I dunno, I guess I just went into protective father mode and punched you.”

Draco gave him a look.

“I’m a new father! You shouldn’t have expected anything less than what you got.”

“Yes, well,” Draco started, “I didn’t mean pointing it at her. Just... I don’t know...”

“Well, just don’t do it again,” Hermione said sternly. She wasn’t taking the wand pointing at Lily lightly. “Or else your nose won’t be the only place that is punched. Remember last year? Think of that in another, more *delicate*, spot.” She gave him ‘the look.’ Draco still wasn’t so sure about ‘the look’, he’d only gotten it once before, right before he was punched. His hand absently went to his nose, wincing a bit, remembering.

“Okay, but expect more insults,” Draco said.

“You’re a Slytherin and our friend, we won’t expect any less,” Harry said, smiling a bit.

“Alright you two Gryffindors, you’re turning me into one. Now go, your kids are already asleep.”

“Okay, bye,” the said walking out.

“Mental, I am,” Draco muttered to himself, also walking out.

## Chapter 19 – The First Task

November 24

Harry was sleeping peacefully in his and Hermione's bed. Hermione, however, was not. She was looking at her boyfriend, taking in every detail of his face. She saw how, when he was asleep, he looked much younger. The way his long hair would cover his eyes when he'd toss and turn around, looking for a comfortable position. She saw the way his lips would part slightly, snoring slightly. One arm would lie under Hermione, the other resting on his chest. She thought he was wonderful, even in his sleep. She knew that he'd do no harm to her, nor his children.

She gazed at the clock, three forty-four, and decided that she should get some rest. The first task was after lunch today, anyway. She turned her body around slightly, facing Harry and snuggling closer.

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Harry woke up and got out of bed. He walked out of the room and into the nursery; perhaps James and Lily were awake already. He walked in and saw Hermione there already, fresh and changing James' diaper.

"Morning," Harry said, walking into the nursery and picking up his daughter; he always did have a soft spot for her.

Hermione turned around and looked at him. He had a major case of bed-head, he was carrying Lily, and he was wearing nothing but his boxers. To her, he couldn't get any cuter. She smiled, picked up James, and walked over to Harry, giving him a kiss.

"Good morning, Harry." She walked out, putting James in his swinging chair. "Why don't you take a shower, I still need to feed and change Lily, anyway."

"Alright." He kissed his daughter's forehead and his girlfriend before he left.

He walked back, taking a pair of black jeans and a blood red shirt before going to the bathroom to take a shower. There weren't any classes, so he wasn't going to bother changing in his uniform and then change again for the first task. Fifteen minutes later, Harry emerged, hair dripping wet, and walked out to see Hermione. He saw her dressing Lily in a periwinkle sweater with black sweatpants. He went to his son, who was sporting a shirt that said 'Mommy spoils me' shirt and jeans. He smiled at his son, who just blinked and clapped his hands, and picked him up.

Hermione walked out from the nursery with Lily in her arms. "So, am I taking James and Lily to see the first task?"

"No, I don't think that'd be a good idea. I mean, you're only one person, and you have two kids. Don't you think that'd be a little hard to carry? Plus, what if something happened to them?" He asked.

"Well, true. I just thought that you'd like to see them once you've gotten whatever it is you've got to get from the dragon," she said.

"Might not even get it," Harry muttered.

"Excuse me?" Hermione asked, glaring at him.

"I said ... nothing, doesn't matter," he said, hoping that she wouldn't ask further questions.

She sighed and walked over to the couch to get the baby bag.

"So, do you want to eat in the Great Hall today? We might miss out on a few announcements if we don't," Hermione said.

"Sure."

He walked over to her and took her hand, while carrying James with his other arm. Together, they walked out of the room and into Gryffindor Common Room. They saw Seamus sporting a huge grin, Dean looking at the twins, the first year girls looking at Harry, and Ron, staring at Hermione. Shrugging it off, Harry and Hermione walked toward the Great Hall.

On the way there, they bumped into Draco. He looked better than yesterday, that was sure, but his pin was still there.

"Hello," Hermione said smiling.

"Hey," Harry said.

Draco nodded and walked away, not sparing them another glance. Harry and Hermione looked at each other, wondering the same thing. Then, did they realize, that the Slytherin's weren't too far behind from Draco.

They sniggered at Harry and Hermione, and walked into the Great Hall. Harry and Hermione went in after them, sitting in their usual spots, near the middle of the table.

James instantly reached for everything that Harry piled on his plate. Harry laughed and repositioned him so it'd be harder for him to reach it. Lily was sleeping contently on her mother's lap, Hermione holding her securely with one hand, while she used the other to eat.

Dumbledore stood up and silenced the students. "Students, today is the day of the first task. It shall be held today after lunch, do not be late if you wish to attend. Champions, see me after breakfast. That is all, you may finish." He sat back down, going back to his toast and jam.

"What do you think he wants?" Harry asked.

Hermione shrugged. "I'm not sure. Maybe he just wants to wish you good luck, perhaps."

Suddenly, Lavender Brown came and sat next to Harry (a bit too close for Hermione and Harry's taste).

"Hello, Harry," she said, batting her eyelashes.

"Err, hi."



“Ooh! Let me hold James, please?” She asked. Harry looked at her doubtfully. He looked over at Hermione, and with the look on her face, he knew the answer.

“Um, sorry, I think it’d be better if I held him. He’s still not used to having other people hold him. He’s too young, you know,” he said, trying not to be too harsh.

She snorted. “So you won’t let me hold him, but you’ll let Draco Malfoy hold him?”

“He-he never held him,” Harry stammered.

“Yes he did, right before that Hogsmead trip.

“Lavender, he just doesn’t want you to hold his son,” Hermione said, joining in the conversation.

“Whatever,” she mumbled. “Can I hold your daughter, then?”

“No,” they both said in unison.

“Lily’s sleeping, and I don’t think everyone would fancy a loud cry with their pumpkin juices,” Hermione said.

“Fine. If you didn’t want me to hold them, all you had to do was say so,” Lavender said. “Well, I’m going to go. Bye, Harry!” She kissed his cheek again and trotted off to Parvati Patil.

“She really needs to stop doing that,” Hermione hissed.

Harry just nodded.

The usual morning owls came in, swooping down and sending letters. Harry saw that there was a letter, though, that was swooping towards him, but it wasn’t Hedwig. It was a brown owl with white feathers on the wings. It swooped down, just barely missing James, and stuck out his leg.

“Stupid bird, almost hurt my son,” Harry muttered, getting the letter. It nipped at it, making Harry’s finger bleed. He opened the letter and read.

*Harry Potter,*

*I didn’t have an owl, but I got a howler a while back, and the owl hasn’t left since. (I still don’t know why, though.) I have been talking to Vernon, and he said that you, your girlfriend, and children will be able to stay for Christmas. I know you probably don’t want to go, but I want to see the twins (yes, I want to see them, you haven’t read it wrong), and Vernon promised that he won’t touch your children.*

*If you wish to stay, you’ll be able to stay for a week, and then stay with your... Godfather, if I remember correctly?*

*Oh, and tell Hermione hello for me?*

*Bye,*

*Aunt Petunia*

Harry looked at it, shocked. He certainly had not been expecting a letter from his Aunt. He wondered, though, why she had gotten a howler. He looked over at Hermione, who, too, had gotten a letter, from her parents most likely. He tapped her shoulder and they switched letters. He saw that she looked near tears, and decided that it was because of the letter. He opened it and read:

*Hermione,*

*A MURDERER?! AMURDERER?! HERMIONE JANE GRANGER, HOW—WHY—UGH! I’M NOT EVEN ABLE TO MAKE A PROPER SENTENCE ON PAPER BECAUSE I’M THAT OUTRAGED. I’m going to let your father write now; I need to calm down.*

*Hermione, why did you do this to us? Were we bad parents? What had we done that made you do such a thing? I understand that you were probably under the influence of something, but that doesn’t mean you can stay with the boy. If only you had taken the abortion.*

*Your mother is here again, I'll let her talk now.*

*Hermione, dear, I can never hate you, remember that. Please, maybe you can find it in your heart to, perhaps, visit us for Christmas. You can leave those brats with your boyfriend and we can go skiing. Please, Hermione, none of this is your fault. I know that boy had something to do with your pregnancy (and not only in the natural way, either).*

*Please, love, realize what you're missing. You won't be able to make it through life when you're a mother at fourteen. Imagine what people will be saying. What about your career, your schooling? What about your chance at true love? I know that you can't find true love this young, you just can't. That boy was just taking advantage of you, Hermione. Please, listen to us.*

*Please, Hermione,*

*Mum & Dad*

Harry forced himself to take deep breaths, knowing that blowing up wouldn't be good to do in the Great Hall, let alone in front of two infants. He looked over to Hermione and saw that she had tears in her eyes, threatening to fall from her eyes. She looked at him and silently asked to leave; he nodded and they got up. Suddenly, they heard a mad cry.

“GINEVRA MOLLY WEASLEY, HOW COULD YOU?! ATTEMPTING TO SLIP A LOVE POTION; HAVE I TAUGHT YOU NOTHING?! YOU. DO. NOT. SLIP LOVE POTIONS INTO ANYONES ANYTHING!!! I AM DISGRACED, I FEEL ASHAMED TO HAVE RAISED SUCH A GIRL.”

The howler then turned to Ron.

“AND YOU, RONALD BILLIUS WEASLEY, HOW DARE YOU?! YOU AND YOUR SISTER, BOTH?! I FEEL SO DISGRACED, DISHONORED, SHAMED!! YOU SHOULD KNOW BETTER, RONALD! IF YOU TWO STEP ANOTHER TOE OUT OF LINE, NO MORE HOGWARTS FOR YOU TWO!”

The howler blew several raspberries before shredding itself up and falling to the table. Everyone suddenly burst out laughing, while the teachers looked shocked, all but two, though. McGonagall sat there, happy that Molly had such power of her children. Dumbledore sat there, unaffected by anything, yet affected by everything. He had told Malfoy that it was just a scheme to expel the two Weasley's, knowing that he just wanted to ruin Potter and Granger's lives. Though he could do that himself, having allies wasn't that bad.

Dumbledore saw that Harry and Hermione were just about to leave, so Dumbledore decided to cut breakfast short. He waved his hand, making all of the plates (most of which were half eaten) disappear. He stood up and silenced the Hall.

"Champions, now that breakfast is over, we need to speak to you. That is all," Dumbledore said, sitting down, looking at Harry once more.

Harry groaned. "I'll take James with me. I'll see you later."

She smiled a small smile. "Okay." He kissed her, lingering a bit, and kissed Lily's forehead and walked away.

Harry met Cedric, Krum, and Fleur on the way towards the vacant room.

"You know, now I never see you without your kids," Cedric commented.

"There ees notheeng wrong weeth haveeng to walk around weeth your cheeldreen," Fleur said.

"But then there is the diapers, those smelly diapers," Victor said, making a face.

"Well, it's a sacrifice I'm willing to make," Harry said, playing with his son's hair, again.

They walked a little while more. Somehow when they were talking, someone had forgotten to put their hand on the rail, so they were now

on the wrong floor. It'd take them a good ten minutes to figure out how to get back to where they were supposed to be.

"Arry, do you mind eef I hold your leetle baby? Eet had been so long seence I 'ave held one. I know how to hold one, eet is quiet seemple," she said, looking at James lovingly.

"Um ... I'm not too sure, Fleur," he said, holding his son more securely.

"Oh, I'm sorry. I thought that you might just want to geeve your arms rest," she said, diverting her eyes.

Now that she had mentioned it, his arms were getting a bit tired. Holding a ten pound baby for hours at a time did tend to tire his arms out. He decided that since she was a girl (and probably had a lot more experience in babies than he did), that she could hold his son.

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean to offend you or anything. Here, you can hold James, just *please* be careful," he said, handing his son over to the blond.

She held him expertly. She balanced him at her hip, putting her left arm behind the small of his back, and her right arms placing his small head on her shoulder. James just blew spit bubbles.

"Vhy does he do that?" Krum asked, opening the door which led to Dumbledore.

"Baby thing, I guess," Cedric said, shrugging it off.

"Ah, Champions! Took you long enough!" Ludo Bagman said. He noticed the bundle of clothes that Fleur was holding and thought that it was one of Harry's children. He walked up to James and held out his hands, asking for permission. "May I?"

"Don't ask me, I'm not the mother. Ask the father," Fleur said, handing James back to Harry. Since James was sleeping, Harry had to be careful as to not wake the infant up. He brought his small head to the nape of his neck, while their chests were facing each other, Harry's arms wrapped securely around him.

"I'm sorry, he's sleeping. I don't want to wake him up," Harry said lamely.

"Oh." He paused. "Okay, anyway, today is the day of the first task. It shall be held today after lunch. Now I presume you've your uniforms?" At seeing every one's nods, he continued. "Today you shall be facing," he paused for dramatic effect, "dragons."

"What will we be collecting from the dragon?" Fleur asked, not affected at all by the fact they were about to face dragons.

"An egg," he said, smiling widely.

"An egg?" the three men echoed, dumfounded.

"Not just any egg. No. It shall be a *golden* egg, which shall, if you get it, hold the hint to the next task." He looked at the Champions and then to Dumbledore, who hadn't said a word at all. "Dumbledore, anything you have to say?"

He looked to be in thought for a moment, but then answered: "Yes, I do, actually. I wish you best of luck. And remember, do your best, Champions." He looked at everyone, lingering on Harry and James.

Dumbledore had a plan, but he wasn't going to act on it until Harry and Hermione had left for the first task. Hopefully by then, the house-elf (he certainly hoped that it wouldn't be Dobby) would let him in.

"Okay, I believe that you have people to see now," Ludo said. "You may leave," he said, smiling widely.

**0—0—0—0**

Harry sat on the couch, practicing his *accio* spell. The first task was in about one hour, and Harry still had to get ready. Hermione was feeding Lily and Dobby was already there, watching James.

Harry got up and went into his room, looking for his clothes. He looked under the bed, nothing. He searched the dresser and saw that only his uniform and muggle clothes were there. He knew that he had

gotten it, he just 'forgot' where it was. He walked outside and saw Hermione smirking at him.

"Where--" Harry started, but was cut off by Hermione.

"Did you check behind the door?" She asked, smirking.

"Err... no." He smiled sheepishly and then ran back into the room. He checked behind the door, and there it was; the maroon jersey with 'POTTER' on the back, and the black pants with the thick maroon stripe running down the side of the pants. He took his leather gloves that were cut at the knuckles, and laced up his trainers and pocketed his wand. He walked out and nearly ran into Hermione.

"Oh, sorry!" she said. She picked off some imaginary lint off of his jersey and gave him a quick peck.

"What was that for?" he asked, smiling. She shrugged and went into the room to change. He rolled his eyes and went into the nursery.

"Mister Harry Potter sir! Harry Potter babies sleep a lot," Dobby stated his eyes wide.

"Yes, Dobby, that's usually what babies do. Eat, sleep, and ... well, you know..." he said, turning red.

"Yes, yes, Dobby understands. I wish Harry Potter sir luck today. You shall certainly win, you are very powerful wizard." He went over to Lily's nursery and smiled. "Harry Potter sir is very lucky to be having little Harry Potter babies. Dobby do everything he can to make sure Harry Potter babies are okay."

"Thank you Dobby," Harry said earnestly.

"No, no, Mister Harry Potter sir. Thank you! If you had not saved Dobby, Dobby would not be here now," he said, huge eyes glistening.

"Dobby, listen. You have been taking care of my children since they were born; I think you deserve a lot thanks." He smiled at the small house-elf. Dobby nodded and went back to watching the twins.

Harry went up to the cribs and watching the sleeping infants for a moment. They were so peaceful, if only they were like that at nights. Lily and James never did like to sleep at night, always crying up storms because they were hungry, needed to be changed, or if they just liked the sounds of their cries, Harry didn't know. He bent down and kissed Lily's forehead, loving the feel of her silky skin on his lips and the tickling of his nose from the little patch of brown hair on her head. He walked over to James and gave him a kiss on his forehead and smiled. He really did love these kids. He didn't care how old he was; he loved them to death. The article that Rita Skeeter had written had one thing correctly, at least.

He sat on the couch and waited for Hermione to get out so they could leave together. She arrived a few minutes later and they left.

**0—0—0—0**

Harry was currently in the tent with the other champions and Ludo Bagman.

Fleur was talking with Cedric and Krum, while Harry was fidgeting with the hem of his jersey. He was nervous, that much was for sure. He wasn't too sure that he could get the golden egg now. Hermione had told him to summon his Firebolt, but now he was thinking of summoning something else. Something shiner; golden.

"Champions, gather around. We will find out what order you'll go in and what dragon you shall be facing," Ludo said. The Champions gathered around in a circle as Ludo brought out a small velvety purple bag. "Here, Diggory, take one first."

Cedric reached into the bag and pulled out a Swedish Short-Snout, with the bold number **1** on the back of it.

"Ah, yes, you shall be first. Mister Krum, you next." Krum pulled into the bag and pulled out a Chinese Fireball with the number **3** on it. Fleur went next and pulled out a Welsh Green. "And last but not least, Harry Potter." Harry, a bit hesitantly, knowing what his dragon was going to be, pulled out the Hungarian Horntail with a bold **4** on the back.



“Yes, well, now that you know what your order and dragon shall be, let’s get this started, shall we?”

**0—0—0—0**

Dumbledore coolly walked into the Gryffindor tower, knowing that no one was there. He walked said the password to Harry and Hermione’s room (being the Headmaster did have its perks), and glanced around. The living room looked like it would with any new parents; messy. The books on the left side (most likely Harry’s side) were scattered around, forming messy piles of homework, scrolls, and quills. The right side was much less messier, with neat piles of scrolls and parchment and quills. There were baby things everywhere, unused diapers scattered the floor (on the left side, of course), and with the twins swinging chairs and cribs by the walls.

Dumbledore smiled. This was going to be easy. If only there wasn’t a house-elf in the nursery. He walked in there and saw Dobby.

“Headmaster Dumbly!” Dobby exclaimed. “Pleasures to see you!”

“Good afternoon, Dobby. I suppose Harry and Hermione are treating you well?” He asked kindly.

“Yes, yes! Harry Potter sir and his miss treating Dobby very kindly! Dobby is very happy to be helping them with little Harry Potter babies! Dobby is going to be doing everything to be making sure Harry Potter babies are unharmed,” Dobby stated proudly.

“Yes, I see,” Dumbledore muttered. He was going to have to distract Dobby. “Dobby, we are in dire need to clean some of the bathrooms. Do you suppose you could help clean? I will take the honor of watching young Mister and Miss Potter for you.” He smiled slightly, eyes twinkling away.

“Dobby will not be doing that, Mister Dumbly sir. Other house-elves can be cleaning without Dobby. I want to watch little Harry Potter babies,” Dobby said, stomping his thin foot.

“Dobby, please, I promise I shall do no harm to the children.”

“Mister Dumbly sir, Dobby is sorry, but Dobby will not be doing any work besides watching little Harry Potter babies,” he said stubbornly, grapefruit eyes narrowing.

Dumbledore sighed. “Dobby, may I hold Mister or Miss Potter?” he asked kindly, as to not raise any more suspicion.

“Sorry Headmaster Dumbly, but Dobby cannot allow that. Little Harry Potter babies is sleeping right now, so you don’t need to hold them.” His eyes narrowed a bit more. He might’ve been a house-elf, but he certainly wasn’t stupid. He knew that the Headmaster wanted to distract him from something and have the babies, but Dobby wasn’t going to be letting him do that.

“Please, Dobby. I won’t do anything, I promise,” Dumbledore said, walking towards James’ crib.

“Dobby says no!” the house-elf shouted, snapping his fingers, letting an invisible dome appear over the twins’ cribs. Dumbledore still stuck his hands towards James’ crib, but instead, got burned, fingers turning black. He brought his hands back, as if they had been burnt, which in a way, they had.

He inspected his fingers; they had been turned almost fully black, except his nails, which were nearly purely white. His palm, which had turned a light shade of blue, had started turning bright red. His hands hurt, though, a lot. He shouldn’t have been acting towards Dobby like that. He should’ve known that Dobby was going to do something to him; going against a stubborn house-elf’s wishes were not good.

“Headmaster dumbly, please leave. Dobby does not wish for headmaster to be here. Maybe when Mister Harry Potter sir and his miss arrive,” Dobby said, looking down, as if just realizing what he had done.

Dumbledore sighed and turned. He was thinking of firing the house-elf, but then Harry and Hermione might get suspicious. Plus, Minerva would never allow it; she was already keeping an eye on him as it was. This was going to be even complicated than he thought.

**0—0—0—0**

Harry stepped out of the tent and into the huge open arena. Students were cheering, mostly for the other three Champions, but he didn't care. His biggest goal was to make it through the task alive. He looked around, searching for the mass of bushy hair. He saw her, the only one cheering for him, standing next to a few of the other Gryffindors. He grinned and walked further more into the ground, wondering where the dragon was.

He saw the golden egg and knew what to do. He started walking towards it, keeping an eye out for the dragon (where ever it was). The crowd started getting quieter, knowing that it'd be a matter of time until the dragon showed up.

Harry was getting nearer, thinking: *This is easier than I thought*. He was getting closer, a smile forming on his face. But he knew that it was too easy; the dragon had to be somewhere.

Suddenly, a great fireball erupted from no where and nearly hitting Harry. He jumped back and took out his wand, pointing it at the Hungarian Horntail. The dragon was chained, so hopefully it wouldn't be able to move too far.

Harry ran towards the egg, the dragon blowing fire from its mouth. Some of the fire caught on to Harry's pants, but he wasn't paying attention. He wanted to get to the egg—now. He ran towards the crowd and the dragon blew another fireball, heading in his direction. He ran out of the way and started running towards the golden egg again.

“HARRY!! HARRY!! YOUR WAND!!” Hermione shouted from the stands. Even though the crowd was loud, he could hear Hermione quiet clearly, as if she were a few feet away.

He took out his wand, dodging another fireball, not paying attention to the extreme stinging emerging from his right calf, and shouted, “*Accio golden egg!!*”

The golden egg came zooming towards him and Harry caught it. The crowd suddenly went silent as the dragon trainers came in and stunned the dragon.

Harry held the egg securely, as if scared it might fall from his arms. He suddenly noticed that his right pant leg was on fire and jumped, throwing gravel and dirt on to the pant leg. Once the pant had been extinguished, he lamely limped back to the tent.

"Harry," Cedric said, walking over and helping Harry to the seat.

"Oh move over, Mister Diggory," Madam Pomfrey said, shoving the young man away. "Oh Mister Potter, no matter what you do, you always seem to get some injury." She put some clear blue liquid on to Harry's leg and then started looking around her bag, seeing if anything else would be needed.

Harry hissed as the pain struck him; the burn was bad, that was for sure. He saw the burn slowly vanished and emitted a soft white glow, and his skin appearing after the glow dimmed more.

"Harry!" Hermione shouted, running inside the tent over to her boyfriend.

"Miss Granger! Wait patiently," Madam Pomfrey said sternly. Hermione sighed and sat next to Harry. After a few minutes, she got up and left, muttering about teenage girls and romance.

"Harry," Hermione said, hugging him tightly.

"Mione," he said after they had let go.

"Your numbers were posted. You were tied in first place," she said smiling.

Harry nodded and looked at their intertwined fingers. "So, how do you think I did?" he asked nervously.

"Well," Hermione started, "I must say I was surprised. I thought that you'd summon your firebolt, not the egg itself. But it was smart of you, Harry. No one else did that. I thought you did wonderfully," she said as she kissed him.

He smiled into the kiss and deepened it. He slid his tongue across her bottom lip, asking for permission. Hermione opened her mouth

slightly, granting him it. His tongue probed her mouth, exploring, testing, tasting. Their tongues played for a few moments until they heard a loud cough. They broke apart quickly, both blushing madly.

"Now you don't want anymore children around here, do you?" Cedric asked teasingly.

Harry grinned and Hermione blushed even more.

"Well, good job, Harry. I must say, summoning the egg didn't even come to my mind. Smart," he said, patting Harry's shoulder.

"Thanks," Harry said, smiling. Cedric nodded and walked away, towards the other champions.

"Well," Hermione said after a few moments, "do you want to go now? I'm sure Dobby is tired of watching the twins for nearly the whole day."

"Sure," he said, getting up. Hermione got up and they laced their fingers together and walked out of the tent, not noticing that Dumbledore wasn't there even for a moment.

## Chapter 20 – Extendable Ears Hears All

Harry and Hermione walked into the Gryffindor tower, going towards their portrait. Harry was so happy that he couldn't wait until he saw his children and play with them. Hermione, who seemed a bit perplexed after she and Harry left the tent from the First Task, kept muttering something. He couldn't fully understand it, but it sounded something like "the twins," "something..." "They can't be hurt..." and other things he couldn't quite understand.

He was tempted to ask her what she was muttering about, but decided against it after Hermione suddenly brightened up and kissed him. Though, he still wasn't sure why she had been muttering.

"Prem," they said in unison. The portrait swung open, and they walked in to see a teary eyed Dobby. Hermione ran straight into the twins' room, thinking something disastrous had happened. Harry ran towards Dobby and hunkered to his size.

"Dobby, what happened?" He asked quietly, putting a hand on his bony shoulder. Dobby just wailed and sat down, wiping the flowing tears from his eyes.

"D-Dobby b-bee-been bad e-elf," the poor creature wailed. Harry took some of his rags, and started wiping the tears off of his face.

"Dobby, I'm sure that you did nothing bad." His voice somewhat placated the house-elf. "Now please, tell me what happened."

Dobby, getting up and wiping his face, started walking into the nursery, where they saw Hermione staring at the dome, holding Lillian. Harry looked at her, confused, wondering why there was a dome hovering around his son's crib. He walked over, and picking up his son (who was currently playing with his fingers), he walked over to Dobby.

They led the house-elf to the couch, and sitting down on it, he asked Dobby once again.

"I-I bur-burned Headmaster Dumbly!" he wailed.

Harry and Hermione looked at each other, and then down at the twins. What did they mean he burned Dumbledore? Did he want the twins?

“Dobby,” Hermione said softly, “can you tell us everything that happened, please?”

Dobby nodded and proceeded to tell Harry and Hermione the story. He told them about how Dumbledore came inside, asking for the children. After a few minutes of bawling, he told them about how Dumbledore started heading towards the children, but Dobby stood his ground, saying that no one except the people who said they could see (which was only Harry, Hermione, and Dobby), but Dumbledore refused to listen. He told them about how Dumbledore started walking towards them, and Dobby put up the barriers, burning a few of his fingers.

“Okay, I’ve heard enough!” Harry nearly shouted. He was too pissed, he needed to take out some of his frustration. He walked over to the nursery and put his son gently back into the crib, and walked out.

He saw Dobby still teary eyed, and Hermione with tears streaming down her cheeks, clutching her daughter tightly, as if afraid to let her go.

He started pacing, suddenly full of energy that was just waiting to be let loose.

“Why? Why the fuck would Dumbledore do... why the fuck...” He shouted to no one in particular. He suddenly ran towards his Firebolt (which was sitting atop on a case which was hanging on the wall near his desk) and took it roughly, not noticing Hermione flinch at his roughness.

“Harry,” Hermione shouted, walking up to him, Lillian still in her arms.

“What?” he said rudely.

“Don’t speak to me in that manner, Harry James,” she snapped. She certainly wasn’t in the mood to be talked to in that manner. Harry sighed, forcing himself to calm down a bit. “Harry,” she started again, “don’t do anything you’ll regret later on.” She went to touch his arm,

but ended up putting her arms around her daughter a bit more securely when the father suddenly burst.

“DON’T DO ANYTHING I’LL REGRET LATER?!” He shouted, not noticing what Hermione had just done. “HERMIONE, HE JUST TRIED TO KIDNAP OUR CHILDREN! AND YOU’RE TELLING ME TO *CALM DOWN!*” He laughed maniacally. “I WILL *NOT* CALM DOWN! I AM GOING TO *KILL THAT BASTARD!*” he shouted. Lily started crying, and he could hear a faint whimper from the nursery. But Harry paid no attention to that; he was too pissed to even register what he had done.

Hermione walked quietly into the nursery and quieted her child down. She placed Lily into the crib, and then quieted James down, and placed him back. She sighed, not knowing how to soothe her overly frustrated boyfriend, and walked out of the room and back towards Harry.

“Dobby, do you think you could bring back a cold washcloth and maybe some hot tea?” Hermione asked politely. She absolutely hated asking Dobby—actually *any* house-elf for that matter—to do something for her, but it was necessary right now.

Dobby nodded, and with a snap of his fingers, he popped away.

Hermione walked towards her boyfriend and placed a gentle hand upon his shoulder. He just shrugged it off and walked to the couch, landing on it with a bit thump. Harry was too pissed to even be calmed down by his girlfriend. He thought that when he and Hermione had gone to the first task, nothing would happen to his children. Oh, how wrong he was.

He sighed and ran a rough hand through his raven locks. He just wasn’t sure what to do anymore. A large part of his brain was shouting to kill the old bastard, but then again, the tiny, minuscule part of his brain was nearly whispering “no, this isn’t right. It’s wrong.” Though he knew that killing him outright would be horrible; a well thought out plan would work.

He mentally chuckled. He and well thought out plans did not work together. Though, he did have a pretty—



“Harry?” Hermione said quietly, hoping not to anger him any further.

He looked up at her; her shoulder was tear stained, though that was most likely from his daughter’s tears; her eyes were red rimmed and her cheeks tear stained. To any other person, she’d look like a down right mess, but to Harry, he looked like a sad child.

Anger fading away, he held out his arms, beckoning her to join him. She tearfully smiled and went into his arms, burying her face in his chest. She sat there contently, just enjoying the feeling of being in his arms. He, though, was thinking madly, debating whether or not to kill Dumbledore, or spare his life. He knew that, because of Dumbledore, his children were here in the first place. He loved his children very much, but he was much too young to become a father. He could’ve waited until he and Hermione got married, at least. But apparently Dumbledore had other plans. He certainly hoped that Dumbledore would never pull a stunt like that again, though he wasn’t too sure himself. And when Dumbledore tried to kill him, he’d partially forgiven him (since a small part of his brain decided that he actually deserved to be yelled at). Though, being hit with the curse was not necessary. What really pissed Harry, though, was what really pissed him off, was the fact that Dumbledore tried to kidnap his *children*.

He decided to give his throbbing brain a rest and rest for some time (the First Task had really taken a lot out of him, and he hadn’t noticed until just recently). He looked down and noticed that Hermione was sleeping; he decided that some sleep would do them both good. He gently pushed her to the side a bit, and put one hand behind her back and the other under her knees. With that, he picked her up and started walking towards their room.

Just before he got there, Dobby decided to pop back in.

“Mister Harry Potter sir and his miss sleep now?” he asked uncertainly, silver tray behind him.

“Yeah, we’re really knackered. You could just leave that on the table or something,” said Harry, walking towards their bedroom again.

“Does Mister want Dobby to watch over little Potter babies?” Dobby asked, eyes widening in anticipation.

“No, Dobby, you don’t have to watch them. It’s okay, really.” Harry watched as Dobby gave a small, sad smile and popped away.

Harry walked into their room and gently placed Hermione on the bed, anger now completely gone. He took off her shoes and placed them on the floor. He wondered if she was still comfortable, though. Wearing jeans to bed wouldn’t be quite comfortable. In the end, Harry decided, Hermione should be comfortable. He went over to her dresser and looked through the drawers (lingering in the underwear drawer), and brought out sweat pants and a cotton shirt. He walked over to Hermione and wondered how he was going to change her without waking her up.

Finally, after nearly ten minutes (and nearly waking up Hermione four times), he got Hermione undressed and redressed. By the time he had finished with Hermione, he was just about ready to plop on the bed and welcome the darkness that lay beneath his eyelids, but fought against it, for he still had to change himself. He quickly took out some shorts (not caring if it were the middle of November) and a long-sleeved shirt. He went into bed and nestled himself under the warm covers, and got closer to Hermione, wrapping his arm around her waist.

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The plan was perfect; it’d surely work. Today, when he had talked to the Kelsey, a Gryffindor first year, she instantaneously agreed to help him.

He planned on giving the same potion he gave to Hermione, again, but this time, to Harry and Hermione both. Once they would take the potion, they’d forget about their children and go on, exercising their own needs. But, that wasn’t all; once their twins were left unguarded by their loyal parents, he’d be able to murder them. Once Harry and Hermione would notice their children were missing, they’d instantly go to him, demanding to know where their children were. But, that wasn’t the best part; the best part was *after* he killed their children; he’d be able to kill Harry *and* Hermione. Seeing them in such a venerable state would surely give him the advantage of killing them.

He smiled happily to himself; his plan was nearly perfect. Dobby, Dumbledore made sure, had enormous amounts of work that day, making sure that he wasn't allowed to listen to anyone until his duties were finished.

Once the potion was finished, his plan would go into motion.

After a few more minutes of quiet thinking, Dumbledore heard a knock on his office door.

"Come in," Dumbledore said politely, moving away from his unfinished potion to the desk chair.

McGonagall strode in, a furious look on her face.

"Why haven't you expelled Ginevra Weasley yet?" she asked, temper flaring. Ever since this morning, she'd been curious as to why Dumbledore hadn't expelled the youngest Weasley.

"Because," Dumbledore said, completely unfazed by the tone of her voice, "I believe that Mister Malfoy was just playing yet another prank. Though, this one has gone much too far. I believe that I might have to--" started Dumbledore, but was interrupted by a furious McGonagall.

"Mister Malfoy did no such thing, Albus." Her tone was harsh. "Mister Malfoy, actually, presented me with a small vial which contained the potion. I honestly do not believe that he'd do such a thing to Harry, even if they are enemies." Her eyes narrowed at the aging man, as if challenging him to contradict what he said.

"Yes, that is precisely why Mister Malfoy would pull such a dangerous stunt." He was fully aware of the truth; however, Miss Weasley could be of some use in the future. "I believe that Mister Malfoy did this because he wished to make Mister Potter's (McGonagall looked oddly at him for calling Harry, 'Mister Potter') life even more miserable at school." He looked at McGonagall, eyes twinkling away. She quickly drifted her gaze. "Don't you see, Minerva? He wished to get in the way of true love. As my duty of Headmaster, I could not let him do such a thing. So, I did not expel Miss Weasley, for she was framed." He smiled slightly at her expression.

“Albus, I know that Harry does not love Miss Weasley. If he had loved her, why would he have two children with another woman right now?” she asked. She looked past his shoulder and saw a cauldron with a potion brewing in it. She wondered, if this was the potion Harry and Hermione mentioned about earlier.

“The answer is quiet simple, Minerva: Miss Granger simply seduced young Harry into having sexual intercourse. And in doing that, she got pregnant; furthermore, knowing the kind nature of Harry, he’d never leave her side. So, I conclude--”

“Albus!” she exclaimed. “This is not an essay; it’s about real lives!” Her eyes were nearly flaring. Seeing the potion just added fuel.

“Yes, I know what you’re trying to say, Minerva. Though, I’m sorry to say that I shall not be expelling Miss Weasley,” Dumbledore said calmly.

McGonagall sighed; she was going to have to take things in her own hands. She gave another murderous glare towards Dumbledore and turned around, slamming the office door shut.

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“He could’ve died!” Ginny exclaimed, walking into Gryffindor tower. She, Ron, Fred, and George all sat in various spots on the couch and armchair.

“Your point?” said Ron lamely. Quiet frankly, he could care less if Potter died.

Fred and George looked at each other oddly. Why was Ron acting like this? Was he not Harry’s best mate?

“Ron--”

“Brother--”

“Insufferable rodent we were forced to live with--”

“Good one, Fred.”

“Why thank you, George.”

“Get to the point already!” Ginny and Ron exclaimed. Sometime having twin brothers was tiring.

“Why is it that you said you could care less if Harry, your best mate, could’ve died?” Fred asked, slight smirk upon his pale face.

“Because he wasn’t thinking,” Ginny answered quickly, glaring at her brother.

“Mmhmm,” George said, looking at the two skeptically.

“Sure,” Fred said, extending the “u” for a ridiculous amount of time.

“Shut up!” the two exclaimed. “Fred, George, can you leave us alone? I need to talk to *someone*, privately,” Ginny said, glaring at her brother.

Fred and George looked at each other, as if contemplating the question, and then they nodded. They got up and said, “Don’t worry, baby sis. We’ll leave now, but remember, we have ears everywhere. You can’t hide anything from us.” They grinned at the expressions on their sister and brother. They grinned at each other and then went out, leaving the two youngest Weasley’s to the “privacy.”

“Did you hear Mum’s howler?” Ginny asked quietly, hoping that she wouldn’t be overheard.

Ron snorted. “Of course I did. Who didn’t? I mean, the whole bloody school must’ve heard it.”

Ginny’s eyes widened in horror, “What... What if... What if Harry and Hermione heard it?”

“You mean... if... oh bloody hell,” Ron muttered, burying his face into his pillow.

“That means they must know...” She looked thoughtful for a moment, but then exclaimed, “What if they weren’t there? What if they--”

“Ginny, stop playing the “what if” game. They were there, I saw them.” His voice was muffled by the pillow.

She deflated almost instantly. Now she had no idea how she’d get her Harry back. Ron, too, was contemplating on how he’d get his precious Hermione back.

Little did they know that two ears were plastered behind the armchair...

**0—0—0—0**

After a few hours of peaceful resting, Harry finally awoke. He looked to his right and saw Hermione sleeping peacefully. He grinned and rolled on top of her, putting half of his weight on his hands and nestled his legs in between hers.

He started kissing her nose, cheeks, eyelids, ears, wherever he could find. Her eyes fluttered open, and chocolate met emerald. She smiled and then noticed that Harry was on top of her.

“Harry, why are you on top of me?” Hermione asked quietly, bringing her hands up to encircle his neck.

“Because,” he said before kissing her lips.

She smiled against his lips and brought him closer. He parted their lips slightly, and slid his tongue into her hot, wet mouth. She moaned slightly as his tongue started exploring her mouth. Harry brought one arm down and rested it on her hip, while the other entangled itself in her mane of bushy hair. Their tongues dueled, each raking each other’s for victory. Harry’s hand went towards the hem of her shirt, and he started pulling at it. Just as he was about to take it off of her, Hermione abruptly stopped kissing him.

“What?” he asked, nuzzling her neck, planting kisses on her throat.

“D-don’t you t-think w-we’re just a bit t-too young to be having s-sex again?” Hermione asked, moaning slightly as his tongue flicked out, kissing, biting, and sucking on the column of her neck.

“How exactly is that? We’ve already got two kids, everyone knows what we did,” Harry said, immediately going back to her neck.

“But still, we’re only fourteen.” She moaned again as his hand found her breast. “How-how about till we’re, um, fifteen?” she asked, moaning even louder as Harry squeezed her breast, his mouth never leaving his torture on her throat.

He stopped kissing her neck, though his hand never left her breast, and said, “I-I guess we could do that... It’s only one year, though, why wait?” He asked quietly, getting off her and lying on his back.

“I-I’m sorry, Harry. I guess, I gu—I guess I’m just not ready yet,” she said quietly.

Suddenly, Harry jumped out of bed and started shouting. “What do you mean you’re not ready? We’ve already had sex before, what’s the difference this time?”

“Harry, we very well know that I was under the influence of the potion at the time of--” she started, but was cut off by Harry, who was furious by now.

“So what you mean to tell me is that you only stuck around because you got pregnant? You don’t want to have sex again?” He shouted,

“Harry, don’t twist my words around--”

“Don’t ‘Harry’ me!” He shouted, pointing a finger at her.

“Harry, just--”

“What ‘just’? What do you want me to do, Hermione? Just stick around, thinking that you actually loved me?” asked Harry, not realizing what he had just said.

“HARRY JAMES POTTER!” Hermione shouted, temper getting the better of her. Good thing that the twins’ door was closed, otherwise they would’ve been crying by now. “Don’t you *ever* accuse me of not loving you! It was your fault you got me pregnant, too, you know!

Don't think, just because we haven't had sex since they were conceived, that I don't love you!" She shouted, advancing on him.

"Then why the fuck won't you have sex!?" Harry asked, crossing his arms around his chest.

"You know what, Harry James?! If you want sex, here, have it." She started taking off her shirt, then her pants, bra, and lastly, her underwear. She wore nothing in front of him, except her socks.

"I don't want sex anymore," he muttered, walking out of the room.

"HARRY JAMES!" She shouted, sliding down the wall, tears threatening to fall.

Harry walked into the common room and sat on the couch. He knew that he was just being selfish, wanting to have sex, but he really loved Hermione. Did age really matter?

*Apparently*, he thought miserably.

He knew that he was going to sleep on the couch tonight, and probably for the rest of the week, but he didn't care. He felt that he deserved every bit of it.

Hermione walked out a few minutes later, fully clothed, and silently went into the nursery. Harry, in the midst of the fight, hadn't thought about their children. He quickly went into the nursery to make sure they were alright. Hermione was in there, picking up James (who was giggling at the sight of Hermione's hair), and only said six words to Harry: "You're sleeping on the couch tonight." With that, she calmly left the room, leaving Harry and his daughter alone.

He walked over to the pink crib, and gazed down at his daughter. She was staring at him, as if in awe. Her emerald orbs were wide, staring at God knows what, and her hands were curled up in fists. He smiled slightly, anger ebbing away, and picked up his child. God, he didn't regret a day that he spent with his children.

When he was younger, having children at such a young age would seem scandalous, but now he couldn't imagine a day without them.



And that was what mattered. With his children and Hermione (though they were currently fighting), Harry could get through anything.

## Chapter 21 – Does Age Really Matter?

*Ron and Ginny sat in the Common Room of the Gryffindor tower too emerged in their conversation to notice the extendable ears stuck behind the couch. Fred and George, for the first time in their lives, were using their creations for good, not for their mere enjoyment.*

*“Ron, listen!” hissed Ginny.*

*“Sorry,” came a mumbled voice.*

*“Now, I have a plan,” she started, “If you agree—which I know you will—you’ll have to swear not to let it out. No one can know. No one,” she looked around, as if making sure that no one was hearing, and looked back at her brother, who was looking at her with eyes wide with anticipation.*

*“Gin, you know no one is watching. I mean, c’mon, no one pays attention to the Weasley’s; we’re the sidekicks, remember?” said Ron, nearly spitting it out.*

*“Apparently Lavender does,” Ginny commented smugly. She nearly laughed at the expression on her brother’s face.*

*“I’m only using her,” he spoke.*

*It was true, he was only using her. When he had confronted her in the Great Hall nearly a month ago, he very nearly forced her into seducing Harry—or, at least try to. She was very, very reluctant at first, but in the end (and a few kisses later), she agreed, though she said that she wasn’t going to do much. Since she had the looks that Harry would appreciate, he ‘hired’ her.*

*“Mhmm,” she smirked.*

*“Shut up and get on with the plan already!” he said aggravated.*

*“Okay, okay, don’t get your knickers in a twist.” She looked around once more, then leaned in. “Remember, no one,” she whispered.*

*Since they were both sitting on the couch, Fred and George could still hear them perfectly.*

*At his nod, she continued. "Okay, I want Harry, and there's only one—okay, maybe three—ways I could get to him: Hermione and his kids. I don't think I'll kill Granger because you want her, but since both of us don't want those two Potter brats, I was thinking that we could--" she was cut off.*

*"No," Ron said sternly. He wouldn't do that, no matter how bad he wanted Hermione. If he was going to get her, he was not going to hurt her children. No matter how tempted he was.*

*"But--"*

*"I said no, Ginny," he repeated. "I don't care what you do, just don't involve their kids. Please," he very nearly begged.*

*She sighed heavily and rested her head on the arm of the couch. "Please?" she asked quietly, pleadingly.*

*"No, Ginny, we can't do that, no matter how tempted we are." He had to think of a good enough lie to convince Hermione. He thought for a few seconds, then said, "Just think, Ginny. If their kids die, they'll start mourning and all that other nonsense. But, because of that, they'll latch onto each other and probably make more children!" said he, very proud of his lie. "Think, Ginny, if we do anything to their children, and then we just so happened to date them, being all nice, they'll start being suspicious.*

*"I just don't think we should do anything to them," he said after a few minutes.*

*"Whatever," she mumbled before leaving.*

*She didn't care; she was going to get Harry, no matter what the costs.*

*Once Ron had left, Fred and George walked in, discussing what to do. They looked at each other, having a silent conversation. After a few moments, they looked at each other and nodded in unison.*

*Their minds were made up: they were going to go against their flesh and blood, and help their friends in need.*

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It had been nearly a week and Harry and Hermione still weren't talking to each other. Harry tried to talk to her, whether it be by simply walking to her and asking for forgiveness; walking to bed at night and hoping that she wouldn't be mad in the morning; sending her flowers and candy; he even tried asking for forgiveness through their children.

*"Please! Think of the children!!" He got down on his knees and put his hands together. He knew she'd forgive him; she wasn't that horrible, but she was making him suffer.*

*Honestly, he only wanted some "fun." What was a bloke to do?*

Hermione was enjoying this, however. At night, she'd remember what Harry did for forgiveness, then laugh hysterically into her pillow. But then she'd feel sorry; she was in this huge bed while he was on that small couch.

She decided that today was the day she was going to forgive Harry.

She could only imagine his face.

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Hermione walked into the nursery, only to find Harry talking in hushed tones with Dobby. She could only hear a few words, and wondered what he was talking to Dobby about that was so important that it had to be spoken about in near silence.

"Yes! Yes! Dobby love to!" the elf shouted in glee. Harry grinned and got up, shaking the elf's hand in a business manner.

"Okay, so w--" Harry started, but was cut off by Dobby.

"Harry Potter's Miss, Dobby now works for Harry Potter!!" he shouted bouncing up and down, ears flapping with joy.

Harry turned around quickly, locking eyes with Hermione. She looked at him, as if asking this were true. At his nod, she asked, "Dobby, what do you mean he hired you?"

"Dobby is now working for Harry Potter, Miss, and little Harry Potter babies! Dobby be getting paid one galleon a month and be getting weekend and holidays off," he stated proudly.

After that, there was only silence. James was staring at his father, eyes blinking with confusion, and Lily was dosing off again. Harry went over to the crib and stared down at his son, and then picked him up, taking him to the changing table. James didn't even fuss when he was being changed of his diaper and clothes, only stared at his father.

Odd, really, how children seemed to understand everything. Ever since Harry and Hermione's fight, they had been abnormally quiet; no crying at night; no crying when being changed; no giggling when in their mother's arms. It was odd. And yet, it worried Hermione. They didn't cry for her or Harry, but they did giggle, burp, smile, and play when Harry held them. But not Hermione. It was as if they knew what had happened, and blamed her for it—making Harry sleep on the couch.

But it wasn't her fault; it really wasn't. Was it too much to ask if they wait a few months to get intimate? She knew that if they started this early, there was a very likely chance that she could conceive again. Though there were many protection charms and spells, but neither she nor Harry knew of any. She could look them up, but it'd seem too suspicious, and she certainly wasn't going to ask Madam Pomfrey about it either. She could just imagine what she'd say.

*"That's what landed you here in the first place! Not using protection, honestly!" Then she'd walk away, muttering, "Teenagers and hormones, typical."*

"Dobby be going now, be back after breakfast." At their nods, Dobby disappeared with a 'pop'.

She walked over towards Harry and heard him humming softly. James' head was resting on Harry's shoulder, hands wrapped around his neck. He had his arms safely wrapped around the small child,

humming to him. He turned around, ignoring Hermione (he'd given up on asking her nearly three days ago), and walked out.

She felt tears come to her. It wasn't her fault, she kept reminding herself. It wasn't.

She walked to her daughter's crib and picked her up, attempting to ignore the extreme silence.

Hermione thought about how much stress this had brought upon them, and how they were barely talking now. At first, Harry would simply say he was sorry, stare at her for a few moments, silently waiting for her to say she forgave him, and when she didn't, he'd simply walk into the nursery and ignore her for the rest of the day. That had been going on for nearly the past week now. The school, too, had started noticing their odd behavior; they wouldn't sit next to each other in class; they wouldn't sit next to each other during meals. Hell, they barely even talked at all. And that just caused the rumors to flare. Of course, though, Hermione tried to ignore them the best they could, but she could only handle so much. Having the whole school say nasty things about you, and have your boyfriend ignore you, was not something she could handle very well. Ever since the whole fiasco, her grades had been steadily declining as well; she no longer got the 'O's', but instead started getting 'A's', just barely having enough time to revise her work.

Harry, she noted, was doing much worse. His hair would be messier than ever, large bags under his eyes would show signs of sleep deprivation, his eyes weren't their bright emerald, but a mere dull green, and his grades were now horrible. He would dose off in class, often losing nearly thirty points by the end of their second class, and would be horribly nasty to anyone who said a word against him. It wasn't him. She knew it wasn't; her Harry was kind and gently and loving, not the person he was right now.

Suddenly, she felt tears sting her eyes. She blinked them back, focusing on the task at hand: making her child to make a noise. She picked Lily up and rocked her, hoping that she'd get a giggle out of her; no avail. Hermione walked over to the rocking chair and sat, starting to bounce her child on her lap, hoping to get something—

*anything*. Still, nothing happened. Lily merely looked at her, mouth unmoving, eyes boring into the eyes of her young mother.

Finally, she couldn't take it anymore. She clutched her child to her chest, and started to sob violently. She cried about all of the times that she could've forgiven Harry, about all of the times that she *should've* forgiven Harry. She cried about making her children hate her.

Oh, God.

Her children *hated* her.

Her sobs just got louder, echoing in the empty room.

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Harry walked out, James in his arms, quiet tired. He hadn't gotten sleep again. It had been really hard on him, the last few days. Not the mere sleeping on the couch, but not speaking to Hermione for nearly a week. He didn't think, having sex, it was such a big deal. But apparently, to her, it was a huge issue. He tried asking for forgiveness, but she'd simply gaze down at the floor as if it were the most marvelous thing in the world. He didn't question her motives; he did that too, when he was angry, depressed, or embarrassed.

Though, one thing he couldn't quiet grasp: why hadn't she forgiven him? And why had he acted that way? His mind was plagued with logical, and some illogical, reasons to his behavior. The main thing, however, was Hermione. She hadn't forgiven him, and that was making him wonder if she even wanted him now. The other issue, though, left him quiet baffled, not knowing why he acted in such a manner. It wasn't him, not fully, anyway. He wanted it to happen, only because he saw her react. But then there was the actual starting of the whole thing; he simply rolled on top of her and started kissing her. He wouldn't do that, especially when she was sleeping; he thought of it as a sin to wake someone up from such a peaceful slumber. His mind could only come up with one logical answer: Dumbledore.

Dumbledore hadn't done anything for the past week, just sat there, *enjoying* the scene that was being playing in front of him. He hadn't

so much as talked to them, but Harry couldn't help but think that something, something including Dumbledore, caused the sudden oddity of his nature. He made a mental note to talk to Draco later, knowing that Draco always had accurate information.

He sighed, letting his mind cool down, and sat on the couch, James sitting on his knee, and watched joyfully as his son giggled happily, smiling widely, big emerald eyes full of joy.

That was another thing, his mind told him. James and Lily were always normal around him, but never towards Hermione. No, they'd always be quiet, too quiet. Whenever Hermione would change, feed, dress, or whatever she did to them, they'd always shut up and stare at her, as if blaming her for her behavior towards Harry. But children couldn't do that, could they? No, they couldn't. But then why were they quiet in her arms, and lively in his?

He was quickly brought out of his thoughts when he heard a loud sob escape the nursery. He quickly picked up James and put him in the swinging chair, and nearly ran into the nursery, thinking the worst had happened. What he saw was just that: Hermione was clutching their daughter lightly, tears pouring from her eyes, while Lily was abnormally quiet, playing with her mother's hair.

He quickly took Lily from her arms and placed her in the crib, and knelt in front of Hermione. He picked her up and took her out of the nursery, placing her on the couch. She was still sobbing, but even louder now, having seen her son gaze quietly at her. Harry took her in his arms, rocking her back and forth, murmuring things in her ear.

She abruptly stood up and shook her head, and started sobbing again, now on the floor. Harry sat on the floor and put her on his lap, gently stroking the small of her back and he rocked her back and forth, hoping that he was giving her comfort.

"I'm a horrible mother," she sobbed. His hands stopped and he stopped rocking, shocked beyond words.

"What?" he whispered, finally finding his voice.



"I'm a horrible mother!" she shouted, breaking down into sobs again. "My children hate me. I'm a horrible mother," she kept whispering, finally giving into Harry's embrace.

He took her chin and brought her level with his face. "Hermione," he said sternly, "you are not a horrible mother." He lightly brushed his lips against hers. "You're a wonderful mother, and James and Lily don't hate you." He gently placed her head against his shoulder, and patiently waited for her to stop sobbing.

Hermione decided not to talk anymore, but instead decided to let her tears flow. After a few more minutes, she finally calmed down. "Why," she whispered, "do they hate me?"

"They don't," he said again.

"Then why are they always quiet? Whenever I change them, they're quiet; feed them, they're quiet. Whenever I do anything with them, they're quiet." She buried her face in the crook of his neck. "I think they shunned me out of their lives, and they're only a month old." She let out another stray sob, clutching onto her boyfriend, previous arguing forgotten.

"I don't know," he spoke quietly, rubbing her back. "Maybe they don't like us fighting."

Hermione chuckled softly. "I doubt it, Harry. They're only a month old."

"Does age really matter?" he asked seriously.

Hermione quickly sobered up and looked at him in the eye. His expression was of seriousness, nothing else. She knew his question had a double meaning. She expected him to bring it up sometime, but not this soon. It was too soon, for her, at least. She brought her gaze downwards, and thought. She thought about what could happen, and what really would happen. If she said 'yes,' then it would be likely that Harry, and their children for that matter, wouldn't talk to her for another long period amount of time. But, if she said 'no,' then she'd have them back. But was it worth taking the risk of getting pregnant again? She looked at her left, where her son was in a peaceful sleep,

then towards her right towards the nursery, where her daughter lay, and then in front of her at Harry. He was her everything; the father of her children; her boyfriend, and in the future, husband. At that moment, she decided that her family was more important to her than anything. Besides, she could always look up protection charms, or check when she was ovulating.

She met his eyes and said softly, "No, I guess age doesn't matter."

His eyes widened ever so slightly, and she thought she saw a twitch of his lips move upward, but then they formed into a frown. "I'm sorry," he whispered, his fingers playing with the loose strand on her shirt.

She tilted his head up, forcing him to look at her. "Whatever for?"

"It was all because of me that we had to suffer for everything." She saw a lone tear glide down his cheek, and she was reminded of the child that was blamed all his life.

"What do you mean, 'suffer for everything'?" she asked quietly.

"If I hadn't gotten you pregnant, you wouldn't have to--"

"Harry James Potter, don't you dare speak like that!" she said fiercely. "I don't doubt having these children at all! Do you understand that? These children are a part of us! How could you say that?" She gave him a glare that would make him cringe (which he did, on the inside).

"I don't regret our children; I really don't. It just that, if I hadn't liked you in the first place, we wouldn't be in this predicament," he whispered miserably.

"Please, Harry, don't blame yourself. If it wasn't for Dumbledore, our children wouldn't be here in the first place." Her tone of voice seemed to move Harry a bit.

"Dumbledore..." His tone was voice was one of revelation. "It was Dumbledore's fault; it always was." His expression darkened immensely. "He's going to pay."

A plan started forming in his mind, ways of killing Dumbledore. Yes, he had gone too far, he figured that out when he tried to kidnap his children, but now he was going to actually do something. No, not just something: he was going to kill the sadistic bastard. Because of Dumbledore, he had gotten Hermione pregnant. Dumbledore tried to kill him, not once, but twice. Dumbledore hadn't done anything to the Weasley's, though he doubted he would, he still wished he had. And then, what really took it was the fact that Dumbledore tried to kidnap, not he or Hermione, but his infant children. That really drove Harry over the edge. Hogwarts wasn't safe anymore, and they had to leave, but not without doing something first: kill Dumbledore.

His eyes darkened, and Hermione noticed that too, because she was right in front of him, staring into his eyes—the same eyes that were staring off into space, a cold expression etched on his face.

“Harry.” She spoke quietly, softly, almost afraid that she might be caught on the wrong side of his anger spurt. “Harry, look at me, love.”

He finally looked at her, expressions calming down a bit. “Sorry,” he mumbled. “It's just that... that Hogwarts isn't safe anymore, and I think we need to leave.”

“Leave school?” she squeaked.

He sighed. “Yes, Hermione, leave Hogwarts. I know that you're probably scandalized about the idea, but it's not safe anymore. I was nearly murdered two times, and our children were almost kidnapped and could've been murdered.”

She looked to be deep in thought, her eyes moving to the nursery, and then to her son, and then at Harry. After a few minutes, she walked into the nursery and came out, Lily in her arms. “I... I think you're right.” She handed Lily over to Harry and picked up her son, and walked over to him again. “I'm willing to leave Hogwarts. This place isn't safe for our children, or us.”

“But what about the Tri-Wizard Tournament, Harry? What are you going to do about that?”

He gazed down at his small daughter and said, "I'm not too sure, Mione. But I am sure that I'm not going to participate in it anymore, given our circumstances."

"But I thought that there was a magical binding contract which literally forces you into participating." She looked at him in question.

"I know, Hermione, I know. It's just that... I can't take this anymore... I just can't," he said, voice low.

She nodded in understanding. "W-what are we going to do, then?" she asked. She still wasn't too keen on the idea of leaving school, but for the welfare of her children, she'd do anything.

"I was thinking that we could..." he trailed off, shifting his gaze, eyes hardening.

"We could...?" she asked perplexed.

"Well, *I* could—no, *need to*—do something before we leave." His eyes were unforgiving, and a soft nonexistent breeze started, blowing his hair.

"Harry," she warned. She had a pretty good idea on what his mind was thinking, and she didn't like it at all.

"No, Hermione. This is the one thing I won't listen to you on, alright? I'm going to kill that bastard, and I don't care what you say," he said. If his children weren't in the room, he would've most likely shouted at her.

"Harry, do you know what you're about to do?" Her voice was quiet, but held a dangerous tone, so Harry knew to let Hermione finish. "You're about to commit murder," she said, emphasizing each word slowly. "Can you honestly do that, Harry? Can you go through murdering another man because he gave me a potion to get me pregnant?"

"Hermione, don't question what I can and can't do." His anger was rising. "It's not the matter of that damned potion, but more of the matter what he did *after* that." He glared at her, not caring that they

had just made up nearly ten minutes ago. "He needs to be punished, just like he punished me." He paused for a moment, and then said, "Did you know, that if Madam Pomfrey hadn't come when she did, that I could very well be dead right now? Did you? Or were you just going to let Dumbledore kill me, knowing that he finally got what he wanted?" he asked, voice laced with venom and sarcasm.

"Harry James," she said, giving him her worst glare to date, "don't you dare think that I would've let him kill you. But that doesn't give you the right to kill him."

"Oh? And it gives *him* the right to kill *me*?" he nearly shouted.

"No, it doesn't! But that didn't stop him, now did it?" she spat back.

"And what's going to stop me, Hermione? Please enlighten me on what's going to stop Harry Potter, The-Boy-Who-Lived, the *fourth* Tri-Wizard Champion, from doing what he wants this time?" He asked furiously, walking back into the nursery to lay his daughter down back into the crib.

"I will, Harry! I'll stop you! You cannot do that!" she answered, following suit.

Once they were children-free, Harry and Hermione started to scream at each other. (Harry really hoped that no one would be able to hear them.)

"You can't order me around, Hermione! I can do things without your permission, you know, I'm not your child!" he shouted.

"I know I'm not your mother, Harry! I just care too much to let you go through this!"

"Why the hell do you care, eh? You're not the one that's doing this, I am!" he shouted, getting close to her.

"I don't care if you're doing this or not, Harry, I'm your girlfriend, don't I have any say in this?!" she shouted, hurt by the fact that he didn't care about her thoughts.

“NO!” He shouted loudly, “you have no say in this matter!!”

“SHUT UP, HARRY!” Then she did something she never should’ve done: she slapped him, hard.

His face turned away sharply, cheek turning red quickly. He looked at her dangerously and said, “Fuck you, Hermione, fuck you.” He shot her one last glare before he stormed out.

Hermione sighed. There were no more tears left in her, so she couldn’t cry. She sat on the couch and lay down, her mind blank. She closed her eyes and finally let exhaustion over come her, and she fell into an uneasy sleep.

**0—0—0—0**

Harry was furious—no, scratch that, he was raging-bloody-mad.

He walked into the Common Room fuming and sat on the couch. He needed to think, and the Gryffindor Common Room seemed to be the best place so far.

Hermione was right, he shouldn’t be killing Dumbledore, but he had to. Not because he wanted to, no, but because of the fact that he needed to. He thought about the times where Dumbledore could’ve manipulated him, and his first thought went back to the time when he was in first year. If Dumbledore really wanted to protect the Philosophers stone, then why was it hidden in a school full of kids? Honestly, he should’ve known that there were people bound to go into the forbidden area at least once—the trio had the misfortune of being the first. Because Dumbledore had hidden something (they didn’t know what yet), that intrigued them to study further, get answers on why there was a Cerberus guarding it. And because of it, Harry nearly lost his life at the tender age of eleven.

And that wasn’t all, he noted, there were many times where he had been foolishly manipulated by the old man.

He sighed in frustration and stood up, pacing. He needed to let loose some of the built up energy, but he didn’t know what to do. He

certainly wasn't going to go back to retrieve his Firebolt; that'd just be wrong with Hermione in there, doing God knows what.

He needed to do something—anything.

**0—0—0—0**

Ginny was in a fairly happy mood today. Ron hadn't bothered her too much on killing Harry's children, or about putting another love potion on him, so she was happy. Or at least, happy enough. She'd never fully be happy without Harry. Too bad that girl Granger had to take him away from her.

Hermione had been her friend, yes, but Ginny couldn't stand the fact that someone else would be able to take something that was rightfully hers. No, that just wasn't done.

She quietly descended the stairs, having heard someone walk in there, sounding quiet frustrated. When she saw who it was, she grinned to herself and ran upstairs, retrieving her potion.

She put a bit of the potion on her lips, since she knew that he wasn't going to drink anything she gave him, and checked herself in the mirror. Her bright red hair was slightly curled at the bottom, mid-way down her back. Since she had the potion on her lips, it gave a soft luminous effect, giving her lips a glossy glow. Her eyes were the beautiful brown that she loved, though she wouldn't mind having her brother's sapphire blue color, either. She smiled, satisfied, and left her dorm room, walking down the steps once more.

There she saw Harry. She put on a concerned face and slowly walked towards him.

He looked a complete mess; his hair was messy as ever; he had dark circles under his eyes; his clothes were wrinkled; one shoe was untied, and his usual bright eyes were anything but.

"Harry," she said quietly. She knew that he was probably mad at her, but since he was furious at Granger (or so she assumed), maybe he'd be too furious to realize.

He turned around quickly. "Ginny?"

"Yes..." she said slowly.

"What're you doing here?" he asked, eyeing her.

"Erm... you see, Harry, this is the Gryffindor Common Room, and I'm in Gryffindor... so, you see..." she attempted to be funny, and it worked, for Harry chuckled slightly.

Was he drunk? She didn't know.

"Yeah, sorry," he said smiling.

"What's wrong?" she asked, faking concern.

"Everything," he muttered. He wasn't going to tell her all of the details, but the gist of it would work. It was true, partially, everything was wrong right now.

"Care to be more specific?" she asked smiling.

"Sorry Gin, but it's a personal matter," he said, smiling at the thought that he could talk to someone without blowing up.

"Oh... is it Gra—Hermione?" she asked, putting her hand on his shoulder lightly, as if questioning.

"Yes," he murmured.

Ginny sighed; this boy was getting no where. She felt that this was the time to let her plan go into motion.

"Harry," she said quietly.

"Hmm?"

"You've something on your lip." She smiled on the inside; this was going to be easy.

He brought his sleeve up to his lip and wiped it. "Is it off?"



“No,” she simply said.

“What do I have?” he asked, wiping his lips.

“My lips,” she said before capturing his lips. She quickly put her arms around his neck tightly, not letting him move away until his tongue touched her lips.

Just then, there was a large intake of breath, and someone, a female, nearly whispered, “how could you, Harry?”

## Chapter 22 – Wishing

*Fuck you, Hermione, Fuck you.”*

Hermione couldn't take it anymore, she went to the couch, empty of tears, and lay there, closing her eyes, letting the darkness overtake her.

*Hermione was sitting comfortably on her couch, humming a happy tune, smiling at her ten year old children's antics.*

*Her life couldn't get any better than it was right now. Her children were the smartest in their classes (they still weren't eleven, so they hadn't got their letters, yet), and she had a wonderful husband who she was married to for the past four years.*

*And, if possible, her life was going to get better: she was expecting again. Their third child was to be born in eight months. She smiled happily while knitting small pastel yellow booties.*

*Just then, the doors opened revealing a guilty looking Harry.*

*“Hello, Harry,” Hermione said carefully. He mumbled something and hung his coat.*

*James and Lily ran to their father, enveloping him in a hug. He smiled a small smile, eyes brimming with tears, and kissed their foreheads. He walked towards his wife, who was starting to get worried, and knelt in front of her, gently taking her hands his.*

*“Hermione.” He spoke quietly, almost as if talking to himself. “I... I-I need to talk to you privately. It-it's urgent.”*

*Hermione was now very scared. What was so important that he couldn't talk to her in front of their children?*

*She nodded and they went to the kitchen. He quickly cast a Silencing Charm, and then said, “I... I don't know how you're going to take this, but...” he mumbled something after.*

*"Harry, I didn't hear you," Hermione said, getting closer. He took a step back and now Hermione was very worried.*

*"I-I said..." he took a long breath, and letting it out, he said, "I want a divorce."*

*Hermione's eyes widened. No, no, this couldn't be happening. No, her mind wouldn't believe it. No, it wasn't possible. She was happy right where she was; James and Lily were happy with their lives, she was happy with her life, and, she used to think, Harry was happy. But apparently, she was wrong.*

*"What?" she whispered.*

*He closed his eyes and exhaled. "It's over... I... I don't love you. I don't think I ever did." He turned around, his back facing her. "Give James and Lily everything, I don't care. I'll find some other way to live."*

*Her eyes were stinging. No! This couldn't be happening! She had to stop this nonsense. "You're lying. You wouldn't do that, ever. I know you wouldn't. You do love us, you said so yourself!" Tears were now leaking through and she turned Harry around forcefully, seeing tears brim his eyes. "Do our vows mean nothing? Do our children mean nothing? Does this unborn child mean nothing? Do I mean nothing!?" She was now shouting, shaking his shoulders violently.*

*His eyes widened in shock, and his eyes went down to her stomach where a—no, not just a, his—child was, tucked safely inside Hermione's womb. But still, he couldn't do this, no; he had a life to live with, with Ginny—his one true love.*

*"I... I was young, Hermione, I was only twenty! And our children, we were fucking fourteen years old! And... but, this – this child... I... I don't know, do what you want, I don't care. You – I – I can't live like – like this any more. I – what I mean – you – they..." he sighed and came out with it. "I need someone who loves me, Hermione, and I found out only one person loves me for me."*

*She furiously shook her head, not accepting the fact that Harry didn't love her. Or rather, never had. Was all of the time he said 'I love you'*

*rubbish? Had they meant nothing? What about all of the times he'd simply give her gifts, thanking her for being his wife? Had they meant nothing?*

*She tightly wrapped her arms around his waist, not letting go. She wasn't going to let go. Not now, not ever. Harry was hers and only hers. She didn't care if she was being selfish, but she was his and she knew it, there was never any doubt that he loved her. She started sobbing uncontrollably, tightening her grip on her husband.*

*"Don't leave," she whispered. "I love you. I love you, I really do."*

*"I'm sorry, Hermione, but Ginny is waiting." He pried her arms away from him long enough to walk out of the kitchen and give his children one last hug and kiss goodbye before disappearing out of their lives forever.*

Hermione's eyes snapped open and she stood up, tears threatening to fall.

No, Hermione's mind reasoned, *it was just a dream—no, a nightmare.*

Harry would never betray her like that, right?

After their newest fight today, she wasn't so sure. Sure, Harry was mad, but was he mad enough to go off, kissing another woman, and break off all connections with her and their children?

No, her mind said.

But that wasn't good enough; she'd have to figure out first hand.

"Dobby?" she called out.

There was a 'pop' and the house-elf appeared, smiling slightly. Seeing her face, the elf's face quickly became one of concern.

"Is Miss comfy? Is something wrong is Mister Harry Potter sir?" Dobby asked, walking up to the girl.

She sniffed and forced back the tears. “Th-they’re okay, Dobby. I was just wondering if you could watch James and Lily? I have to do something.”

Dobby nodded, though his expression was still one of worry. “Dobby is delighted. Since Dobby already works for Mister and Miss Harry Potter sir, Dobby must do it.”

She raised an eyebrow. If she had been calmer, she would’ve told Dobby that he didn’t *have* to do it, though she wasn’t, and had a mission.

She smiled and went into the bathroom to check her reflection. She grimaced as she saw herself. *No wonder why Harry left me*, she thought bitterly, looking at her bushy mane of hair, her body, which still had some of the weight she gained from the twins, over-sized front teeth, and plain features.

Setting her eyes downcast, she left and walked towards the Gryffindor Common Room. She braced herself for what she thought was going to be a storm, and walked out.

What she saw was worse: Harry and Ginny were kissing.

She felt as though all of the oxygen in her body was punched out of all. No, this couldn’t be happening, could it?

No...

She saw Ginny loop her arms around Harry, who, she noted, seemed to want to pull back.

She sniffed and spoke barely above a whisper: “How could you, Harry?”

Harry pulled back, glaring at Ginny, who seemed to be a little put off, and then towards Hermione. “This isn’t what it looks like.” He cursed at the clichéd words, but it was true. He stood up and walked towards Hermione, who, in turn, bolted out of the Common Room, forgetting that the portrait to their rooms was open.

He sighed and chased after her, leaving a grinning Ginny behind.

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Tears were streaming down Hermione's face as she ran through the halls. She wasn't sure where she was going, but quiet frankly, she didn't care at the moment. Too many thoughts were going through her mind to comprehend anything. Didn't he love her? Didn't he even *care* for her? What about their children? They were but mere infants and now Harry was off kissing other girls. Was he tired of her and now he wanted to taste the different varieties out there? Was it because of their earlier fight about sex?

She could hear the screams of Harry, calling her, chasing after her. But he couldn't catch up; she had at least a ten second advantage, and though she wasn't athletic—and he was--she still had the advantage of starting before him.

She was quickly bolted out of her thoughts when she ran into someone—rather forcefully. She fell back, but her fell broke when someone caught her: Draco.

"Slow down Granger, you could've hurt yourself." He grinned despite the situation. He then noticed the tears that were still streaming down her cheeks. "What happened, Granger? Did Weasley do something?"

"HERMIONE!!" Harry shouted, catching up to them.

She quickly got up and hid behind Draco, hoping that he hadn't seen her. Draco looked at her oddly, though he said nothing.

"Hermione, please talk to me," Harry said, trying to catch his breath. "I... I can explain."

"You cheated on me!" she shot back from behind Draco.

"Golden Boy cheated on Granger?" Draco asked sneering. "Why...?"

"Well, if Hermione'd let me explain, I would!" he shouted, temper getting the better of him... again.

“Explain, then,” Draco commanded, moving aside so he could see Hermione.

He sighed and stepped closer to Hermione; she took a step back. “Please, Hermione, you understand don’t you?”

“No, Harry, for once I don’t. Explain.” It was simple and to the point, just the way Hermione wanted it. She wasn’t in the mood to be playing with Harry, and apparently Draco wasn’t either. (She still didn’t know why though, Draco had always been closer to Harry.)

“I – I – okay... I was pissed at Hermione and then I stormed off. I was pacing around, forcing to calm myself down, and – I don’t know – I guess – Ginny – and she – with the--”

“Spit it out,” Draco countered, anger rising. He might’ve been the boy’s friend, but he wasn’t going to tolerate the boy’s ramblings.

“She kissed me—and I didn’t realize it until Hermione started talking,” he finished lamely.

“Oh, Harry?” Hermione said, walking towards Harry. “If so, then if you hadn’t ‘realized’ it until I came it, then what would’ve happened if I *didn’t* come in?!” replied Hermione, now fuming.

“I would’ve stopped!” he retorted, stepping even closer to her.

“Oh really, Harry, is that so? Why, then, had you only stopped after I caught you?” she asked, looking down at her boyfriend.

“Because I didn’t have the time to react, Hermione! Ginny put her arms around me, and then you just popped up!” he shouted.

They were very thankful that everyone was either sleeping or outside; Harry couldn’t afford to stand having an audience.

All of a sudden, she flung her arms around him, nearly tackling him to the floor, and started sobbing. He stumbled back, not prepared at the sudden contact, but then he relaxed, putting his arms around her and burying his face in her hair.

Draco blinked. "Didn't see that coming," he muttered. "Must be the pent up-" His eyes widened in alarm as a thought struck his mind. "Harry, where are your kids?"

Harry untangled himself from Hermione and crunched up his face in thought. All of a sudden, Hermione's eyes widened in horror.

"They're-they're in our – oh god – Ginny – open... Oh God no!" she whimpered. Draco looked at her, confused, but Harry, apparently, knew what she was talking about, and they ran towards the Gryffindor Tower.

"Hey, you don't leave Malfoy's behind, Potter!" he shouted, running behind them.

**0—0—0—0**

Ginny grinned. This was going to be too easy, wasn't it? She looked behind her at the open portrait and casually walked in.

She looked inside and gaped. It was like the Common Room outside, but a bit smaller. There were two desks on the opposite sides of the room—one neat, the other messy. Ginny looked to her left and saw three rows of shelves, all filled with extra supplies of various things, and books. There was a stand, no doubt for Harry's precious Firebolt, and a few clean diapers were randomly scattered around. The couches were near a fire, which was lit, while two little swinging chairs were next to the armchairs.

*They shouldn't be getting all of this. Gods, just because he got a mudblood—*

"Miss Weasey?" Dobby asked emerging from the nursery. "How did you get here? Only Mister Harry Potter sir and his Miss is able to be getting here." His eyes narrowed slightly in suspicion.

*Well, I got this far, how will fooling a house-elf be any more difficult?* She thought, smiling slightly at the elf, not noticing the look from him.

"Harry and Hermione told me their password. I'm just taking Lily out to Hermione so she could feed her," she lied swiftly.



“But only Mister Harry Potter and his Miss is able to say the password.”

She blinked. She hadn't known that. “Yes, I know that's why they said the password and told me to get her.” She smiled at her lie.

“If Mister and Miss said password, then why didn't one of them take little Miss Potter baby?” the elf countered.

“Be-because... because...” Ginny gave up, “Just let me see the damned kids!”

Dobby grinned in satisfaction. “Dobby is sorry, but Dobby can not allow Miss Weasey to see little Harry Potter babies.”

“But – you're a house-elf, you have to!” Ginny nearly shouted.

“But Mister Harry Potter sir hired Dobby, and his Miss said to keep an eye on little Harry Potter babies, and that is what Dobby is doing.”

“You – just – ugh!” She walked into the nursery, very nearly kicking the house-elf in the process, and looked at the children for the second time. “Tut, tut, ugly little thing you are, Lily.” She looked at the sleeping child's curly brown hair and then gazed down at what she was wearing. Typical Granger, always bundling up her kids as if they're preparing for a blizzard, she noted nastily.

“Dobby is warning Miss Weasey, please get out now,” Dobby said after a few moments.

She ignored the elf and picked up the now wide awake infant and turned around, facing a now livid Dobby.

“Miss Weasey, give Dobby little Harry Potter's girl,” he demanded, walking up to Ginny. Though he was much smaller than her, he didn't like the idea of having a child, especially when it was Harry Potter's, taken away from Dobby's grasp.

“No,” she said simply.

"I don't think you heard him, Weasley." A new voice entered, and Ginny's eyes widened in shock. Harry stood there, hair flaring everywhere, eyes glowing with anger. "Hand him—or me for that matter—my daughter."

Hermione now entered and went straight towards Ginny, taking her child away from her. She glared at her, anger in her eyes, and took her child away from Ginny.

"No! She doesn't deserve to live—" Before Ginny could finish her sentence, Hermione slapped her.

Ginny's head snapped to the right, and her hold on Lily loosened that she nearly fell out of her arms. Hermione quickly grabbed Lily while Harry went to the crib and picked up James, securing him in his arms. Draco looked at her with hatred, wondering how anyone would want to do something like that. He might've hated children, but he still wouldn't kidnap or murder a child, especially when that child couldn't take care of itself.

"So, Weasley, how's it like, getting caught for the second time in one day?" Draco drawled, walking in.

"Sh-shut up!" she shouted as Dobby bound her. She tried to break free, but they were too tight. And the look she was getting from Harry, Hermione, and Draco wasn't making it any better.

Harry and Hermione walked away from her and near Draco.

Draco smirked and walked near Ginny. "Pathetic Weasel, you are. Really, you are the most pathetic excuse of human in the history of civilization. Trying to hurt an infant, even I wouldn't do that." He looked at her up-and-down, fighting the urge to spit on her worn down Mary Janes.

"Shut up, Malfoy." She glared at him since Dobby's binding wouldn't let her move.

Before Draco could retort, Dobby spoke. "I think it's best if we take Miss Weasey to Headmistress's office."

Harry and Hermione nodded, and walked toward the changing table. "You take her there; I'll be there in a moment. I just need to change Lily into something more suitable for the weather outside," Hermione said.

"Can you change James, too? I don't trust Ginny by herself, even if she is bound," Harry asked.

Hermione looked away before saying, "Sure."

Harry grinned, and before he could realize what he had done, he kissed her cheek. He pulled back rather hesitantly, hoping they wouldn't have another bout against his actions this time. "Err, thanks." He turned towards Draco, Dobby, and Ginny. "Let's go, shall we?"

Draco nodded as Ginny stayed silent. "Yes, let's go. Don't want to infest your nursery with this blistering ball of ooze you call Weasley, do you?" He smirked.

Harry chuckled and said, "C'mon, let's go."

Hermione finished putting Lily in a jacket and comfy pants and handed her to Harry. "I finished changing her, you can take her now. I'll be there soon with James."

"Alright," he said, adjusting his daughter.

"How do you hold her?" Draco asked, eyeing the baby, as if expecting her to jump on him.

"Err... I dunno. Mion—Hermione and Madam Pomfrey just showed me, I guess." He shrugged.

Ginny sighed dramatically. "Oh, look, Malfoy and Harry, talking about his daughter. How nice!" she said sarcastically. "I think getting expelled is better than this!"

"Shut up," Harry and Draco retorted in unison.

Hermione chuckled, picking up her son and joining the two boys. "I thought you were going to McGonagall's office."

Ginny turned her attention to the other female. "They *were*, but they got sidetracked by that kid right there."

"Don't say anything about my daughter, Weasley," Hermione defended, glaring dangerously at the younger girl. "I may be fourteen, but I know more hexes than you ever will."

"Ooh, is that a threat, Granger?" she asked sarcastically.

"I think it's time we leave now, don't you think?" Harry asked changing the subject.

"Yes, let's," Draco said, helping.

**0—0—0—0**

They had only gotten as far as Gryffindor Common Room when Ginny started to shout. "What about Ron?! He was in on this, too! If I'm getting expelled, at least get Ron expelled, too!!"

"Ron?" Hermione asked.

"Yes, Ronald," Fred chimed in, scaring everyone.

"He and our wonderful baby sister were planning on doing something, though not to your children." George came out from behind the shadows, joining his brother.

"That was only Ginny--"

"Though I don't see how that'll drive you away from each other," George wondered.

"This world we live in, brother, is an odd one," Fred commented.

"True, though it is quite a fascinating one, never a day when there isn't something exciting around."

"I think that's just us, Forge."

"Yes, Gred, I think you're right. It is us that are always exciting."

“Err, could we get back to the matter at hand?” Harry asked, hopefully diverting the two’s attention.

“Oh, why yes.” Their attention finally went to Malfoy. “What’s he doing here?”

“Friend,” he mumbled. “We’re sidetracking again.”

“Oh, sorry about that, George tends to do that.” Fred smirked. “OH, RONNIKENS! MUM SENT US SOME CHOCOLATE!! I HOPE ICKLE RONNIKENS LIKES CHOCOLATE WITH A HINT OF STRAWBERRY!!” He shouted smirking.

Harry raised an eyebrow while Draco commented, “Chocolate with a hint of strawberry?”

“His favorite,” George said grinning.

Not more than ten seconds later, had Ron emerged, wearing his too short pajamas and a night shirt that seemed to be a bit too right on him. “Whadya want?” he asked, rubbing the sleep from his eyes. “Cantchya see I was sleepin?”

“Oh, sorry Ronnikens, but your wonderful brother and I thought that you might want to be brought to justice. Ginny here is, too. Good little sister, isn’t she?” Fred asked, patting his sister on the head. Ginny hopped away from him. “Not going to help, sister. I’ve got feet that aren’t bound, remember?”

“Whadya say?” he asked, sleep still evident in his voice.

“I said,” Fred explained slowly, “that you’re going to be brought to justice.”

“Justice?” he echoed.

Harry sighed, frustrated. “Ron, just follow us!”

“What’re you playing at, Potter? And why do you have my sister?” he asked sobering.

“Oh fucking lord.” He took a deep breath. “Fred?” He certainly hoped that Ron’s brother could get through him.

“Oh Lord, Weasley, you’re going to get expelled!” Draco exclaimed. “Just get the fuck down here and go to McGonagall’s office!”

“Malfoy, if I were you, I’d shut up.” He descended the stairs nonetheless, though. “Why am I getting expelled?” After a moment, he added, “and why isn’t Malfoy on the floor beaten to a pulp?”

“Because, *Ron*,” Hermione explained, “he’s our *friend*, unlike some people. Now, you’re going to get expelled because you were going to use a love potion on me, and we suspect that Ginny already attempted to use one on Harry.”

“And she tried to kidnap Lily,” Harry added.

“B-but, y-you – what – I didn’t!” Ron exclaimed, running up the steps again.

“Oi, brother!” exclaimed Fred, chasing him. Grinning, George went after.

“I hate you,” Ginny spat.

“It’s mutual, then,” Draco said smirking.

**0—0—0—0**

After nearly ten minutes and a few jinxes later, Harry, Hermione, Draco, the twins (both of them), Ginny, and Ron found themselves in McGonagall’s office.

While they waited for McGonagall to arrive (she was currently in a meeting, telling them she’d only be a few minutes), the occupants were lost in thought.

Harry cradling Lily in the crook of his neck, thought about all of the times he thought Ron was his and Hermione’s friend. During their first year together, Harry thought that he was his true friend. Just a simple, let’s-go-bug-Snape friend, but apparently he thought wrong. He never

thought, Ron of all people, would stoop so low as to put a love potion so someone would 'love' him. He wasn't even sure how they knew *how* to brew it; it wasn't until about sixth year, according to Hermione, that they'd learn how to brew a love potion. Though it wasn't expertly made, it still had a small bit of effect. He saw, that when he was near Ginny after the kiss, he couldn't bring himself to be nasty towards her. Sure, he'd told her to shut up, but that wasn't exactly nasty, was it? No, not really, anyway. While Ron was his friend throughout the years, even when he had his jealous spurts, he'd be there for him, later rather than sooner. But later was better than never, right?

And then there was Dumbledore, who still needed to be 'talked' to. He was still mad at the old man, though, having seen Hermione's reaction to his behavior, he wasn't too sure that he was going to kill the man anymore. Hermione was right; killing another man just because he was dreadfully mad at him didn't justify. Though, bending her words a bit wouldn't hurt. If Dumbledore did something against them again, then that man would die.

He tightened his hold on his sleeping daughter, praying that nothing would ever happen.

Hermione, who was still worried about the nightmare she had, looked over to her right where her boyfriend stood holding their daughter. She looked down at her son, still wishing that he'd do something—*anything*. She sat on the chair and placed him so he was sitting on her lap, facing everyone.

She wondered how Ron could do this to her, to everyone. They hadn't been the closest of friends, that was for sure, but he was still one of her close friends. The thought of Ron and Ginny spiking something (she still wasn't too sure what they tried to spike it in) in their love potion was absurd.

Before she could finish her train of thought, however, McGonagall came in. She went around the students and sat behind her chair, fixing her eyes on the students in her office. When she saw the two infants, she smiled a small smile at them, and then fixed her eyes on everyone else.

"May I ask as to why you're here?" she asked, eying everyone. Lily giggled, trying to take some of her father's hair into her mouth. McGonagall's head snapped in her direction.

"Sorry," Harry mumbled, placing her on his hip so she wouldn't be able to reach.

"No problem, Mister Potter. I expected as much from an infant like Miss Potter." She then turned back towards everyone again. "Why, may I ask, are the youngest Weasleys bound together, and Mister Weasley sporting magenta hair?" she asked sternly.

Harry answered. "Well, you see, Miss—err, I mean, Ginny is here because she tried to kidnap my daughter, and I suspect that she was trying to use a love potion on me again. Ron, well, he's here because Ginny rat him out." He looked at the two, seeing their loathing looks.

McGonagall's lips turned into a tight, thin line. "Yes, I see then. Mister and Miss Weasley, apparently, have not paid attention to the warning that I gave home." She looked at the other occupants in the room. "You will see to it that this does not happen again. I do not take behavior such as this lightly." She then focused her attention back at the two. "I will talk to you about your punishment after everyone leaves."

They nodded, glancing over at Ginny and Ron, who looked as if they were about to cry. Ginny, still in her loose, ripped jeans and white long-sleeved shirt, had tears swimming in her eyes as her bottom lip was trembling. Ron, still in his pajamas, was red in the face, a lone tear making its way down his freckled cheek. Harry, though he was mad, felt badly for them; they were going to get expelled, and it was his fault.

Once they were out, Fred and George looked solemn and Draco seemed to be looking around, as if making sure no Slytherin's were there. Hermione coughed, getting everyone's attention. "So, um, Fred, George, how did you know Ron and Ginny had love potions?"

"We overheard them, really," Fred answered. "But the question here is, why do you have Malfoy, of all people, here?" Draco shot him a



look, which cause Fred to say, "Honestly, the only reason we haven't pranked him into oblivion, is because Harry here hasn't."

"Well, Harry hasn't, so you have no reason to prank me," Draco drawled.

"I'm going to go," Hermione cut in. "James needs to eat."

"Yeah, I reckon Lily's hungry, too." Harry glanced at the infant in his arms, who was currently playing with his wristwatch. "C'mon Mion—Hermione." He went to put his arm around her, but then remembered that he was supposed to be mad at her. "Err, bye guys, I'll see you later."

"Later Potter, Granger," Draco bid before he strode the opposite way towards Slytherin tower.

"Bye guys," Fred and George chimed in.

**0—0—0—0**

The next day, Harry decided to eat breakfast in the Great Hall. (He and Hermione still weren't talking, and figured that she wouldn't care too much, if at all.) He got up from the couch, rubbing the sore spot on the back of his neck, and stretched. He walked over to the nursery and watched his children sleep. It was like a ritual for him nowadays, he'd always wake up, watch his children sleep for a few minutes, then take a shower and attempt to ignore Hermione for the rest of the day. He wasn't too sure he liked ignoring Hermione, but she was still mad at her, and wasn't too sure that she wanted his forgiveness just yet.

As he silently crept into his and Hermione's (now, though, it was mostly Hermione's; his things were just in there) room, he watched her sleeping figure. She looked so peaceful, yet troubled. He looked at her right, where he should've been, where he should be, but he wasn't. He missed her, he really did, but he didn't want another bout from his last actions.

*It was the second day that Harry and Hermione had been fighting, and Harry was hoping that it'd be the last day.*

*At night, he decided to sneak into their room, and in the morning, hope that she'd forget about their fight. He crawled into bed once he was fully sure that she was sleeping, and slept on his side.*

*In the morning, though, was when her temper kicked in. Harry somehow found his way to Hermione, and draped his arm around her waist, his chin atop her head. She had her arms around his torso, her head on his chest, breathing peacefully. He grinned; perfect.*

*"Mmmm," Hermione mumbled, snuggling closer to him.*

*Harry kissed her forehead, hoping to dear god that she forgot. "Morning, Mione."*

*"Harry," she sleepily mumbled. Then, she woke up, stood up ramrod, plaited hair messed up, and glared at him. "What are you doing here? Haven't I told you that you're sleeping on the couch?"*

*Harry squirmed under the sheets. "Well, you see, I was – err – lonely!"*

*"Get out," she said frustrated.*

*"But--"*

*"No, get out, Harry," she said again.*

*"Please--?"*

*They had gone on like that for the next few minutes, until finally, Hermione gave up and went into the shower, ignoring him for the rest of the week.*

*Hermione mumbled something in her sleep, and still tired, got up, blinking the sleep out of her eyes. Her eyes finally focused on Harry, who was still staring at her.*

*"What're you doing here?" she asked softly.*

"Clothes," was all he said to her before he went to his dresser and brought out his uniform for the day and went into the shower without saying another word.

Hermione sighed loudly and fell back into bed. "Please, Harry, come back to me." Though she was whispering, in the empty room, it felt as if she were talking through a megaphone. She looked to her left, where Harry's spot used to be, and fought the tears. "I need you," she whispered miserably.

She really wished that Harry would be able to hear her.

0—0—0—0

Albus Dumbledore was enraged. If there were two students that could help him with Potter and Granger, it'd be the two youngest Weasley's. But no matter, he still had the young Gryffindor, Kelsey.

Holidays were coming in about two and a half more weeks, and Dumbledore was going to have to put his plan in action before they went out.

"Yes, Albus, you called for me?" Snape asked, sitting into a chair.

"Snape, I need you to do another *favor* again." He smiled and offered him a lemon drop.

"No," he said, no emotion evident.

"Alright, back to business now, shall we?" Dumbledore's eyes twinkled, if possible, even more. "Mister and Miss Weasley have been expelled; I suspect every student and teacher will know of this today. Also, about Mister Potter and Miss Granger, it seems as though they haven't been having their best of days. I think that this is the time where I can put the potion in and kidnap their children."

"Excuse me, sir, but what potion?" he cut in.

"The same potion that you placed in Granger's cup before she departed for the holidays," Dumbledore answered patiently.

Snape merely nodded.

"Now, I'm going to need the assistance of a student this time, and I know the perfect one." He popped a lemon drop in his mouth. "I believe that Miss Benzer, of Gryffindor, would be pleased to help. She seemed to show a dislike towards Mister Potter and Miss Granger, and I've already talked to her."

"Interesting choice," Snape said. "When will this plan of yours come into place, if I may ask?"

"I believe one of the days that they're not on good terms with each other."

"Why not a day where Potter and his pet are having a particularly loving day?" he questioned.

"Because, Severus, they will be too preoccupied with their other *activities* from their 'make up,' that they won't pay any attention towards their children. Thus, it will leave me free to snatch them away and kill them."

Snape blinked. "Okay," he said a bit slowly. Snape doubted that his plan would work; his other didn't, but he wasn't going to say anything against him, though he had a few questions.

"But sir, during their other activities, won't that give them the risk of conceiving again?"

"Yes, she will have conceived by then, but they will be gone by then." She smiled a small smile.

"Oh," was all he said.

"Well Severus, it had been a pleasure talking to you, but now you have classes to teach. I wish you best of luck." He gave another smile.

"Yes sir," Snape said before leaving.

It was going to be a long day...

## Chapter 23 – Gadhi's Wise Words

"The weak can never forgive. Forgiveness is the attribute of the strong."

— *Mohandas Gandhi, Indian non-violent civil rights leader (1869-1948)*

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Harry sat on the rocking chair, burping his eldest son.

As James burped, Harry silently wished his daughter were here. Currently, she was being fed by Hermione, who was in her room. He had come out of the shower when James was finished being fed, and he silently took him, knowing what was to be done next.

He took his son to the changing table and laid him there, taking off his clothes. He made sure James wasn't going to fall off, then went to his dresser and picked out his clothes for the day. Since he planned on going out for the day with his son, he took out some warm, comfortable clothes—a pair of soft jeans, a small blue thermal, and the hooded sweatshirt with the letter 'J' on the back. He changed his diaper and changed him into his clothes.

He walked outside and sat on the couch, holding James securely, placing him on his lap so he was lying, playing with his father's watch. He thought about Ron's apology, and wondered how Hermione couldn't even listen to Ron.

*Ron and Ginny walked into Gryffindor Tower. While Ginny's mind was whirling about, wondering what impending doom was awaiting her at home, Ron wondered if he could be forgiven by Harry and Hermione.*

*Once they got in, they saw that nearly all of Gryffindor Tower was there. Fred, George, and almost every other were there—all, except a certain bushy headed girl and raven haired boy. Ron cursed mentally and punched the couch nearest him. Everyone looked at him oddly, even a few jumped, but Ron paid no attention. His main focus was to talk to Harry and Hermione, and hope that they'd forgive him.*

*"You don't want people to think things, do you, brother?" Fred asked smirking.*

*"Yeah, brother, you don't want people think you're going nutters, right?" George asked joining his brother.*

*"Sod off," Ron muttered. "And get everyone out, and see if you can get Hermione and Harry out of there." At the look he saw the twins were giving him, he explained, "I need to ask for forgiveness, nothing else."*

*Fred and George exchanged glances, considering it. They nodded after a moment, and turned to the students. "Alright kiddies, nothing here to see," George shouted, ushering the students back to their dorms.*

*"Yes, time to get some sleep," Fred grinned, ushering the girls to their dorms, but stopping at the steps. "Sorry, ladies, but I'm a man, and men aren't allowed." He winked and the first year girls giggled. "See you ladies tomorrow."*

*"Oi, brother, don't flirt with the minors!" George shouted.*

*"Forge, we're minors too. And besides, I'm just kidding," Fred said smirking.*

*"Oh yeah..."*

*"Can you get Harry and Hermione, or do I have to wait?" interrupted Ron.*

*Fred walked over to Ginny, who was silently sitting on the couch, and sat in front of her. "How did you do it?"*

*Ginny shrugged. "Just walked in—portrait was open."*

*Fred nodded thoughtfully, and then got up. He walked over to George and looked at the spot where the portrait was. It wasn't an extravagant portrait, but rather simple, yet elegant. A simple forest was in the back round, animals running across, sitting, lying, and standing, watching, observing. There was a man, he wasn't an old*

*man, but he wasn't young, either. He wore simple khaki shorts, and a clean white cotton shirt, with muggle binoculars hanging around his neck, observing the animals.*

*"Err... excuse me, sir," Fred said, looking at the man in the portrait.*

*The man in the portrait looked up from where he was watching the animals and said, "Yes?"*

*Ron answered this time, "Do you think you could get Harry and Hermione out here? I need to talk to them."*

*The man's eyes narrowed considerably. "This isn't the first time I've heard that line." He shook his head. "Why can't people just give those two a bit of peace?" he muttered, turning around.*

*"No, come back!" Ron said.*

*"And why is that?" the man asked, not bothering to turn around.*

*"Because I need to ask Harry and Hermione for forgiveness," replied Ron. "I need to do this. Please."*

*He sighed and turned around. "Fine, but you're going to have to wait until they come out themselves. I can't open for you, since you don't know the password, but I can give them the message. You better hope they're feeling merciful, because those two have been rather nasty towards each other lately."*

*Ron nodded. "I'll wait as long as I have to," he said sincerely.*

*The man nodded and walked away from the painting.*

*A few minutes later, the man arrived, a small smile on his face. "They said they'll be there in a few minutes. You just caught them while the babies were being fed, so you'll have to wait a bit," he said.*

*Ron blushed scarlet and replied, "Alright."*

*He went to the couch and made himself comfortable there, wondering how long it'd be until they came out—or if they'd even come out at all.*

Meanwhile, inside...

*Harry put James on his hip, and waited for Hermione to finish feeding Lily so they could go out and talk to Ron. James giggled as he played with Harry's long, messy hair, fisting and pulling at it. Harry winced and gently pried his son's fists from his hair, wishing that he would go for something other than the hair on his head.*

*Hermione walked out from the nursery, a sleeping Lily cradled in her arms. Harry smiled, but then remembered that he and Hermione weren't talking.*

*Harry readjusted James and held on to him a bit tighter, and muttered, "C'mon, Ron's waiting."*

*Hermione nodded and they headed out. "I wonder what he wants," Hermione wondered thoughtfully.*

*Harry merely shrugged, not paying attention, and opened the portrait, showing a mass of red hair on a couch. Harry smiled slightly, but then remembered that he wasn't talking to him, either. Actually, he, too, wondered why Ron wanted to talk to them. Was it for forgiveness? Did he want to kill James and Lily in front of them? Did he have a love potion, and planned on using it against Hermione? Or did he simply wish to state that he didn't get expelled and was going to make his Hogwarts years living hell? He wasn't too sure which one it was, but if anything bad happened, something horrible was going to happen to Ron today.*

*Ron turned around, noticing the two new occupants, and stood, smiling grimly. "Hello," he said softly. "You came."*

*Hermione nodded. Her grip tightened on Lily, Harry noticed, and he subconsciously held on to James tighter. "Yeah," muttered Harry.*

*Harry went to a nearby arm chair and sat, a safe, yet polite, distance away from him; Hermione did the same. Ron, noticing this, face faltered a bit, but didn't lose the small smile that grazed his lips.*



*"What do you want to talk to us about, Ron?" Hermione asked after a moment of silence. She was fed up with everything, and she didn't want to deal with it anymore than she necessarily had to.*

*"Your forgiveness," he said simply, his voice firm, yet soft. His eyes went to Hermione's, and he saw shock, anger, sadness, and a flicker of mercy in her eyes. He knew that they were most likely to say no, but he wanted to make sure that they were going to say that. He didn't want to know that they could've forgiven him, and he never plucked up the courage to ask them, and he'd wallow in wonder, question, anger, and sadness for the rest of his life, wondering what their reactions and answers would be.*

*Ron then looked over at Harry. His eyes merely showed shock, and that was expected. Ron was his best, and first, mate, so he should've known that the anger would gradually fade away, knowing that, since he was his friend, that there wouldn't too many differences between them. There was sadness, oh he knew that, but he couldn't blame the bloke. His child could've died; and being a child of seven, a family of nine, he knew that he would nearly die at the thought of losing a loved one.*

*"That's all?" Hermione asked, laughing bitterly. "You just want to show up, asking for forgiveness, expecting us to give it to you?" She got up, placing Lily on her waist. "Well, Ron, I'm sorry, but I can't go through with your request. However simple, yet complicated the matter may be, I will not forgive you. What you and Ginny had done, or what could have done, was wrong, completely and utterly wrong. And, I'm sorry, but I won't be able to forgive you." She laughed at the oxymoron, but quickly shut up and walked back into the portrait, leaving a stunned Harry and Ron.*

*He quickly looked at Harry. "I'm not asking for it as bluntly as that; I'm not that daft. I was going to explain why I did everything, and then I was going to ask for forgiveness." He said this all quickly, so it took Harry a moment to comprehend what he said.*

*He nodded. "Explain, then."*

*Ron's face brightened considerably. "You're not leaving like Hermione?" he asked.*

*He shook his head and readjusted James so he was now lying on his lap, playing with the watch on his wrist. "No, I'm not like Hermione, I guess. I know, I'm usually the one that gets all hot tempered and storms off, but I wanted to hear what you were going to say. And, I guess, Hermione didn't, so she just fled." He shrugged.*

*"Oh... alright," he said. His eyes darted to James, and he thought why he did this. Why would he do such a horrible thing to that innocent boy's parents? James' head turned and stared at Ron, giggling at his red hair as if it were the funniest thing in the world. The pair of green eyes that mirrored his fathers, laid there, staring at him, and the father was, too, so he felt a bit nervous now.*

*"Are you going to explain, or do you want me to rant and storm off, too?" Harry asked, smoothening out his son's unruly hair. That's another this he inherited from me, Harry thought, mind drifting from the current issue at hand.*

*"What?" he asked, suddenly looking at Harry. "Oh yeah, I'm sorry." Harry raised an eyebrow. "About the staring, I haven't started the real apology yet."*

*He nodded.*

*Ron's expression changed into one of sincerity, and then he spoke. "I don't really know why I started this whole love potion fiasco, but I sure as hell regret it. At first, I thought it was because I loved Hermione and Ginny you. I thought I could picture her and me, in the future with little red headed boys and girls running around, all happy and loved. It was the perfect vision, I guess, but it was also the easiest, wasn't it? I mean, we always fought, and I guess people took that as an immature way of saying that we liked each other. And I sort of believed it, too, and that's when I started fancying her. I had a plan, too: I was going to ask her to the Burrow, confess my feelings, go out until we were about twenty, get married, have children, and live happily ever after."*

*Harry snorted. "Life isn't as perfect as it seems, Ron. Sometimes life—or people—get in the way of your fairy tale, turning it upside down. I've always wanted to live a happy life, too, trust me, I've always wanted that, but the Dursleys got in the way of that. They*

would always tease be because I was scrawny, or they'd punish me if I did any accidental magic, or something else that I did." He sighed, running a free hand through his hair. "But enough about me, I want to hear your apology.

Ron chuckled. "Right, sorry." He cleared his throat and continued. "Anyway, as I was saying, I used to think that Hermione loved me. I'm not too sure why I thought it, but I did. And I thought she liked me too. I guess it was just how I was. We could've been a big happy family; me and Hermione, you and Ginny. It'd be perfect, don't you think? But, today, as I heard McGonagall talk to Ginny about how she was only after you because of your fame, I thought, hard, about Hermione. I wondered if, the only reason I liked her, was because she was our friend. I don't really know why it was her I picked, but, I guess, it was almost the same reason as Ginny's. She was intelligent, pretty, and funny. But that wasn't the whole Hermione, was it? I liked Hermione for the girl I saw her as, not the girl she really was. I hardly know her, Harry." He sighed, feeling suddenly exhausted.

"I... I'm just... really ashamed, I guess. No, I know. I'm very ashamed, and I've already accepted my expulsion, so you'll never see me again. I'm sorry, Harry, and I hope, or rather wished, that Hermione were here to hear me out." A small tear glided down his freckled cheek, and he wiped it away furiously, hoping that Harry hadn't seen it.

Harry got up and placed James on the couch, putting a pillow on the edge so he wouldn't fall. He walked over to Ron and sat next to him, keeping an eye on James at the same time.

"Ron, at first, I was absolutely disgusted with your behaviour. Really, I was. And I wondered how my best mate could do this to be, how he could deceive his two best friends just because he wanted something he knew he couldn't have." He held up his hands before Ron could speak: "I know, Hermione is no one's to own, but she's my girlfriend, the mother of my children, my future wife, and I wouldn't like it that you and Hermione went out. I... It's just... well," he sighed, "I don't know, Ron." He chuckled. "Hermione was always better at explaining things. It's times like this I wish she were here to explain my feelings."

"She is an amazing girl, Harry," Ron observed sincerely.

*He smiled slightly. "Yeah, she is."*

*Ron twiddled his thumbs nervously. "So... um, do you forgive me?" He looked up to the emerald eyes that he'd grown with for the past few years. The eyes of his best friend.*

*Harry nodded and turned to Ron. "Yeah, Ron, I do." He smiled and gave Ron a hug, surprising both Ron and himself.*

*Once they pulled apart, Harry picked up James. "D'you want to hold him?"*

*"Err... I've never really held a baby, Harry," Ron said, watching the dozing baby hold on to Harry's sleeve.*

*"Well, it's really easy. Do you want me to show you?"*

*He shook his head. "No, I'm alright, Harry. Your son is already half asleep, and I better let the Common Room come back down."*

*Harry sniggered. "Alright." After a few moments of silence, Harry spoke. "So, um, I guess this is goodbye?"*

*Ron had forgotten that he was expelled, but now it all came back to him. He nodded with a jerk. "Yeah... bye, Harry," he said, getting up. "Tell Hermione bye for me, yeah?"*

*He nodded. "Yeah."*

*Once he had found Hermione, she was already sleeping, her cheeks stained with tears and the pillow soaked. He didn't do anything, mainly because he couldn't—or wasn't allowed.*

**0—0—0—0**

*Harry walked into McGonagall's office three days after Ron and Ginny were expelled. He half expected her to be teaching, or in a meeting, but to his surprise, she was there, a small smile gracing her thin lips.*

“Good morning, Mister Potter,” McGonagall said, pointing to a chair so he could sit.

He sat in the chair and nodded politely. “Good morning, Professor.”

“Biscuit?” she offered. He shook his head. She nodded, “Very well. Why are you here, Harry?”

“I was just wondering what happened in the office the day that Ron and Ginny got expelled?” he asked apprehensively.

“Why do you wish to know?” she asked eyeing him.

“I... I’m not too sure, really. Ron said something about how you told Ginny some things, and how he apologised then, too. And, I don’t know, I guess I was just curious,” he said shrugging a bit, avoiding eye contact.

She eyed him warily. “If you wish to see it, then you may.” She saw him light up a bit, but she didn’t say anything. “But, Mister Potter, you will tell no one of this. Understood?”

He nodded hurriedly. “Yes, Professor McGonagall.”

She got up and walked in front of Harry. “Give me your hands.”

He lightly touched his hands with her nervously, wondering what was going to happen next. “Look into my eyes,” was her next command. He nodded and looked into her eyes.

Suddenly, he saw Ron, Ginny, and McGonagall herself in the office. Ron and Ginny were still bound, and Ron was sporting magenta hair while Ginny’s head hung in shame.

*McGonagall sat in front of the two Weasley’s, who were still very much bound. She gave them her best stern look, hoping that she’d installed some fear in them.*

*“What you have done is completely irresponsible, foolish, selfish, and dangerous,” she said, glancing at the two.*

*Ron opened his mouth to speak, but McGonagall, sensing she knew what he was going to say, spoke before. "Yes Mister Weasley, I am very aware of the fact that you had nothing to do with the attempted kidnapping of the two youngest Potters, although, that does not dismiss you for attempting to use a love potion—on Miss Granger, if my assumption is correct." Her lips fell into a light, thin line. "You very well know that what your mother had said to you, but you completely disregarded her warning, and did what you pleased without thinking of the consequences.*

*"Have you any idea, Miss Weasley, of the consequences you could have faced if you had kidnapped and perhaps even killed Lillian Potter?" she asked, eyes transfixed on the bound girl, her head hung in shame.*

*"No. Not really," she whispered. "I... I just wanted Harry... I-I thought he loved me, and he was only with Granger because he got her pregnant. And-and, I thought that I'd be doing him a favour if I... I just... just killed them." She now had tears falling freely from her brown orbs. "I... I was blinded by love, Professor! I was, and still am, in love! What would you do to get the one man you love?!" she asked, nearly shouting by now.*

*"Miss Weasley, how do you know you're in love at this age?" she questioned.*

*"Because Harry saved me when I was eleven... and..." she trailed off.*

*"Miss Weasley, I believe you were merely blinded by his name, not his being." Before she could retort, she explained. "You were in love with Harry 'The Boy Who Lived' Potter, not Harry Potter the boy. You were blinded by his acts at such a young age: surviving the killing curse when no one has done that; the youngest Hogwarts quidditch player in over a century; defeating a troll at the tender age of eleven; and saving you, endangering his life-- just a few of the things Mister Potter has done. But, that does not mean you love him."*

*"Then what does it mean?" she asked, clearly irked.*

*She inwardly sighed. "You are in love with Harry Potter, not the boy behind the mask," she said.*

*"Oh," she said lamely. "But then how do you know that Hermione hasn't done the same thing?"*

*"Miss Weasley, I highly doubt that Miss Granger and Mister Potter aren't in love," she said sternly.*

*"I'm sorry," Ron said for the first time. He had been thinking over everything McGonagall had said to Ginny, and what she meant by what she said. And, the more he thought about it, he grew irritated at the thought of even thinking of doing what he was going to do.*

*McGonagall looked at him. "What did you say, Mister Weasley?"*

*"I... I'm sorry," he said sincerely. "I... I didn't know what I was doing. I – I guess I just wanted something that Harry didn't have, and I thought that Hermione could be that one thing." He laughed bitterly. "Shame I didn't get her, though; she's a wonderful girl. But Harry deserves her; I shouldn't even be able to see them after what I was thinking of doing." He looked at his hands while saying this, and he was just beginning. "They – I – I was always an immature prat, wasn't I? I was always the insolent jerk that disregarded her feelings." He felt tears coming to him, but he fought them off. "I should've known that they felt something for each other the day I found out she was pregnant, but I didn't. I always lingered on the hope that she'd leave him and come to me. But she never did, did she? No, she didn't. And so I thought that Harry was doing something to her.*

*"About two days after the twins were born, Ginny and I were already half way through brewing our first love potions. After I left, Malfoy told Ginny that he would tell someone if she attempted to do it again. But she, nor I, listened. Ginny, along with someone else she didn't tell me about, made a potion, but Malfoy found out... I'm still not too sure how, but he did. He – apparently thought it was Ginny and I who did it, not Ginny and someone else.*

*"I'm sorry, I really am. I didn't realize how much I would've—could've hurt the two if I had put them under the potion. I really am..." A lone tear made its way down his cheek, and McGonagall felt that he had said enough.*

*“Yes, Mister Weasley, I believe that you’ve said enough,” McGonagall said. She handed him a tissue and he took it, wiping the tear—unshed, too—from his eyes.*

*“Thanks,” he muttered. McGonagall nodded.*

*“That was a wonderful apology, but I’m still forced to expel the two of you. Your actions cannot go unnoticed by me, and you must be punished,” McGonagall said.*

*Ron nodded his head solemnly, and Ginny held her head up high, showing that she was not going to be let down by this.*

*She sighed. “Please pack your belongings in your trunks, and report today after dinner.”*

*“Alright,” the two muttered in unison.*

Suddenly, Harry found himself looking into the chocolate eyes of McGonagall. She quickly took her hands away from him, and went back to her desk, folding her arms in front of him. Harry’s eyes were wide, now fully understanding Ron’s apology. Eyes darting downward, Harry muttered, “Thanks for letting me know, Professor. I’ll go now.” Before McGonagall had a chance to retort, Harry left the office.

Once he walked out into the clean, crisp air of November, he realized that he still had classes to go to. He sighed inwardly, and headed for his second class of the day: Charms.

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Once classes were over, Harry and Hermione found themselves in the same room sitting across from each other, each holding their offspring.

Looking at each other--Hermione’s intense gaze piercing Harry—Harry fought the urge to look away from her. But he wasn’t going to give up easily; no, he wouldn’t give up anything without a fair fight. Hermione sat there, unblinking, staring at Harry, waiting for him to ask for forgiveness. She waited long enough, and she wanted to



make up with him, but she wasn't going to do it first. Waiting until he finally broke the silence was her plan.

After a few more minutes of silence, Harry sighed and adjusted a sleeping James onto his shoulder. He stood up and turned to leave. "Hermione, I can't do this anymore. It's been nearly two and a half weeks since we've fought, and I don't want to do this anymore. Just say you don't forgive me and we can move on. Because, quiet frankly, I'm getting sick of sleeping on the couch and in the twins room."

Hermione sat there, stunned beyond words. Was he asking for what she thought he was? She opened her mouth, but no words came out. She simply sat there, Lily lying in her arms playing with her sleeve.

He sighed and started walking. "I... I won't—can't. I..." he sighed again, "I just can't. You're just so frustrating sometimes." He turned around, facing her. "You know, I don't even remember what we fought about anymore. I just wanted it to be over, but apparently, you like not having a boyfriend. Or even children, for that matter, since you only feed them." He saw the look of surprise, confusion and the beginnings of anger forming on her face. "Don't deny it, Hermione. I've seen you. I know you. But apparently, you don't know us; at least it doesn't seem like it." The last words were a mere whisper, "What happened to the girl I knew?" He turned again, putting James in the crib.

Going into Hermione's room, he started gathering his things, ready to go to the Boys' dormitory. He wouldn't put up with this anymore; he couldn't stand it. Having Hermione ignore him, and his children, was started to irk him off and he didn't like that. Having Dumbledore against him was one thing, but then his best friend, and then his girlfriend? He couldn't do that. He needed to do something. He didn't know if they were going to break up, but he could do it anymore.

Once he came out, he saw Hermione with tears running down her cheeks. "Please don't go," was all she whispered before enveloping Harry in a hug. She started sobbing, not caring that Harry wasn't returning the gesture. All that mattered to her was that Harry would stay, and that he'd forgive her. "I'm sorry, I'm so sorry, Harry. Please forgive me. I've been so infuriated at myself these past few days that

I forgot about the three most important people to me: you, James, and Lily.” She gave an anguished sob and held on to Harry tighter.

“Hermione, please, don’t do this to me,” he whispered, trying to pry her arms off him.

“No!” she cried, holding on to him tighter. “Please, Harry, forgive me. Please,” she whispered. “I’m sorry, so very sorry.”

He awkwardly put his arms around her. Although he and Hermione had shared many hugs, he never thought that it’d be as awkward as this. Cautiously, he brought his right hand to her cheek, forcing her to look at him. When he saw her face, he regretted everything horrible he did to her. Her eyes were red-rimmed, her cheeks had tears trailing down, her nose was leaking, and her hair was bushier than usual. Her eyes showed nothing but regret, anguish, love, and sadness.

“I’m sorry, Harry. Please,” she whispered once again, setting her eyes downcast.

He unexpectedly chuckled, earning another sob from Hermione. She let him go and sat on the couch. “If you think my misery is amusing, then you should leave.”

“That was my initial plan,” he drawled, still chuckling.

She glared at him through tears. “Then leave,” she said struggling. She didn’t want him to leave, but if he wanted to so badly that he’d actually go *through* with it, then she’d let him. She could take care of James and Lily on her own while Harry made a life for himself.

“Actually,” he said, walking towards Hermione, “I have other plans. Plans that include Miss Granger and two young Potters.”

“Stop joking around, Harry. I know that my misery is amusing to you, and that you obviously don’t want to be with me, so I’m going to let you go.” She stood up and started walking towards her bedroom.

He grabbed her arm before she could get far, and their eyes locked. “Hermione, do you know what I’ve been going through for the past

three weeks?" She opened her mouth, but Harry held his hand to stop her. "Before you say, 'the same as I have,' nonsense, listen to what I have to say.

"I've been waiting for weeks for you to finally forgive me. I've done numerous things to ask for your forgiveness, but you did nothing but ignore me for days on end. And I got sick of it, Hermione. I understand that my actions were wrong, but that doesn't mean you should *completely* ignore me. Even divorced couples talk more than we did the past few weeks. I... I just couldn't take it anymore." He sighed, running a hand through his unruly hair. "I bet, if you were with any other bloke, he would've walked out on you already."

"But you're not just any other bloke, Harry. You're different, special," Hermione interrupted.

"I might be different, but I'm still a guy, Hermione. It doesn't matter if I'm 'different' or 'special.' I'm still a guy with a girlfriend and two kids, and I want to have my..." he hesitated, "family (Hermione inwardly gasped), but you, as I see, don't want it."

Tears started forming in her eyes again. "I'm sorry, Harry. I really am. Please... please forgive me. I... I didn't do it intentionally. Really, I didn't." She sniffed, cursing herself for being such a baby.

"I... I don't know, Hermione."

She took the bag of clothes away from Harry and held his hand. "Please, Harry," she whispered holding his hand firmly.

His eyes shifted downward and he sighed loudly. "Fine... I forgive you."

She smiled broadly and hugged Harry. Bringing his arms around her back, Harry held her tightly.

"You know, I thought that I should've been the one apologizing," he whispered in her hair.

"At first, I thought you should've, too, but then I realized that it was I who should've been apologizing." Hermione held on tighter, breathing

in his scent. "Is that why you were laughing?" she asked suddenly, though still holding on to him.

"Yes," was all he said.

They might've forgiven each other, but hardships were not over. They would face many challenges in the course of their life, but as long as they had each other, they'd get through it. Together.

## Chapter 24 – Someone is Always Watching

*“There are shadows lurking about the halls. Someone is always watching.”*

*-- Me... Sometime today, or something...*

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December fifteenth...

Fawkes was sleeping peacefully, unbeknownst to him, the thunderstorm roaring outside. Winds howling, trees bustling, leaves blowing furiously, the rain pounded on the castle, making loud slip-splash sounds.

As the small animals and birds took shelter, Albus absently sucked on a lemon drop. He was thinking, plotting, against Miss Granger and Mister Potter, making sure that his plan went fault-free. On the date of December twentieth, the day of the students' holiday, his plan would begin. Hopefully, this time, his plan would not have any holes. And, if he succeed in his first plan, he could go on to killing Mister Potter's children.

He sat back in his chair and smiled faintly, grabbing another lemon drop and popping it into his mouth, before getting lost in his thoughts again.

Over the past few weeks, he had been keenly observing the two, watching how they acted towards each other. They had been a bit more... hostile towards each other. They hardly ever spoke, from what he had heard, and they had been going through much stress. Their attitudes changed when they were around their friends, and the two hardly even talked—let alone glance, at each other. One moment, he would act concerned, but the next, he'd be glad that they were suffering. He had worked hard to make the potion and attempting to ruin their lives, and he very well wasn't going to let it go unnoticed.

But, a part of him still had this lingering feeling, like something bad—horrendous—was going to happen. However hard he tried, the small

lingering feeling wouldn't leave. At once, his thoughts flew to Mister Potter, and if he would ever try to do something, and then to Miss Granger, perhaps she'd do something. They might attempt to do something, but they surely wouldn't do something drastic, right? He sure hoped they wouldn't do anything.

The thunder and rain picked up, the Whomping Willow thrashing around furiously, clearly angered that the rain hadn't ceased. Albus stood up, checked to make sure the vials of the potions were clearly in place, and checked on Fawkes. Smiling at the sleeping bird, he made a note to get a few more lemon drops, and left the office.

The rain hadn't stopped, but merely gotten stronger.

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"Stupid rain," Harry muttered while holding his child securely in his arms. "Won't even get me a pleasant night's sleep." James whimpered loudly as another roar of thunder was heard in the nursery, and Harry just patted his back more, hoping to sooth his freighted son.

Hermione was in the rocking chair, feeding their daughter in the hopes that she'd sleep after eating. By the looks of it, it was working. Hermione's eyes were dropping, but she was awake, feeding her child, watching Lily's eyes slowly droop while she nursed at her mother's breast. After a few more seconds, Lily was sleeping, her mouth still attached to her. Quickly re-adjusting her (she stirred, but didn't awake), Hermione fixed her shirt, silently glad that Harry was facing away from her, still rocking their son back to sleep. She picked up her daughter and walked around with her, burping her. She burped a few seconds later, and she placed a gentle kiss to her forehead, placing her into the cot.

James was now sleeping, so Harry, too, placed a gentle kiss to his son's forehead and placed him in his cot. He turned to Hermione, watching her leave the nursery and back to her (he still referred it to her room, since he had yet to unpack his clothes) room. Sighing, he went into her room.

When he got inside, she was already asleep—or so he assumed. He went into bed, making a quick note to stay as far away from her as he could, and took his glasses off.

“Harry?” called Hermione, looking to her left.

He said nothing, but concentrated on sleeping.

“Harry?” she called again.

He sighed and turned his head to the right, and asked, “Yes, Hermione?”

“I... are we...” she stumbled over her words, “I... what I mean to say is... are we still a couple?”

“Yes,” he said, “unless you don’t want us to be.”

“I want us to be,” she said quickly. “I... I just wanted to make sure, you know? Lately we haven’t been talking, kissing, or anything...” she trailed off.

“Well, we have been ignoring each other for the past month.”

“Three weeks, to be exact,” she corrected.

“Whatever,” he mumbled, moving to his side, not facing her.

She sighed. “Please, can we... can we just go back to the way things were?” she asked, moving towards him.

“I don’t know, Hermione. Can we?” he asked, now looking at her.

“I... Yes. Yes, I think we can,” she said confidently.

He sat up, muttering, “I’m never going to get a good night’s sleep, am I?” and looked at Hermione in the eye. “Hermione, I don’t know. Really, I don’t. I know we’re young, but we... I don’t know, we just have too much on our plates.” He ran his hands through his hair. “I... it’s not that I don’t *want* to be with you—I’ve fancied you since third year—but this... parenthood, is challenging.

"It changed so much, you know? With out the threat of Dumbledore, Quidditch, school, the Dursley's, I was just barely getting by. And now I have a... a family? I don't know... it's just really hard shuffling everything. I'm too young... I..." he trailed off.

She apprehensively held his hand. "I know, Harry. I feel the same way. There are so many things we've got to go through, together. I don't want to you go through this alone, and I certainly don't want to go through his alone." She laced her fingers through his and brought them to her lips, never breaking eye contact. "Please, Harry, don't put me through his torture. I've missed you so much; I don't know how much longer I can last."

Again, he sighed. "You're right... this is going to get some used to, but we'll get through it, no matter what." He smiled, and did something he didn't think he'd do so soon: kiss her. His lips briefly touched hers, barely giving time for Hermione to respond, and he pulled away.

"Well," he said after a few seconds, "I'm going to sleep. Good night, Hermione."

"Good night," she smiled.

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Although he had made up with Hermione, Harry couldn't release the feeling of killing Dumbledore, once and for all. He knew that Dumbledore was planning something, but he didn't know what. He wasn't going to have yet another child, when he wasn't even fifteen. He could just imagine Draco's reaction.

*"Again? Honestly, you two are like fucking rabbits—pun not intended."*

He chuckled at the thought, but at the same time, contemplating on his forming plan. After he killed Dumbledore, perhaps he, Hermione, and the twins (he still had a hard time saying 'family') would leave. But the question was, where?



“Mister Potter!” roared Professor Snape, startling the wits out of Harry. “Keep your head in the clouds one more time and you’ll be having detention during the holidays with me!”

Keeping his eyes on his potion, Harry thought once more. *What... what is he doing? And how long do I have to kill him? And when is he going to attack? Is he even going to—*

“Potter, fifteen points off!!” Professor Snape said, gaining his attention once more.

“Sorry, Professor,” Harry muttered despite Hermione’s nudging at his side.

“Harry, pay attention!” whispered Hermione furiously. Harry nodded dumbly, focusing on the bubbling potion.

After adding the bumbleweed, Harry felt a poking on his leg. He looked down, and saw a note poking his leg. He quickly picked it up and read.

*Harry, you and your family better be extra careful on the twentieth; I heard Snape talking to Dumbledore about the potion, and that date. Watch out, Potters!*

There was no need for a closing, because he instantly knew who wrote it. But before he could fold it and put it in his trouser pocket, Snape had taken it.

“I believe this calls for another ten points off, Potter. Don’t you think?” He went to his desk and read the note, his eyes going slightly wide. After reading it, he threw it into the rubbish bin, which ate it hungrily, giving a big ‘urp’ in satisfaction. “Who wrote the note, Potter?” he asked.

“Don’t know,” he lied.

“Liar,” he retorted. “Five more points off for lying.”

Harry rolled his eyes, and Hermione whispered in his ear. “Harry, stop reading notes!”

He sharply turned his head, their noses nuzzling together, and he whispered his reply. "This note gave us vital information. It could even save our lives!"

"Oh, stop being over dramatic," she whispered.

"Potter, Granger!" Snape warned.

"Sorry," they muttered. "I'll talk to you later," Hermione muttered to Harry.

He nodded and went back to his potion.

Once class had finished, Hermione grabbed Harry by the collar (his books were already in his bag) and dragged him out of class, not caring if she was making a scene or not. Some of the class sniggered, Snape quickly left, and the other portion laughed.

Once they were out, Hermione dragged him into an unoccupied broom closet, and they went in, locking the door behind her. There wasn't much room, so Harry and Hermione were very close. (They were still a bit awkward around each other, and that didn't help much.)

"Care to tell me why you dragged me into a broom closet when we could've gone to our rooms?" Harry asked.

"Because it's closer," Hermione replied.

He just looked at her sceptically.

"Anyway," she hastily said, "I want to know what made Snape to deduct so many points today."

"I was daydreaming... sort of," he said, shrugging it off.

"No," she retorted, stepping closer (if possible) to him. "You're lying, and I know it." Her eyes narrowed, "You're still planning on killing Dumbledore, aren't you?"

He avoided her eyes and said, "Possibly."

Her hands went to his shoulders, and she looked down at him. "Harry, why do you still want to *murder* him? Honestly, why? I've wanted to kill him, too, but I haven't actually *thought* about it."

"Because... because he changed my life, and not for the better; tried to kill me; manipulated me to his wits end," he counted off his fingers. "Need I go on?"

"So, what you're trying to say is," Hermione said, "that you want to go back to being the boy that didn't do homework, slept during classes, and played quidditch till dark? Is that what you're insinuating?" she asked, feeling tears coming to her.

"No, I didn't mean that, Hermione." He held her hand—which was still very much on his shoulder, and intertwined them. "I love James and Lily—I really do, but they've changed my life so much. I feel like I'm already a married man, and I don't want that just yet!" He sighed. "I do like you Hermione, a lot, but I'm not ready for parenthood--"

"Do you want me to leave?" she interrupted.

His eyes went wide. "No!" he answered at once. "I'd never want that! It's just..." He sighed. "I don't know. I just... I just want to be a normal teenage boy, do normal teenager things."

"But you're not normal; you're the Boy-Who-Lived, and that changes everything. You're a wizard, that's certainly not normal, in muggle standards. And... and you're a teenage father—a very young one, if I might add." She sniffed and turned away. "If you want out of this, it can be done. You'd very nearly done it once before, and you could do it again."

He turned her around and hugged her (he wasn't sure how he could do it, considering the amount of space given), his arms around her waist and hers around his. "I'm not going to leave. Not now, not tomorrow, and not ever, got that?"

She gave him a little squeeze. "What about that note?" she changed the subject.

He let go and opened the door. "I'll explain on the way to class. I'm surprised if we're not already fifteen minutes late."

She smiled and hesitantly held his hand. "Okay." He gave her a squeeze of reassurance.

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Once classes were over, Hermione was fuming. After Harry told her about the note, she had gotten so mad that she nearly skipped their next class. After Harry had gotten over the initial shock, he brought her back to her senses, telling her that she could go rant *after* classes were over.

Harry had never been so glad they had classes.

She went to the Great Hall, where lunch was being served. She sat down, piled a bit of food onto a plate, and went off, talking to no one. Harry looked at her worriedly, but said nothing, and copied her actions.

He left the Great Hall, not missing the little smirk Dumbledore had on his lips, and headed towards Gryffindor Tower. It had been a while since he had roamed the halls (two weeks, a very long time for a Potter), and he really wanted to take his children out to see the castle. The paintings gave him curious looks, and some even ventured off to actually speak.

"So, lad, I heard that you've children?" asked a man. He was fairly old, and wore a Renaissance style of clothing.

Harry stopped and turned to face the man. "Err... yes, I do. Why do you ask?"

The man shrugged. "I was simply curious, is all. Such a young man, merely a child really."

Harry nodded slowly. "Well, I am fourteen." He stated it as if it were the most obvious thing in the world.

“Right you are, Harry Potter.” He winced at the name, but let the man continue. “Why so young, child?” asked the man, quickly adding, “If I may ask.”

He shrugged. “I just had sex with my girlfriend once, and then she got pregnant. We were at my home, so we weren’t allowed to use magic, and... I don’t know, things just got carried away.” He looked at his dinner, which was starting to get cold, and back at the man. “It’s not like I regret it or anything; I love my kids.”

The man nodded, smiling a bit. “Understandable. Children these days are having children so young. I don’t understand why, though.” He gave out a soft sigh. “Your explanation, however, is understandable, but I still do not see why you couldn’t have waited until marriage. Even then, children get married so young.”

He smiled sadly. “I’m sorry, but I’m lonely. My wife had died when I was thirty-two, and I had no children, so I was alone throughout my life. I have no one else to speak to. The other portraits simply ignore me,” he smiled, “because they think I’m a bit mental.”

Harry softly chuckled. “I don’t see how, really. You’re pretty nice.”

“Thank you, young man,” he said. “I think it is time that you see your girlfriend and children, and be off to classes.” Flashing him a big smile, “Good day,” he said. “Perhaps I won’t be so lonely anymore.”

“You won’t,” Harry said reassuringly. “Bye,” he said before he left.

Once he got to Gryffindor Tower, he saw the young First Year Gryffindor girls he met a few weeks ago, sitting, playing with a tea set. He saw Kelsey flash him an evil smile, and he quickly went through his portrait, that note still very much imprinted in his mind.

*Twentieth December. That’s in five days, he thought, wondering what Dumbledore would do. Perhaps he’s going to put a potion into our pumpkin juice? Perhaps he wants to get his hands on James and Lily, then. He thought as he sat on the couch and set his lunch on the table, starting to eat. I’ll have to be extra careful that day... but if Snape read the note, then he’ll surely tell Dumbledore. Will he set the date to an earlier time, or will he keep it the same, thinking that I*

*“knew” he was going to change it, and he didn’t?* He reasoned that he was simply thinking too much at the time being, and that he needed some food in his system; however, he couldn’t complete that task, as James had started crying.

He got up and went into the nursery. He went over to James’ cot and picked him up, hoping to soothe him. He didn’t. He brought him to the changing table, and took off his pants. Seeing that his nappy was dirty, he quickly got a clean one from under the table. Taking the dirty one off, throwing it into the rubbish bin, he got the wipe and started cleaning his son. Once he was clean, he put his nappy on, smiling when James gave a contented sigh, and put him pants back on. Picking him up, he went back to his lunch, James safely in his arms.

Perhaps he didn’t notice her, but Hermione was already there, reading the next few chapters in her studies, feeding Lily, and feeding herself. She had a small smudge of sauce on her upper lip, and her shirt was bunched up (no doubt for feeding Lily), and her eyes were fully concentrated on the pages before her. There were rolls of parchment, ink bottles, and various bottles for the children were there, but she paid no attention. Not even to Harry.

*I thought she was angry,* he thought looking at Hermione. *Apparently not,* his mind reasoned.

Harry sighed, saddened at the thought of being ignored (or, at least, he thought) once more, and made his way to the couch to attend to his cold lunch, James snoozing in his arms.

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After class finished, Severus quickly made his way into Dumbledore’s office. When he saw him, Dumbledore was currently filling a potion (*the potion that he put in Granger’s drink, no doubt,* Snape thought) into a vial, and filling up a second one.

After a few seconds of humming to himself, the Headmaster sat in his seat, offering Severus a seat. “I am not here for ‘chit-chat,’ Albus. There is someone here, someone that knows of your—*our*—plans. I do not know of who it is, but that person told Potter what is going to happen on the twentieth.”

“How can they? I have not even told you,” Albus stated, his eyebrows burrowing in slight confusion.

“No, you have not told me the facts of the plan, but the note had stated that something to do with the potion, and the date.” He put his hands into his pockets. “You might want to change the date of your plan, because now that they know, they are undoubtedly going to be more cautious.”

Albus nodded thoughtfully. “Yes, Severus, you’re right. I will change the date.” He looked at the two vials, and then back at Severus. “It will be sooner.” He smiled, “Severus how would you like to deliver a ‘gift’ to a Gryffindor girl?”

Severus smirked. “The potion, perhaps?” he asked.

Albus nodded. “Yes, the sooner the better. You will give this potion to Kelsey. She is a First Year, whom is in Gryffindor. She is quiet useful in information about the Potter’s; I’m quiet surprised that she hadn’t been sorted into Slytherin.” Picking up the two metallic blue coloured vials, he handed them to Severus. “Take this to her, and say the date has been changed.”

Severus nodded, putting them safely into his pockets.

“Report to me when you have given them, and I shall be paying the two youngest Potters a visit,” said Albus.

Severus nodded again and left.

He smiled. “Hopefully Mister Potter and Miss Granger will be too preoccupied to notice their missing, soon to be dead, children.”

He was very excited—he felt like a child again, but that small, lingering, feeling would not leave.

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Once Harry finished his, cold, lunch, he played with his sleeping son’s hair. Hermione still hadn’t noticed him, and he felt a bit like he had when they were still fighting.

"Hermione?" he called tentatively.

She jumped, and Lily immediately started crying. Quickly putting her on her shoulder, not bothering to fix her shirt, she started patting her. James, having heard his sister's cries, started crying, too. Harry sighed; why couldn't twins do something at different times? He mimicked Hermione's actions, and they quieted down a minute later.

Harry went over to the small swinging chair and placed James in there, strapping him in for safety. Walking over to Hermione, he held his arms out to her; she handed Lily over.

"Sorry," she muttered, fixing her shirt. "I didn't realize you were there."

"I know," he said simply, having put Lily in the swinging chair, as well.

"I... I was studying for the next semester's lessons," she explained, pointing to her book.

He sighed. "Hermione, after today, I don't see us going back for this semester. Or for any semester, for that matter," he stated.

Hermione's face was of pure shock. "You're not kidding. I thought you were joking when you said that Hogwarts isn't safe for us anymore," she said, aghast.

"No, Hermione. I wasn't kidding." He rolled his eyes at the thought. *Of course she wouldn't take me seriously on a matter such as this.*

"I... but... School, how?" she asked, her mind whirling with thoughts.

"Hermione, please, just stop thinking about school for *one moment*, okay?" He gave a loud sigh and stood up, kneeling in front of Hermione. "Look, remember when I told you about the note?"

Apparently she had forgotten, because her face suddenly went to one of anger.

"Yes, Hermione, Dumbledore is planning something with that potion," he said. "It's got something to do with the potion that he gave your



before the twins were conceived, and now, I think, he's planning on using it again. On the twentieth of December, if I remember correctly."

"Oh, yes," she said darkly, "the note. I had totally forgotten about that note." She shook her head, as if wanting to get rid of the evil thoughts that were plaguing her mind. "What are we going to do, Harry?" she asked desperately.

"Can I kill him?" He didn't know what possessed him to ask so outright, but he did. Hermione had been caught off guard, and her mouth hung agape in shock.

"What?" she said after a few moments.

He audibly gulped; suddenly frightened that Hermione would slap him again. "Can I kill him?" he asked barely above a whisper. Before she could answer, he started explaining. "Think about it, Hermione. Like, *really* think about it. We wouldn't have to worry that we were going to get another lust potion and have more children; we wouldn't have to worry about having our children taken away from us; we wouldn't have to worry that our lives were in danger by an old man; and we wouldn't have to worry about being spied on twenty-four-seven by the Headmaster and Potion's master.

"Think about it."

With that, he left their rooms.

Hermione was left to contemplate his question.

She sighed. There was no way that she would be able to go to classes today.

**0—0—0—0**

Severus took brisk steps, hoping no one would pay attention into the direction he was heading towards. So far, no one had noticed. His luck, however, was cut short when Draco Malfoy walked up to him, smirk on his face.

“Professor,” he said, “what a pleasure it is to see you. May I inquire as to why you’re in this *filth* infested halls?” he asked, smirk still intact.

Severus’ expression did not change. “I am simply doing a task, Draco. Nothing more, nothing less.” He breezed past him, his robe billowing behind him.

However, he did not hear Draco’s comment of, “Watch your actions, Professor. There are shadows lurking about the halls. Someone is always watching you.”

**0—0—0—0**

Once Severus had gotten to the Gryffindor Tower, he quickly located the girl, Kelsey. He had taught her potions for a few weeks, but he hadn’t seen too much of her. He figured she skipped frequently.

Kelsey was having a small tea party with her other Gryffindor friends. Thankfully, no other student was there, and that made his ‘task’ much easier. He could simply hand her the potion, and make his way back to teaching his students.

“Kelsey,” Severus beckoned, “please come over here for a moment.”

She nodded, told her friends she’d be back in a minute, and walked over to him. “Yeah?” she asked, looking at him expectantly.

“Do not speak to me in such a matter,” Severus said. Taking out the two vials, he told her, “You are to slip this into Miss Granger and Mister Potter’s drinks. You may invite them to your little ‘tea party’ and slip it into their tea then, but you must do it either today or tomorrow.”

“What happened to the twentieth?” she asked curiously.

“That is none of your concern. Your job is to simply slip this into their drinks while they aren’t looking, and then tell us when they start acting odd.”

She nodded. “Okay... but how will I know they’re acting oddly? I dunno them, so I wouldn’t really know, would I?”

"No, I suppose you wouldn't. The oddity of their behaviour will be simple: they will start kissing furiously, and hopefully they will leave to their rooms, your task finished."

"They're gonna kiss?" she asked, raising an eyebrow. "Dude, they've got like two kids already. Don't you think they're just a *bit* past kissing?" Her voice was sarcastic.

"You think I don't know that? I know they've gone past kissing. They will do it again, and my," he wasn't going to tell her it was actually Albus' plan, "plan will be in motion."

She shrugged. "Okay, whatever." She took the vials from him. "When d'you want me to put 'em in there, again?" she asked, pocketing them.

"Either today or tomorrow," he answered. "Either will due."

"Kay," she answered, turning around and walking back to her friends.

Severus did a scan of the room, and glad that no one was around, walked out of the Gryffindor Room.

**0—0—0—0**

He wasn't sure where he was going, he just knew that he needed to get away. He wasn't mad, no, but needed a walk. When Hermione was thinking, she needed her space. And thinking about whether or not he could *kill* Dumbledore was a big decision. He wasn't sure what she was going to say, but he knew that, no matter what, they couldn't stay in Hogwarts. They could get home schooled, but they couldn't attend Hogwarts.

He took a left and went outside, forgetting about classes. Yesterday, McGonagall had announced that Hogwarts was hosting a Yule Ball on December thirty-first. It was a dance, and Harry did *not* dance. And the fact that it was on the thirty-first did no good, either. He, Hermione, and the twins would be, hopefully, be gone by then.

And then there was the issue of the Triwizard Tournament. He certainly didn't want to finish it, but he wasn't sure what the consequences would be if he did. Or, even, if he didn't. There was

the chance that he might die, participant or not. He didn't want to die, leaving Hermione a single mother at only fourteen and his children fatherless.

He sighed. What was he supposed to do?

*I'm not doing the tournament, he thought while walking through the halls. I can't... I'm leaving Hogwarts, so I can't possibly participate. Hogwarts will finally get their real champion: Cedric.*

While his thoughts were on the Triwizard Tournament, he bumped into someone rather forcefully.

"Sorry," Harry apologized, helping whoever had fallen. And with a sudden realization, he noticed who it was. "Draco, what are you doing here? Aren't you supposed to be in classes?" he asked.

Draco brushed off the dirt from his robe, and fixed his platinum blond hair. "Oh, Harry, what a pleasure to see you, too," he drawled out sarcastically. "I was simply strolling around. And, no, I'm not supposed to be in class. I have a free period." He smirked. "Aren't you supposed to be somewhere?"

"Uh... no where that I know of." He looked at him, confused. "Why, am I supposed to be somewhere?"

He shrugged. "I don't know. I'm not your girlfriend."

Harry rolled his eyes. "Oh really? I never would've noticed," he said.

"I'm sure you wouldn't have. The only way you would notice I was me, was if I took off my shirt and danced in front of you." He grinned at Harry's expression.

"I'm not that thick-headed," he stated. "I know the difference between Hermione and you." After a moment, he added, "Besides, you don't have the... assets, to be like her."

This time, Draco laughed. "Sure as hell I don't. I don't want breasts."

“Okay, I think we’ve talked about Hermione and me enough,” Harry said, chuckling. “So, do you know exactly what’s going to happen on the twentieth?” he asked seriously.

“No, not completely,” he said. “That potion—the one Dumbledore gave Hermione—was, supposedly, going to be used again. And... and then, perhaps, he’d do something to your children.” He shrugged. “Again, I’m not positive.”

Harry nodded. “Okay, at least it’s better. We’ll just be extra cautious on that day.”

Before he forgot, he had to tell Harry what happened to Snape. “Harry, Snape is up to something. He was lurking about the halls today, and not just any hall, but the Gryffindor Tower hallways.”

“Why could he be around there?” asked Harry curiously.

“I’m not too sure, but he said that he was doing a ‘task’.” He shrugged. “Keep an eye out, Potter. No matter where you are, people are watching.”

He nodded thoughtfully.

“Well, bye, Harry.” Draco gave a slight wave, and walked past him.

Harry nodded, lost in his thoughts again.

**0—0—0—0**

Severus walked into Albus’ office.

“I have given the girl, Kelsey, the vials,” he said.

“Very well, Severus,” Albus said, sucking a lemon drop. “If there is anything else, you may come by.” He waved him off. “I believe you have a class to teach?”

Severus nodded. “Yes, I do.” Without bidding farewell, Severus left.

Dumbledore smiled, still sucking onto his lemon drop.

Now, all he had to do was wait.

## Chapter 25 – Metallic Blue Liquid

December fifteenth, nearly the sixteenth...

Kelsey sat in her bed, staring at the two vials. They were shining metallic blue, and they seemed harmless enough. She wondered, though, *why* she was specifically asked to put it in *Hermione Granger* and *Harry Potter's* drinks. What had they done? They already had children; shouldn't they have gotten expelled already? Surely there would have to be a logical explanation. Two people (of fourteen, nonetheless) didn't get pregnant and just *stay* in school, now did they? Her sister had gotten pregnant when she was nineteen (she was now twenty) when she was a sophomore in college, and yet, she had to drop out. Why didn't these two?

*They must have special connections*, she thought. *But then... why would Snape give me these...? There has to be another reason behind this...*

She shook her head. This was no time to be thinking; she had a task. Quickly putting the vials in a cupboard, she went under her covers and closed her eyes.

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The next day, Hermione looked to her left and saw Harry sleeping peacefully. Yesterday, she had thought long and hard. She was still a bit unsure about *murdering* Dumbledore, but she knew that he made his point. They would be safer, they would be able to live with Sirius, and their children wouldn't live in fear, knowing that a wizard was out to kill them and their parents. They could be normal... or, at least, as normal as Harry Potter's children could get.

She closed her eyes briefly, ready to accept the fact that her boyfriend was going to *kill* someone. She heard the soft whimpers of her children, and she got up from the bed, hoping that she wouldn't wake Harry up.

He moaned and rubbed his eyes, getting his glasses from the bedside table. He looked to his right, not noticing Hermione, and saw

the time, six forty-eight, and groaned loudly. He sat up, stretching his muscles, and stood up. He turned around, noticing Hermione for the first time, and smiled at her.

Together, they went into their children's room. Harry went for James and Hermione picked up Lily. He brought his son to the changing table and saw that his nappy needed changing, so he got a clean one from underneath the table and started to clean him.

Hermione knew that Lily was most likely hungry, so she quickly strode over to the rocking chair. After getting Lily into a comfortable position, she brought her shirt up and her daughter ate.

After cleaning James off, he picked his son up, not bothering with his small trousers. Turning around, blushing when he saw Hermione, he quickly mumbled, "I'm going to go give James a bath," and left.

She opened her mouth to speak, but he had already left. She sighed and looked down; Lily needed a bath, too.

As they finished bathing their children (they didn't talk; they barely even looked at each other), Hermione held Harry's hand.

"Wait, we need to talk," she said, ignoring her daughter's giggles.

He nodded. "Let me change him, first." He left the bathroom and went into the nursery.

**0—0—0—0**

McGonagall's eyes were slits, glaring at Dumbledore. She sat in his office after being summoned from Severus. For a few minutes, they talked about the Triwizard Tournament, and how the other Headmaster's were doing. Their chat went fine, until the topic of Potter came along.

"I do not understand, Minerva," Albus said once more, folding his hands together on the table.

She gave a small huff. "Of course you do, Albus. You perfectly know what has been happening to Mister Potter, Miss Granger, the



Weasleys, and the two youngest Potters.” After a moment, she added, “And Mister Malfoy.”

“Minerva, it would be wise if you did not interfere in matters that are none of your concern. What has happened to Mister Potter and his family, is his business, and theirs alone.” He gave a small smile and took a lemon drop, popping it into his mouth.

Her lips were a thin line, and she took off her small glasses. “Albus, I know what you have been doing to these poor children. I *know*, Albus,” she said, her voice stern. “What you have done is dangerous and selfish. If you do not fix this *at once*, I will be forced to send you on trial.” Her lips pursed, and she put her glasses back on, her eyes never leaving his.

He smiled. “Oh, of course the matter will be settled. Don’t worry,” he smiled. “It is being settled as we speak.”

She quirked an eyebrow. “Oh, is it really?” she asked curtly.

Smiling, almost as if dazed, he replied, “Yes, and all shall be fixed.” *And all shall be mine*, his mind supplemented.

She sighed and got up. “Albus, I used to think I knew you.” She turned, and before leaving, she murmured, “What happened?”

After a few minutes, Albus got up and walked to Fawkes. He stroked his feathers affectionately. He smiled at the bird; he was so beautiful.

“I am doing right thing, aren’t I, Fawkes?” he asked while stroking the red bird.

Fawkes merely gave a loud squawk, and then flared up until nothing was left but ashes.

Albus’ eyes widened, and then looked away. A lone tear slid down his cheek.

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After they finished dressing their children, they gently placed them on their bed. Hermione looked at Harry in the eye, and she took hold of his hands.

"Harry," she said quietly, "I thought about what you said yesterday."

He nodded. "And...?"

She took a deep breath, and gazing at their interlaced hands, she let a tear slide down her cheek. "If you must..." She spoke quietly, and Harry almost couldn't hear her.

"Really?" he asked in the same tone as her.

She nodded.

He brought their joint hands to his face, and kissed her knuckles. He smiled, and then brought her closer. Bringing his right hand to her cheek, he slowly leaned in, bringing their lips together for a lingering, chaste kiss. She smiled and wove her arms around his neck, resting her head on the crook of his neck. She gave a satisfied sigh as Harry brought his arms around her waist, giving her a quick squeeze.

"Hermione," he said after some time, "we have classes to go to. If we don't leave right now, we might be late."

She nodded and got up, giving him another lingering kiss. She picked up James and cradled him in her arms, kissing his forehead gently as she strode to the nursery. Harry followed her actions with his daughter, and they went to the nursery.

After putting their children in their respective cots, Harry went to get their bags. Once he got back, he saw Dobby, sitting on the rocking chair, rocking happily. "Hello Mister Harry Potter, sir!" the elf greeted enthusiastically.

"Hello, Dobby," Harry greeted, smiling at him.

"Dobby, please take extra precautions today. I cannot have *anything* happen to my children right now," Hermione said. "Right now, they're in danger."

Dobby nodded understandingly. "Yes, Harry Potter's Miss. I will take care of little Potter babies as if they was my own," he vowed, putting a frail hand to his chest.

Harry kneeled in front of Dobby, and put his hand on his bony shoulder. "Thank you," he said sincerely.

"For what, Mister Harry Potter?" he asked.

"For everything," he smiled. He got up and held his bag. "Well, I'll see you at Lunch." Quickly giving his children a kiss on the forehead, he murmured, "Bye," and left.

Hermione smiled weakly, and then repeated her boyfriend's actions.

**0—0—0—0**

Petunia Dursley was not a happy woman. Yesterday, Vernon announced that Aunt Marge was going to be staying for the Christmas holiday. She never liked the woman much, mainly because of her obsessive drinking habits. She would often be rude to her while Vernon wasn't around, and she would verbally abuse her on how they should've "taken the trash out" while they had the chance. While Petunia was just earning the trust of Harry, she had yet to throw him out of their home.

Often, when she was younger, she wondered why Lily would do things better than her. During their time in Hogwarts, she would receive the top marks in school, while she would merely be Average. She didn't like to admit that her sister was smarter than her, but she knew that it was true. When she was sorted (into Slytherin, surprisingly), she wasn't able to make friends. Everyone, especially her housemates, would taunt her, calling her a 'Mudblood' and other foul names. While Lily had three boys on her side, protecting her (even if she insisted that she could take care of herself). During her last few years of schooling, she formed a small liking to one James Potter. But, the only problem was, that he already fancied her sister.

"Petunia!" Vernon roared, interrupting her thoughts. "Where is my tea?" he bellowed.

"Right here, dear!" she shouted from the foyer. Quickly going into the kitchen, she took the tea pot and poured some into the china cup.

Vernon walked in, and sat on the sofa, putting his feet on the coffee table. "Petunia, where is my tea?"

She came in, tea in the cup. "Feet," she scolded. *Now I've got to clean the table*, she thought, sighing.

He rolled his eyes and laid his feet flat on the floor. She placed the tea in front of him, and left without so much as saying a word.

*At least Marge will be here tomorrow*, Vernon thought happily, picking up his tea.

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Once their morning classes were over, Professor McGonagall called all of the students from year four onwards to meet. As the students slowly assembled into the room, they cheerfully talked about various topics.

Cedric, who was talking to his girlfriend, Cho, briskly walked towards Harry and Hermione. Cedric smiled at him, and said, "Hey, Harry."

Harry smiled. "Hey, Cedric."

"Hello," Hermione greeted.

"Hey, uh, can I talk to you for a moment?" he asked. "Alone," he said after a few moments.

He nodded, "Yeah."

"Have you ever taken a bath?" Cedric asked once they were alone.

"Err... Yes...?" he said. *Why is he asking me this?* Harry wondered.

"Have you ever taken a bath with that egg?" Cedric corrected himself.

"Err... No..." Harry raised an eyebrow. "Should I have?" he asked.

“Well, try it,” was all Cedric said before leaving.

Harry stood there for a moment, thinking. *Why would I possibly want to take a bath with that golden egg?* Quickly shoving the thought away from his brain, he made his way towards Hermione.

“So, what did he--” Hermione started, but was then cut off by McGonagall.

“Boys, sit on the left, and girls to the right!” she commanded, briskly walking into the middle of the room.

Harry shrugged and went where he was instructed. Sitting in between Malfoy and Neville, he quickly turned to his left to give Draco a small smile. Draco, seeing Harry from the corner of his eye, barely nodded.

“Oi!” Seamus called. All of the boys turned to them. “Malfoy and Harry are sitting next to each other, and they haven’t clawed out each others throats yet!”

Then, everyone’s attention turned to Harry and Draco. “Oh, Honestly!” Draco spat. “Two people can’t sit next to each other without engaging in physical violence?” He glared at Seamus. “Grow up, Finnegan, or I’ll be forced to show you how you *really* fight.”

“Mister Malfoy!” McGonagall reprimanded. “You will do no such thing!” She turned, making sure that everyone was in their seats.

“Now that everyone is seated, I’d like to announce something.” She smiled, “This year, since there is a Tournament, a Yule Ball will be held.” She remained quiet for a moment, letting the students take in the new information.

“A Yule Ball?” Neville said quietly. “Is that... a ball? With dress robes, dancing, and music?” he asked.

“What other types of balls are there, Longbottom?” Malfoy retorted, clearly annoyed.

“Shut up, Draco,” Harry muttered, elbowing his side.

Draco's head snapped around, his eyes on Harry now. "Honestly, Potter, when will you stop sticking up for your friends?"

Harry returned his heated gaze. "The second you stop antagonizing them," he said in a low voice.

"Mister Potter and Malfoy! You will stop this nonsense right now!" McGonagall scolded.

They rolled their eyes, folded their arms, and glared at the wall. The girls sitting across from them—Hermione and Luna, ironically—both silently chuckled at having seen both of them in synch with each other.

"Now, as there will be a ball, only fourth year and above are allowed to attend. Every year there is a Triwizard Tournament; there would be a Yule Ball. It will be held on December twenty-fourth, and you will be able to take a train if you are leaving Hogwarts for the holidays. You do not have to attend, but as it is a dance, I'm sure most of you will.

"Third years aren't allowed to go alone, but are allowed, only if accompanied with a fourth year or older." She turned, heading towards what seemed like a very old record player.

"Now..." Her eyes searched for a student to help her, and she saw him. "Mister Weasley, please come here." She pointed towards Fred, who was sitting a few seats away from his brother, and he stood up, grinning happily.

"Of course, Professor," he said, stepping towards McGonagall. "What an honour, really."

McGonagall rolled her eyes. "Please, Mister Weasley, if you will?" She placed her hand on his shoulder. "This, ladies, is where you put your hand." She then put her other hand on his, "And this your hand."

They all nodded.

"And gentlemen," she put Fred's arm on her waist, "are where you place your hand."

She craned her head towards Filch. "If you will."

"Oh, I believe I am going to enjoy this," Fred said, loud enough for everyone to hear.

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After their little 'class' was finished, Hermione left the room, with Luna Lovegood at her side.

"Well, that was rather interesting, no?" Luna commented, playing with her radish earrings.

Hermione looked to her right. "Yes... It was." She smiled.

Luna Lovegood was a very... interesting, person. She wore robes that were a bit too big for her, but it seemed as though she didn't mind. Around her neck, Hermione noticed, was a very odd looking necklace. After a few seconds of analyzing what it was, she figured out that it was simply made out of Butterbeer caps. She had radish earrings, and she seemed to have those everyday, judging by the odd looks she often got.

Hermione didn't know her well, but she knew that they would often call her 'Looney Lovegood' because of her beliefs. She would often talk what other people said was utter nonsense. Things such as Crumple-Horned Snorkacks, tucking her wand behind her ear for 'safe-keeping', and other people believed her thoughts were rubbish.

"Oh, I'm sorry," she apologized. "I must be bothering you, I'll just go now." She turned to leave, but Hermione held her arm before she could go.

"No," she said, turning her around. "You weren't bothering me."

She raised a pale eyebrow. "You certainly seemed like it." Her big, blue eyes widened. "Perhaps it's those pesky nargles again! Daddy said that if you leave your hair up for too long, that the nargles will come in through your hair and mess with your mind!" She smiled. "Oh, I must tell Daddy about this!"

Hermione blinked, but before she could tighten her hold on the younger girl, she took off. To tell her father of the narlges that was supposedly in her ear... messing with her mind. Hermione sighed.

*Do I really want her to be my friend?* She wondered, walking through the halls, forgetting about her boyfriend.

*Of course you do,* her mind defended. *All of the girls in Gryffindor are either too girly, or despise you because you're the mother of Harry Potter's children.*

*But that doesn't mean I want to hang out with Looney—Luna...*

*Oh, yes it does... She won't judge you because you're a mother, and she won't treat you any differently than you treat her. Perhaps, even, she'll treat you better than you intend on treating her,* her mind defended Luna.

Hermione shook her head, wishing that her mind would, for once in her life, shut up.

Sighing, she decided that perhaps a friendship with Luna Lovegood wouldn't be too bad.

**0—0—0—0**

Draco rolled his eyes as he left, quickly dodging the Gryffindor boys that were headed his way. He turned left, nearing the Great Hall, and then looked around, making sure no one was there. As he did, he didn't notice Harry walk behind him.

"Are you ever going to grow up?" Harry asked, the other boy slightly jumping.

Turning around, Draco smirked. "Depends on your definition of 'grow up', I guess." He started walking, expecting Harry to follow.

"I mean, when are you going to start acting just a *bit* more mature?" Harry asked, trying to keep up with his steps.

"When you have another child," countered Draco, still smirking.



Harry rolled his eyes, shoving his hands into his pockets. "Well, then, I guess you won't grow up for a *long* time."

"Oh contraire, I believe you're going to have a child within a few years, if not next year." He quickly went left, heading towards the dungeons, Harry still by his side.

Harry laughed humourlessly. "I highly doubt that, Malfoy. Hermione and I aren't on the best of terms as of yet." He looked at Draco in the eye. "You know, we're still in that 'Oh God, I've got class in a minute, no time for shagging' stage."

He nodded thoughtfully. "I've been through that stage before."

He looked at him, surprised. "Really?"

Draco shrugged. "Mother wouldn't want me stocking up heirs before I had a legal one. So, no, I haven't gone through that stage before." He grinned. "Why, Potter, did you want me to follow your footsteps?"

Harry scoffed. "No. And besides, James *is* my heir, as is Lily. And they are legal, mainly because, when we're older, I'm going to marry Hermione, and they're my biological children."

"No doubt about that," chuckled Draco.

After a few moments of silence, Harry spoke up. "Alright, well I have class in ten minutes. I better get going." He smiled. "See you during Defence Against the Dark Arts, Malfoy." He gave a mock glare, "I'll be waiting to hex your arse off."

"Of course," Draco said, sauntering off. "Bye, Potter."

Harry nodded and left.

**0—0—0—0**

Right before dinner, Harry and Hermione decided to pay their children a small visit. Currently, Harry was holding Lily in the Gryffindor Common Room, and Hermione was cradling James.

No one was in the Gryffindor Common Rooms, mainly because they were heading for dinner, so the two decided that it'd be safe if they brought them out. Harry sat Lily up, supporting her by putting his arm around her tiny waist, and played with her soft, brown hair. He smiled and kissed her forehead as she played with his father's watch.

It wasn't a very fancy watch, but it was a nice wristwatch. It was silver, with 'Potter' encrusted on the band. He wasn't sure on how old it was, but considering the condition of the watch, he concluded that it wasn't too old. His grandfather must've had it first, and then handed it down to James Potter.

When Harry was thirteen, just a few days before school started, he went to take a few galleons out, and saw that watch. From that day on, he never took it off, unless he had to.

Lily burped, and then threw up over his hand. "Oh bugger," Harry muttered, looking around for something to wipe the vomit from. On Hermione's lap, he saw a small napkin. He stretched to the side to get it, and he got the napkin. Quickly cleaning his hand, and the parts where the vomit was on his daughter, he got up to throw it in the dustbin.

"Harry!" greeted Kelsey joyfully.

Harry jumped, Lily nearly falling out of his arms. Sensing that something erroneous had happened, Lily balled up her fists, scrunched her face together, and gave out a loud wail. Harry held her close, putting her head on his shoulder, patting her back gently, willing his daughter to calm down.

Hermione came running in, James sleeping soundly in her arms. "What happ—" She stopped short, seeing Harry patting Lily's back, and Kelsey (*Why is she here?* Hermione wondered), waiting impatiently, something behind her back.

After a few minutes, Lily calmed down and slept. With her arms around his neck, her small hands fisting his hair, Harry didn't want her to wake up, so he kept her like that.

"Sorry," he said, looking at Kelsey, and then at Hermione. "Lily just got scared," he gave a feeble smile.

Hermione rolled her eyes. "I'm going to put James in his cot, and then I'll be back." She kissed her daughter's back, and then left.

"So, err, Kelsey, right?" he asked.

She nodded.

"Right, well... err, did you want something?" he asked, wondering what a first year could possibly want out of him. Besides an autograph or photo, that is.

She blinked. "What? Oh! Yeah!" She suddenly turned shy. "Will you and Hermione have tea with me?"

"I... err..." Harry looked around, wishing Hermione would hurry up. After a few seconds, he sighed. "Uh... sure, Kelsey... Hermione and I would love to have tea with you..." He gave a small smile. "Just... just give me a few minutes; I've got to put Lily in her cot."

She nodded enthusiastically, "Alright! I have everything set up already, too, so take your time!" She grinned, playing with the potions behind her back.

He nodded, smiling feebly. "I'll be right back." And with that, he left.

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"We're having tea with Kelsey," Harry said to Hermione as he put Lily in her cot.

"I don't like her, Harry," she said at once.

"I don't really know her... So, I don't really know..." He shrugged.

Hermione sighed. "But I'm hungry." After saying that, she blushed. "I err, mean..."

He laughed, "Don't worry about it. I am too." He left the nursery, Hermione next to him. "I guess we could just have Dobby send us some food afterwards."

She nodded. "Okay..." She still wasn't used to the idea of ordering house-elves around, even if he was getting paid.

"We'll, how bad could this go?" Harry asked, nudging her side a bit.

She shrugged hopelessly. "I don't know..."

**0—0—0—0**

Kelsey grinned, pouring the potions into their teacups.

## Chapter 26 – It Ends Tonight

***“Death is better, a milder fate than tyranny.”***

**-Aeschylus (525 BC - 456 BC), Agamemnon**

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Kelsey grinned, pouring the potions into the tea cups. The metallic blue contrasted beautifully against the bright white of the cup. The flowers of the small cup moved gently, as if moving by a breeze. She poured some of the *real* tea into the cup, noticing that it blended in perfectly, as if the potion wasn't there at all. She held the cup to her nose, sniffing it lightly. It smelled like mint tea, and that was exactly what it was supposed to taste like. She placed the tea cup down, and poured some more tea into the other piece of china, not bothering to mix because it blended automatically. She checked to make sure that everything would go accordingly: the tea cups were placed in the spots Harry and Hermione were sitting; various butter biscuits aligned so it'd look like they actually put effort into it; and her own tea cup, not tainted by the potion, was sitting before her.

She checked her robe and stuffed the empty vials into her pocket (she wouldn't be caught wearing skirts), and she straightened her robe, sitting elegantly on to her seat.

After a few minutes of waiting, Harry and Hermione finally came out. They weren't holding hands, but they were side by side, walking towards the table with a cautious look etched on their faces. They were still in their uniform, except that their ties were loosened, and their robes were open. (She suspected it was because they were stressed out. *That's what you get for having kids*, she thought, silently chuckling.)

He smiled hesitantly and sat, right in front of the spiked cup. Hermione sat right next to him.

*Perfect.*

“So,” se started conversationally, “how are things?”

Harry raised an eyebrow, glancing a cautious eye at the tea placed in front of him. "Err... not too shabby," he replied, placing his right palm flat on the surface of the cool table.

Hermione sighed impatiently, taking a glance towards Harry, and then at the tea. "Not to probe, or anything, but why exactly have you invited us for tea?" she asked, hoping she didn't sound discourteous.

Kelsey smiled, taking a small sip of her tea. "Oh, I don't know. I guess I just wanted to get the chance to know you better, is all." She shrugged, "Nothing too big." A short pause later, she started talking again. "I mean, everyone here has heard of you, read about you, or has even had the privilege of meeting you two. And since I'm from America, I didn't really get the chance. So... here we are today, getting to know each other."

She really hoped they believed her lie, because she just made it up as she went along. She smiled, and motioned for Harry and Hermione to take a sip of their tea.

Harry warily picked up the tea cup, sniffed it lightly, as not to arouse suspicion, and took a small sip of it. Figuring that it wouldn't hurt—she was only eleven years old, after all—he took a bit more, and then put the cup down, smiling softly.

Hermione, as her patience was running thin, took a long drink from the cup, relishing the mint taste. She was too stressed out to even *think* of the possibility that her drink was tainted. She smiled and took a chocolate biscuit from the small platter, and put it in her mouth, smiling as the chocolate instantly melted in her mouth.

"So..." Kelsey attempted at a conversation, but it seemed as though they were too keen in just *sitting there*.

*Poor guys, they must have it real hard*, she sympathetically thought. *No, don't think like that! You have a task to do! Don't ruin it and take it away from them!* Her mind reprimanded.

Taking a long sip, Harry eyed the butter biscuit. *Well, we are missing dinner, so I guess it wouldn't hurt too badly*. He took it, and took a big

bite out of it, and immediately finished the small biscuit with a few more chews.

Hermione's tea was nearly finished, and Kelsey suspected the potion was already taking effect. She kept glancing over at Harry—*crap, he only drank, like, half of his tea!*—and she would smile stupidly, look over at her, and then take another sip, a dazed look on her face.

Kelsey rolled her eyes. *And to think, I have to endure more if this!* She thought, nearly shuddering. She saw Harry drink a few more sips of his tea, look over towards Hermione, and take a few more sips.

*I wish I could be that blouse,* Harry thought, unknowingly brushing his leg against Hermione's. She gasped, and Kelsey had to suppress a grin (*it's working!*), while Hermione placed her hand non too subtly on his thigh. He grinned and turned in her direction, placing his hand on her shoulder, working his way down.

Kelsey nearly gagged. *Ugh, it's like watching my sister and fiancé go at it!*

"So," she said after a few minutes of silence, "I think my job is done." She grinned when she didn't get an answer from the two, just a large, goofy grin. "I'll just take my leave. You two just... procreate."

"Sure," Hermione said absently, feeding Harry a butter biscuit. "Harry and I will just... just... stay here for a while."

Kelsey rolled her eyes, taking a few of the cookies (she'd missed her dinner for these two, and she certainly wasn't going to starve for the night), and left to go to Dumbledore's office.

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Kelsey quickly went towards Dumbledore's office. The last time she had been there—this morning, for misbehaving in Transfiguration—she had been given the password for when she had completed her "task." Taking a quick left, ignoring the talking knight, she made her way towards the Griffin.

*What was it again? Chocolate Frogs? Ice Mice? I think it's ice mice.* "Ice Mice," she said, loud and clear. The Griffin moved upward, stair appearing from underneath. She quickly stepped into one of the steps and waited until she reached the door. After a few moments, the stairs finally stopped moving, and she heard Dumbledore's voice.

"Come in," she heard.

Brushing off some excess lint, she went into the office, smiling exultantly as she did so. Not bothering to address the Headmaster, she quickly got down to business. "The potion is in their drinks. They're being all touchy-feely right now, so they'll be getting down to business soon."

"Excellent, Miss Lockerbee," said Dumbledore. "You may take your leave. I believe you've skipped dinner for these two, and a plate of scrumptious food is waiting for you." Smiling, he popped a lemon drop into his awaiting mouth.

"Alright." She stood and turned, leaving for the door. But, just as her hand was on the knob, she turned around, a thoughtful look grazing her features.

"Yes, Miss Lockerbee?" asked Dumbledore, wondering if she had another question to ask.

"What do I get outta this?" she asked, folding her arms in front of her chest. "Cause, getting those two to get all touchy-feely wasn't easy. I deserve to get *something*."

Dumbledore nodded thoughtfully. "Yes, you are right. I believe you could pass everything until my dying day."

"Till your dying day?" wondered Kelsey. Murmuring quietly to herself, she nodded, opened the door, and left.

Dumbledore sighed. *This is what I fear, that I will not live much longer...* Sighing mournfully, he started writing.

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Harry grinned, drinking a bit more of the tea. *I need to get some more of that tea! It's bloody awesome!* He thought happily. He cradled Hermione's face in his hands, and leaned in. Once his lips touched hers, their mouth automatically opened to each other's, their tongues duelling.

After a few minutes of vigorous snogging, Hermione pulled away. "Let's go to our rooms," she muttered, while Harry attacked her neck.

His response was a mere groan.

They stood up, Harry still sucking Hermione's neck, and her hands entangled in his hair. They struggled to get up, but once they did, the first thing Harry did was push Hermione against the wall.

"This isn't our room," moaned Hermione, bringing his lips on hers.

"I know," Harry murmured against her lips.

Students slowly started arriving, each glancing oddly at the pair. Harry and Hermione paid no attention. Fred and George saw the tea set, and they put two and two together.

"Who knew tea could be such a turn on?" wondered Fred, grinning.

"Harry did, apparently," commented George.

"Oi! You two lovebirds!" shouted Fred, walking up to the two (who were still kissing furiously).

Harry and Hermione slowly parted, though their faces were still inches apart. He gave her a quick peck, and turned around, glaring at the twins.

"Yes?" asked Harry, his voice icy.

"So, what was in the tea—" asked Fred.

"—because we'd like to have some, too," finished George.

Hermione feebly shrugged. "Some first year named Kelsey gave it to us." A split second later, she said, "Now, if you two don't mind, Harry and I were in the middle of something."

Not bothering for a parting word, Hermione took hold of Harry's collar, and dragged him over towards the couch. Forgetting momentarily about being in the Gryffindor Common Room, and not their personal one, Hermione pushed Harry onto the couch. She sat on his lap, grinning wickedly, and then attacked his lips.

"That Lockerbee girl?" Fred wondered. George merely nodded. "Oh my, brother, it seems as though their drinks were spiked." He shook his head. "But from what?"

George put his forefinger to his chin, tapping it repeatedly. "That, my dear, dear brother, is something of which I do *not* know." He suddenly grinned, rubbing his hands together. "But it's something we're going to find out." He turned towards the sixth year boys' dormitories. "Now, let's take a sample from their cups, and let's go figure out what's happening to our friends!"

"Perhaps we could even make a galleon or two out of this!" Fred exclaimed, suddenly loving the idea.

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Hermione moaned, her fingers threading thru Harry's unruly hair. As their tongues battled mercilessly, Hermione tried to get Harry's tie off. She tried, but trying to take a tie off with her eyes closed wasn't working, so she opened her eyes. She put her fingers through the knot, trying to loosen it, but to no avail. Giving up, she tore her lips from Harry's (who, in return, groaned and started planting kisses on her neck), and started working the tie. Again, she wasn't able to get the tie to loosen, but actually get tighter.

"Here, let me," Harry murmured, putting the tie over his head. Seemingly satisfied that he had no tie on, he started working on Hermione's blouse.

She grinned, grinding herself on his lap, earning a pleasurable groan from Harry.

"Hey, you two!" shouted someone. "Go shag some where else!" Murmurs of approval were heard throughout the Common Room, and Harry and Hermione glared at them.

"Why don't you just leave the Common Room?" retorted Harry, angry that they'd ever suggest such a horrid thing. (The potion was really messing with his mind now.)

"Because we have studying to do before the holidays!" shouted someone, clearly angry at the moaning and the inappropriate public display of affection. "Just go shag in your own room!"

Irritably, Hermione stood up, glaring dangerously at the Gryffindor students. "Fine!" she shouted, grasping Harry's hand and dragging him with her into their rooms.

Rapidly muttering the password, they went in, their hands on each other within moments of entering. Harry kissed her, their tongues meeting before their lips, and he grinned as a satisfied moan reached his ears, courtesy of Hermione. His hands went to Hermione's breasts, and they hurriedly went to her blouse, trying to undo the buttons.

Hermione did the same, and once Harry's shirt was unbuttoned, she went for his belt, quickly unfastening it. As she went for his trousers, Harry forcibly removed her blouse, working on her skirt zipper next, their lips still fused together.

However, before Hermione could take Harry's trousers off, Dobby came out of the nursery, Lily in his arms.

"Oh!" Dobby squeaked, trying to cover his eyes while holding their daughter securely in his frail arms. "Dobby is so sorry!" He turned around, and started walking backwards. "Little Miss Potter is being hungry, and Dobby is having to clean Hogwarts. And Mister and Miss was here, so Dobby thought that they could feed little Miss Potter." He turned around again, hesitantly opening a big eye.

Harry and Hermione looked like deer caught in front of a car. They didn't talk, however, just stared.

A few moments later, Dobby squeaked out: "Please? Dobby is being very, very sorry. But Dobby is having two jobs, and Mister and Miss is here... and..." Dobby broke down into sobs. "Oh, Dobby is being bad house-elf!" He sobbed running back into the nursery.

Blinking rapidly, Harry and Hermione ran after them, not caring about their state of dress. Their children came first. Once they reached the nursery, they saw Dobby hitting himself with a baby bottle, shouting, "Bad Dobby! Dobby isn't supposed to be interrupting Miss and Mister! Dobby be working for them, Dobby isn't listening to them! Bad Dobby!!" shouted he, the bottle nearly dented from being hit so much.

Harry snatched the bottle from Dobby, throwing it in a corner. "Dobby, don't worry," he reassured, kneeling in front of him. "Hermione will just feed them, and we'll go back to our business. You do what you need to do." He put his hand on his meagre shoulder. "If we're here, you could just tell us and leave," he informed him.

"And *don't punish yourself*," she said sharply. She looked down, and realized that she had no shirt on, so she put her arms around herself, trying to look a bit more decent in front of the small creature. She blushed, realizing that it was doing no good, and went towards Lily's cot, picking her up and silently leaving the nursery.

Grinning mischievously, Harry got up, playing with the buckle on his belt. Momentarily forgetting that Dobby was there, he started taking his trousers off. Immediately, Dobby squeaked and left the room, muttering, "Dobby help clean Hogwarts now."

He jumped and sighed. *We'll shag in a few minutes*, he reasoned, going over towards his son's cot. Smiling at his son's sleeping form, he placed a soft kiss on his forehead and left the nursery.

Hermione was feeding Lily while sitting on the couch, her legs spread wide apart. Harry grinned and trot towards her, kneeling in between her legs.

"Can I help you?" Hermione asked, running her fingers through his soft hair.

He said nothing, but instead, started kissing his way up her knee. Flicking out his tongue, he grinned when he heard a soft sound emit from the girl in front of him. He wasn't sure if it was a moan or a hum, but he intended on finding out. Once he got to her ribcage, Hermione immediately pushed his head away.

"What?" he asked. Had he done something wrong?

"I don't think you want to drink milk right now," she muttered, her hands gesturing towards Lily. "And it feels wrong with our daughter eating right here."

He sighed and dropped his head to her lap. Grinning, his hands found the zipper to her skirt. Instantaneously, he pulled the zipper down, and moved her hips upward so he could take off the offending material. His mouth was nearly watering by the time he hooked his fingers through her cotton knickers.

"N-no, Harry," she murmured. "We... You... can't... I'm in my period," she said lamely.

He looked at her quizzically. "Eh?" he wondered. "You're... period..." A second later, he figured out what it was. "Oh, isn't that when – blood – in your – and—" he stammered, blushing slightly.

She mutely nodded. She quietly stood up, adjusting Lily in her arms, and went to put her in her cot. Once she came back, she told Harry, "Well... we could still snog, and stuff." She blushed furiously after that.

He nodded, dejected. "Sure..." Looking down, he saw his little "problem." He looked up at Hermione, almost desperately. "What about this?" he asked, gesturing to his arousal.

She grinned, going down on her knees. "Oh, I think I could help with that," she said, licking her lips. "Now," she commanded, "just sit on the settee and I'll fix it." She gave him a sultry kiss, nipping on his bottom lip for a second before murmuring, "And you'll enjoy it. Trust me."

Harry could only oblige to her command.

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Fred and George went towards the used tea cups, and took the two that were nearest to each other.

“Do you think these are there’s?” wondered Fred, inspecting it like a muggle detective.

George shrugged. “I bet.” Quickly taking the one next to it, the two jogged up the stairs into their dormitories.

Once getting inside, Fred immediately went into his trunk to retrieve something. George sat on the bed, placing the two cups in front of him, making sure the remains of the tea wouldn’t spill. (Even though there wasn’t much left, Fred and George suspected they could work with it.) Fred, after rummaging through his trunk for a few minutes, came and sat on the four poster, grinning at his twin.

“Now, remind me, why are we doing this?” George asked, taking out the small device.

“Because they’re our friends,” Fred replied. “And, if we tweak whatever is in this, we could even sell this stuff!” he added. George nodded thoughtfully.

“Right you are, Gred.”

“Of course, Forge.”

Taking out his wand and a small book, Fred flipped through until he exclaimed, “Aha! Here!” He waved his wand, clearly enchanting, “*Ostendo sum Alica.*” A few seconds later, a few wisps of blue emit from his wand.

Confused, George took the book from his brother, reading silently to himself. “*If there is a spell enchanted on an object, food/drink, etc. use the spell: Ostendo sum Alica. Once it has been cast, simply say: Aufero obscoena alica. Once cast, the spell shall be effectively removed, unless no spell is used. (Example: A potion is used. See page, thirty-five.) If this is the case, wisps of blue shall emit.*”

He nodded, understanding. Fred murmured to himself. After a few moments, he asked, "What happens if blue comes out of my wand?"

"There is no spell used," he informed.

Fred raised an eyebrow. "So Harry and Hermione just wanted to shag in front of everyone?"

He shook his head. "No, there was... most likely, a potion used." He shut up and flipped to page thirty-nine, reading the contents. Taking out his wand, he muttered, "*Ostendo sum Venenum*." Nothing came from his wand, so the two suspected something—they didn't know what, yet—was put into their drinks.

"I wonder what..."

Fred shrugged, but then suddenly grinned. He muttered a spell, and the cup suddenly became full again. He muttered another spell, and the cup was covered, ensuring that the contents wouldn't spill.

George raised an eyebrow.

"To figure what it is later," he said absently. "We could always use the galleons."

Nodding, the two stood up in unison. They both left, but not before putting everything back where it belonged (their device, and the book, at least).

"Now... how to get into their room..." wondered George.

They went back into the Common Room, and noticed Harry and Hermione were nowhere to be seen. The two looked quizzically at each other, wondering where they could've gone. They saw their friend, Lee Jordan, sitting at a desk, snogging a girl.

"Oh, not you too!" Fred exclaimed dramatically. "And I thought our two 'parents' were enough! Now you, too?"

George sighed. "Such a bad influence," he commented.

“Oh come off it you two,” Lee said. “Sasha and I were just... getting to know each other.”

The twins howled with laughter, forgetting momentarily why they came down in the first place. “Oh, of course, I could only imagine how you treat us, then!”

“Piss off,” Lee muttered, feigning anger.

Rolling their eyes, the twins turned around. “Don’t mind if we do.”

They grinned and went towards the now familiar portrait. The man, who was looking through his binoculars, put them down and critically looked at the twins. He shook his head, muttering something, and then turned around, picking the binoculars back up and then started gazing at the animals in the distance.

“No!” said George. “Come back! We need to talk to Harry and Hermione!”

Rolling his eyes (even though the twins didn’t see him), the man turned around, the binoculars falling around his neck. “Now, why would I want to help *more people* go into their rooms, tampering with the poor children’s lives?” he wondered sarcastically.

“No, this isn’t anything like that,” Fred reassured. “We’re here to help them!” George nodded in confirmation.

The man sighed, and then turned back around. “That’s highly doubtful.”

“But we talked to you before!” George argued. “Why can’t you tell them we want to talk to them right now?”

“Yes,” he remembered, “I know that. But they also weren’t... as busy, per say.”

Fred and George rolled their eyes. “C’mon now, you can at least tell them we’ve got to tell them something!”

“Something that’s really, really important!” the twin added.



The man sighed, giving in. "Very well, then." But before the twins could grin and whoop, he started talking again. "I will leave them a note, and tomorrow, if they read it, they will be able to talk to you." He started walking away. "And besides, you'll see them tomorrow, anyway!" he added, smiling brightly before disappearing to the great beyond.

"Oh bugger," muttered George, hanging his head low.

"What the bloody hell do we do now?" Fred asked, turning around.

"Figure out what potion was used," George said. Fred nodded, and they went back to the dorms.

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Harry smiled giddily, putting his trousers back on. Hermione grinned, fixing her blouse. After Hermione had taken care of Harry's slight "problem," they had another long, scorching snog, and they were left with grins they thought would never come off.

The potion had done its effect—most of it, anyway, so Harry and Hermione's emotions toward each other were under control. They still weren't sure why they suddenly wanted to shag (even though they didn't actually *shag*), but they were happy they got to snog each other anyway.

Hermione went into the nursery, pulling her zipper up as she did so. She saw her son, James, looking at her, his emerald eyes wide open. He was looking into her eyes, and then his face scrunched up, his face starting to frown. Suddenly, the small infant started whimpering softly.

Startled, Hermione picked him up, cradling him. His whimpers just became louder, and he was now sobbing loudly. She rocked him, worried, and took him to the changing table. Taking off his sweats, she checked to see if his nappy was dirty. It was, and Hermione took it off, starting to clean her son off.

After she effectively changed him, James started calming down, though he was still whimpering. Harry came in, wondering what was

wrong, and saw James whimpering while Hermione cradled him. "What's wrong?" he asked, concerned.

She shrugged, murmuring soothing words to her son. He walked up to her, "Here, let me take him." She nodded and gave James to him. Almost instantly, he quieted down. She smiled, satisfied that he calmed down, and tilted her head up (Harry grew a few inches, so he was now at a healthy five six), and gave him a kiss. His tongue instantly sought entrance to her mouth, and she obliged, their tongues lazily dancing together.

After a few minutes of blissful snogging, they parted. Harry left the nursery and put James in his small swinging chair. Just as he strapped him in, he noticed a piece of parchment hanging on the door. Confused, he went to it and took it, reading it.

*Mister Potter and Miss Granger,*

*The two Weasleys wish to see you. They say it's "important" and they needed to see you, but I did not allow them access. I was fooled too many times to be tricked once more. I don't feel you need any more troubles in your personal life, at least, while you're here.*

*If you wish to see them, they are currently in the Gryffindor Common Room. But, as they are now standing up, I suspect they are going to retire to their rooms for the night. Perhaps you could see them tomorrow?*

*Best regards,*

*Man of the Great Beyond*

He looked at the door confused. *Since when can doors write notes to us?* he wondered. He shrugged—he'd been through too much, and right now, his mind was still fogged with thoughts of Hermione. He turned and walked towards Hermione, who was strapping Lily into her swinging seat.

"Hermione, look at this," he told her, sitting next to her on the carpet, each in front of their children.

She took it from him and started to silently read. Her eyes burrowed in slight confusion. She put the parchment in front of them once she was finished reading. "What would Fred and George want?" she wondered aloud.

Harry merely shrugged. "My first thought was: how did a door write us a note," he shared, pushing James' chair, slowly rocking his son to sleep.

"This isn't the first time he did this," Hermione informed him. "Remember when Ron wanted to talk to us? We had a note then."

He nodded. "True."

She stood up, brushing off imaginary lint from her skirt, and went to go put her robe on. "You stay here," she told him. "I'll go talk to Fred and George, see what they want to tell us."

Harry shook his head. "No, I bet they went to their dorms." He stood up as well, and ran a hand through his hair. "I'll talk to them, you... you just put James and Lily to sleep. I'll tell you everything once I get back."

She nodded thoughtfully. "Alright," she acquiesced. Giving him a lingering kiss, Hermione murmured, "Hurry back."

He nodded, and briskly left.

Once he got to the sixth year boy's dorms, Harry quickly sought out the twins four-posters. "Fred, George!" he called out.

Their heads peeked out. "Harry!" they greeted in unison. "What a pleasure! What can we do for you?" Fred asked.

"You said you needed to tell us something 'important,'" Harry said.

"Oh, yes!" George remembered, quickly opening his drape from the bed. "Come to bed," he told them, gesturing to Fred that he, too, come in. He nodded and climbed into the bed. George pulled the curtains together again, and muttered a silencing charm. After they were sure they had privacy, George said: "Harry, today, when you

and Hermione were snogging, it wasn't *just* your hormones acting up."

"Your tea was spiked," Fred informed him.

Harry's eyes widened. "Wh-what?" he questioned, stuttering.

They nodded, "Yeah. We were wondering why you were acting like that—usually, you never really show any 'affection' towards each other, like kissing and stuff—so Fred and I were wondering what happened. And then Hermione told us that Kelsey Lockerbee gave you the tea, and we knew right then and there something went wrong."

George continued: "So we did a bit of inspecting, and we found out that it was, indeed, spiked." George grinned, "Right now, we're trying to figure out *which* potion it is, so perhaps we could change it a bit, and even make a profit!"

Harry's face darkened. "Oh, I perfectly know *which* potion was used." He grimaced, remembering how Hermione acted the night he impregnated her. He was suddenly *very* thankful Hermione was presently in her period. "It's... it's a lust and conceiving potion," he told them. "I don't think you'd really want it, unless you wanted kids."

Fred and George's eyebrows rose. "So this isn't the first time you've been give it?"

"No," came his honest reply.

They were quiet for a few minutes.

"Listen," Harry said, rubbing the back of his neck, "I have to go... do stuff. I'll... talk to you later..." he trailed off, pulling the bed drapes apart, leaving without another word.

As Harry came back, his temper had risen significantly. *I am **definitely** going to kill Dumbledore now*, his mind raged.

“Hermione!” Harry nearly shouted. She ran towards him from the bedroom, her eyes wide and alert. “Dumbledore... is going... to die,” he snarled.

Her eyes widened in realization. “Oh, Harry,” she murmured. “What are we going to do now?”

“*Kill Dumbledore*,” he repeated. “That bloody bat is going to die!”

She quickly put a hand on his shoulder, hoping to calm him down. “Now Harry,” she said, “try to think this rationally. You can’t just barge into his office, kill him, and then leave.”

His eyes widened. “Yes I can!” he said, suddenly grinning. “I’ll do just that! He won’t even know what—or in this case, who—hit him!”

“Harry,” Hermione warned, “please, not right now.”

He shook his head, as if he were a three year old. “No, Hermione. Not right now.” His mind frantically tried to form a plan suitable for him and his family. “You... write a letter to your parents or my aunt. Ask them if we can stay, even if it’s just for a few days. We... after a few days, we can stay at Sirius’.” As he told her what to do, he started jotting down ideas on how to kill Dumbledore.

She sighed, giving up. She was much too tired to argue with him right now. “Fine, Harry.” She went over to the desk, and started writing. She wrote one to Petunia, asking if she was humble enough to offer a few days of shelter for her and her family.

Seemingly satisfied with what she had written, Hermione left to go send it.

“Where are you going?” Harry asked, watching Hermione put on a coat and mittens.

“Sending this letter to Hedwig so she could send it to your Aunt,” she informed, leaving without another glance towards Harry.

He rolled his eyes. *Women*.

Scratching a few ideas down, he was satisfied. He looked around the room, and saw that, if they were going to leave, they were going to have to pack. And soon.

“Dobby?” he called out apprehensively. A second later, a *pop!* was heard, and Dobby appeared.

“Yes, Mister Harry Potter sir?” asked Dobby, wondering why he was summoned so late at night. (It was nearing eleven ‘o clock.)

“Do you have a spell that packs everything into trunks? Without actually packing?” he asked. Dobby nodded. “Can you put all of our stuff, save the cots, because James and Lily are sleeping in them right now, into a few trunks or something?” He felt slightly ashamed of asking Dobby this, but it was necessary.

He looked at Harry sceptically, but nodded, obliging.

“I’ll be right back,” he informed Dobby. “Oh, and could you make sure nothing happens to James and Lily, too? Please?” he asked.

Dobby nodded, smiling.

“Okay, thanks,” he said sincerely. With that, he left to see a certain Headmaster.

**0—0—0—0**

Dumbledore sighed, holding the parchment with a gossamer touch. He had done many wrongs and rights during his long life, but never had he intended for it to go this far.

When he heard of Harry Potter’s accomplishment, he was overcome with jealousy. Even though the child was only a toddler at the time, and he lost his parents, he couldn’t help the feeling of envy. When he held the child for the first time, a few weeks after his birth, he never suspected he could hold this much emotion, this much power.

During his first year, as he was powered with jealousy and envy, he put Harry through a series of tests, of obstacles that could harm him, even kill him. That was his intentions. Ever since he’d come, he had

done this. In his first year, the Philosopher's Stone; in his second, the Chamber of secrets; in his third, Sirius Black; and now, even though he had no involvement in this, the Triwizard Tournament. And then there was the case of the 'unexpected' pregnancy of Harry's precious girlfriend.

And now, as he sat behind his desk, awaiting Harry, he remained still, awaiting his upcoming fate.

A few minutes later, he heard shouting, and he supposed Harry was there. Sighing, he waved his wand, and the gargoyle moved away, and the shouting stopped.

Harry knocked angrily on the door, and the door slammed open, Harry's hair flying wildly, his eyes ablaze.

"*Why?*" he asked, his voice deadly.

Dumbledore thought the truth would be best. "I was jealous, Harry." He eyes lowered in shame. "It was wrong of me, but I wanted it for myself. All of it," he murmured.

"*That's it?*" he asked, slowly walking towards Dumbledore, as if he were his prey. "You thought you had to do everything you did because you were fucking *jealous?*"

"Harry, I am very ashamed of what I have done—of what I have become. I had no right to interfere with your life, nor had I the right to give you several potions. I was simply overcome with a human emotion that leaves no survivors: Hate.

"I hated you, Harry Potter. I hated what you had become. When everyone knew you had survived Voldemort, I suddenly felt as if I was pushed to the side. A boy of one year, defeating the darkest wizard of your generation, and it seemed as if they forgot about the strongest light wizard of their age. I needed to regain the power, the fame, the recognition. I needed it back.

"So, when you first arrived at Hogwarts, I felt as if I needed to get rid of you somehow. I wasn't sure at the time, but I knew I would have to make it so it wouldn't seem too suspicious. So the obstacles you've

been through, everything, was because of me. Because I was too foolish to realize what I had become.

“By the time I had realized, it was much too late to turn back. Even if I asked for forgiveness, I know I would not get it, because I knew you were planning my death. (Harry’s mouth hung open for a second, but he shut it quickly, not wanting Dumbledore to know he was right once again.)

“I know I will still not be forgiven, not now, not ever. Because, I know why you are here,” he finished, his eyes filled with defeat.

He was ready to accept defeat.

He was ready for the next great adventure.

Dumbledore offered a grim smile. “Would you like to do the honours, or do you want me to do it?”

Harry’s mouth hung open, not caring if Dumbledore was in front of him. Harry comprehended everything Dumbledore had said, and now Dumbledore was ready to accept his fate? All of a sudden, Harry wasn’t sure he was ready to kill him.

“I... Err...” he stammered, his brain lagging behind.

“I understand completely,” Dumbledore nodded, raising his wand. He offered a genuine smile to Harry. “Goodbye, Harry Potter. You really are a wonderful wizard.” After a moment of hesitation, “After I am dead, could you please put the contents of the vial in my mouth?” he asked, knowing he wasn’t going to say—or do—anything.

Muttering something, a flash of green emitted from his wand, and Dumbledore died. A small, grim smile grazing his frozen features.

Harry could only stare, his body ramrod, his mouth hanging slightly agape.

**0—0—0—0**



Hermione muttered while going to the Owlery. While she knew Harry could be a git sometimes, she didn't think he'd actually want to go through it.

*I guess I didn't take him seriously enough,* Hermione mused, her thoughts still slightly fogged with images of Harry.

Once she got to Hedwig, she stroked her feathers affectionately. "Hey girl," she murmured. "I need you to deliver a letter to Petunia Dursley. Do you think you could do this, and give us a quick reply?"

Hedwig hooted, stretching her leg out, waiting for the letter. Hermione smiled and tied the letter to her leg. "And don't leave until you get a reply," she added. Giving an affectionate nip to Hermione, Hedwig flew off into the night.

**0—0—0—0**

Harry didn't know how long he stood there. He could only stare.

Dumbledore was dead.

Dumbledore was *dead*.

*Dumbledore was dead.*

He never thought it possible. But, apparently, everything was possible.

Noticing the vial on his desk, next to a small piece of parchment, he picked it up.

He took the cork off, noting a bit of what seemed to be steam coming from the bottle. Nearly grimacing, Harry put it down his throat, his eyes widening dramatically as his body started disintegrating. After nearly a minute, there was no evidence that Dumbledore was even in the office.

With shaky hands, he picked up the note.

*Anyone who reads this,*

*I'm sorry. I need some time to myself, and I cannot say where. Nothing bad has happened, so the Ministry need not be involved. I'm sorry, but I highly doubt I will be returning.*

*Signed,*

*Albus Dumbledore*

Harry felt like he was going numb. Dumbledore really *did* know what Harry's intentions were. And he didn't even kill Dumbledore.

**0—0—0—0**

Nearly two hours later, Harry returned to his and Hermione's bedroom. He saw the shrunken trunks on their bed, Lily and James on the bed, and Hermione's eyes bloodshot.

"He's dead." It wasn't a question.

Harry nodded. "Yes."

"You killed him."

"No, I didn't." He nearly whispered: "He did."

Her eyes widened. "You mean...?" He only nodded.

"And now: we leave."

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**Spell Translations:** Ostendo sum Venenum – "Reveal Potion."

Ostendo sum Alica – "Reveal Spell."

Aufero obscoena alica – "Remove offensive spell"

Aufero obscoena venenum – "Remove offensive potion."

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**Author's Notes:** Wow, longest chapter yet. Twelve pages. And my font is small, too! (8.5, for any of those that are curious – Trebuchet MS)

I didn't know how I was going to kill Dumbledore off until my fingers did it for me. I wasn't intending on having Dumbledore kill himself; it just happened. I felt like you guys gave me high expectations—with the four hundred reviews and all—and that I needed something that blew you guys away. But, I don't know.

I never really planned for the story to even get this far. I thought it'd be a total flop. But, as it seems, it's not. I'm glad I even got a hundred reviews.

So, what was your favourite part? Your most hated? Did you think I did okay? Horrible? Was this story predictable, unexpected, boring, exciting, etc.? Please, inform me, I love hearing your thoughts. (So, yeah, in one word: review!)

And so here we are, 109,456 words later, and 209 pages later. (Sheesh, that's nearly as big as a small novel! Haha, funny oxymoron.)

Here is the spoiler summary for those who plan on sticking around for it—which, I'll start within a month or something, perhaps less:

**Forever: Take Two** – AU. After Dumbledore is dead, Harry and his family leave Hogwarts. With Sirius still a convicted murderer, Voldemort still feeble, whom is searching for Harry's blood, the unexpected friendship of Draco and Luna, and the Ministry asking for questions, where will this young family go?

Stay tuned, because this is only the commercial break in-between the wonderful show we call "Harry Potter"!!!